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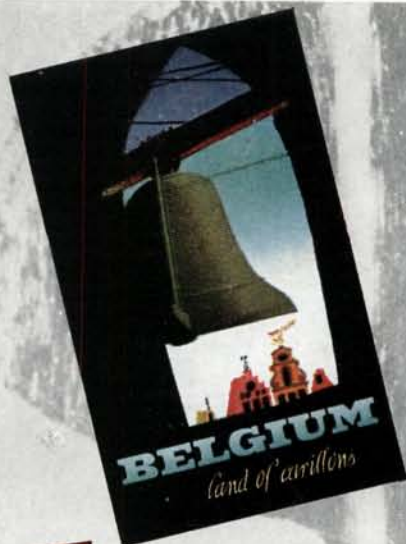
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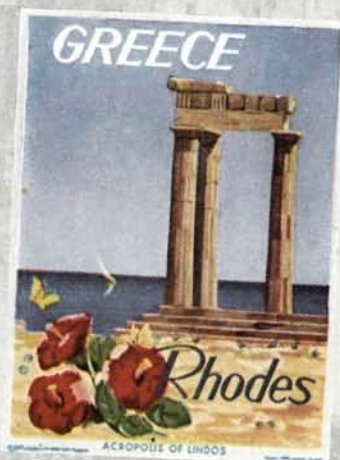
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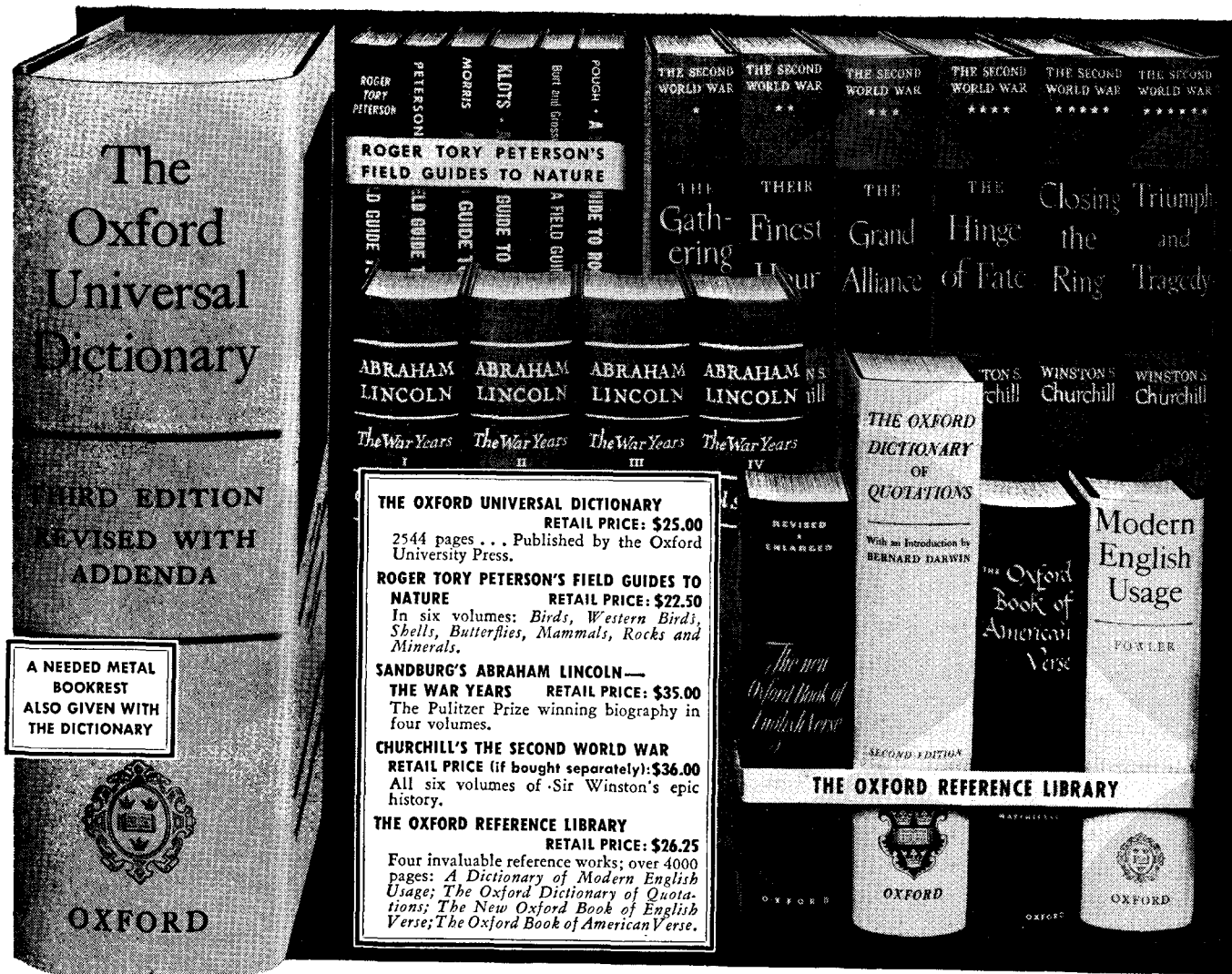
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

London

THE life of Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's new Tory Government depends above all on two things: the development of an Anglo-American policy in the Middle East and a massive expansion of exports. The Socialist leaders, Hugh Gaitskell and Aneurin Bevan, will do all in their power to bring the Government down, for they are convinced they would win a general election by a mile. But history is against them. The Tories have a Parliamentary majority of 60. Only the votes of their own party can turn them unwillingly out of office before 1960. The last time a Government with a clear majority was brought down in peacetime by a vote in the Commons was in 1895.

As London sees it, there are only two alternatives to consolidating a joint Anglo-American policy: 1) acceptance of a straight Pax Americana in an area where British interests are more direct and vital than American; 2) the filling of the power vacuum in the Middle East by the most effective local power — probably President Nasser's Egypt, backed by Soviet Russia. Neither development would be acceptable to the "Suez group" in Parliament (whose full strength is put at 60 members). Nor would either be palatable to the nation.

It is already widely feared in unofficial Britain that the United States seeks deliberately to oust British influence from the Middle East oil fields and substitute its own. The first alternative outlined above would seem to many Britons to prove this suspicion. As for the second, the need for Middle East oil is so imperative that if any individual gained political control of the area he could well fancy himself master of Europe. The West, including the United States, would have suffered an appalling reverse.

The economic threat to the Tory Government is, of course, intensified by the blocking of the Suez Canal and the shortage of oil. Until the Middle East comes out of crisis the Government cannot really come to grips with its central problem. That problem can be summed up in a few sentences.

For twenty months British production has stood still. But British productive capacity has not stood still. A massive investment program has increased it rapidly, and is even now increasing it still further. Opportunity for great expansion is at hand. But without expansion the gap between capacity and production could translate itself into serious unemployment. Yet British trade is balanced. The pound sterling has recovered from its winter weakness. The position remains, in Mr. Macmillan's words, "brilliant but precarious."

A similar dualism runs through the whole British situation and through British thought. The British are suspicious of American initiative where it exists, and anxious for it where it does not. They sense that a completely new era has begun, but they welcome signs that Britain does not intend to enter it without a struggle. They acknowledge that Sir Anthony Eden's policy was disastrous, but hold that it was right.

Mr. Macmillan's immediate task was to break with the past and yet to preserve continuity. He was the only politician who could fulfill both requirements. His cabinet appointments testified how sincerely he had tried to do so.

The Queen's choice

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The Atlantic Report on London



British sovereign to decide on whom to call to form a new administration. Constitutionally Queen Elizabeth II did not even have to take ministerial advice. She did, however, ask such advice. She was advised first by Sir Anthony. Then she called in Lord Salisbury, Lord President of the Council, and later Sir Winston Churchill, the old lion, who drove to the palace wrapped in a rug designed and colored like the Union Jack.

Lord Salisbury, Sir Winston, Sir Anthony, and Mr. Macmillan have one striking thing in common. They all refused to vote for the Munich agreement in 1938. But R. A. Butler, Macmillan's rival for the post, had voted for Munich as Foreign Under-Secretary. The issue of appeasement perhaps had come up once again. The views of Tory members of Parliament were also brought to the Queen. The feeling against Butler, in spite of his pre-eminence as the Tory tactician and philosopher, was stronger among right-wingers than the feeling against Macmillan was among moderates.

Out of all this, two particular developments are likely. The first is a stronger demand for the future election of Tory leaders — Churchill has favored this proposal in the past — and the second a demand for further social “democratization” of the party.

The new Prime Minister

Macmillan is proud of his descent from plain Scottish crofters. But his personal background is impeccably U — Eton, Oxford, and the Brigade of Guards. He is connected by family ties with a dozen of the great noble families in Britain.

Yet, while Macmillan pleases high Tories most because he has not broken with the past, he also pleases others most because he has. It is possibly significant that Macmillan's first obvious action on becoming Prime Minister was the simple one of firmly trimming his mustache. It used to droop. This, combined with an almost Edwardian style of dress and a sharp wit hidden behind a muffled voice and a very straight face, possibly did more than anything else to give him what Malcolm Muggeridge, editor of *Punch*, described on television as “a tiny, tiny, tiny flavor of mothballs.” Macmillan has now changed his style.

The Prime Minister's second action, even before he had formed his Government, was to meet informally the chief American correspondents in London. This accorded with the public's hope that his accession to power would be good for Anglo-

American relations — a hope supported by the fact that his mother was American and by Macmillan's happy friendship with General Eisenhower in North Africa during World War II. Sir Anthony's sad going opened the way for a new deal.

Macmillan's Government represents a new deal in another way. He has brought in Sir Percy Mills, an industrialist with much occasional experience of administration, to boss power and steel. This obviously presaged an increase in the nuclear power program. Nuclear power cannot make Britain independent of imported oil. But it can make Britain independent of an increase in oil imports.

The Prime Minister also promoted Peter Thorneycroft, Duncan Sandys, and Sir David Eccles. Mr. Thorneycroft was one of the founders of the Tory Reform Committee. Mr. Sandys, son-in-law of Sir Winston Churchill, is clearly a man with a future. Sir David Eccles did well as Minister of Education. All three have been prominent in the movement for closer integration with Europe.

These appointments reflect a public acknowledgment of an awareness that times have changed. Just what they have changed to is not easily defined, even where it is understood. But the evidences of the change, besides the established fact that Britain's military power is now limited, include the realization that it is not German arms that worry Britain in 1957 but Germany's lack of arms; that Britain is no longer scared of U-boats but is, rightly, scared by Volkswagens.

As a military power in its own right Britain may have no future. On the other hand, as possessor of both fission and fusion bombs, as banker to half the world, as the greatest buyer and a tremendous trader, Britain clearly has a brilliant future, provided its economic resources can be devoted first of all to economic growth.

The cost of defense

A constantly recurring theme of the new Prime Minister — spoken to foreign correspondents in the spring of 1956 and repeated at a NATO meeting in Paris in the winter — has been: “If only we could make a big reduction in defense expenditure we could resolve one of the Treasury's main dilemmas: we could completely transform our foreign balance.” Britain has been spending twice as much on defense as have its NATO allies in Europe (8.2 per cent of its national product), more than Canada, and only a little less than the United States. If it cuts its spending it will have to give up more

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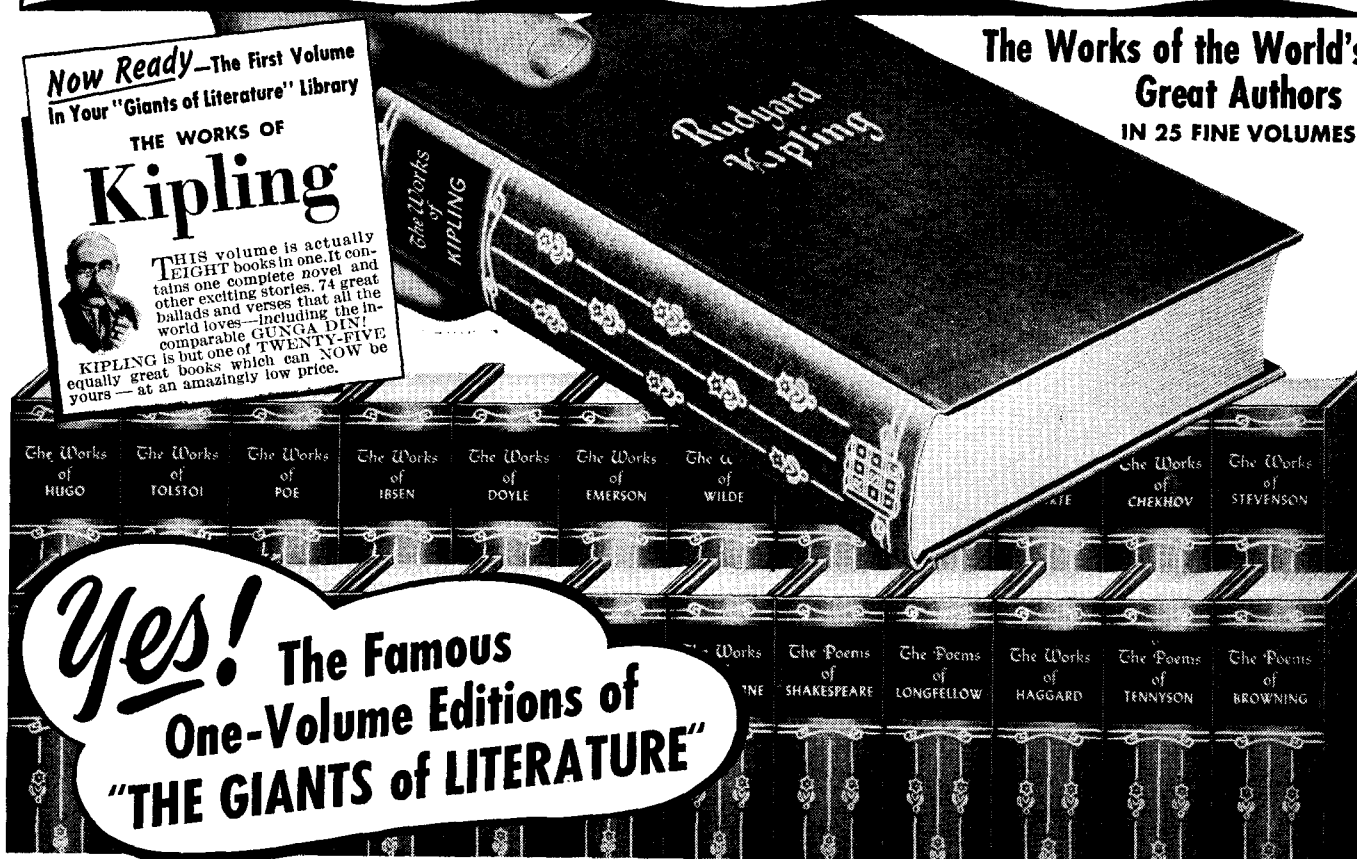
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imperial "commitments." But a reconsideration of Britain's commitments, bringing its defense spending more nearly into line with the rest of Western Europe, is almost certainly imperative to the success of Macmillan's second personal project, the association of Great Britain with the proposed European common market.

Macmillan appreciates the need for competition, but he appreciates even more strongly the need to increase exports. As things are today, a large increase in exports is possibly the only thing, other than an American subsidy, that can save Britain from serious industrial trouble.

The crisis of the pound in December was a crisis of confidence. It had no relation to the realities of Britain's external trade balance. The trade balance was good. But Britain's production (in total) has been stagnating while its capacity to produce has been growing. Some trades, notably the car industry, already buck a slump.

Chancellor of the Exchequer Thorneycroft's dilemma, as he prepared his April budget, is that if he

lets home demand increase he may unbalance Britain's trade. That could start another, and more realistic, run on the pound. But if he does not let home demand rise, the gap between actual and potential production will widen. That could spell unemployment.

An increase in unemployment (now at 2.2 per cent) would also strengthen the power of the charge made by Gaitskell and Bevan that "Tory freedom" cannot possibly reconcile full employment with stability. In this case the Tories might rue the astonishing Suez transposition which has made the rebellious Bevan now their favorite and the donnish Gaitskell their anathema. Showdown time is about to arrive for political economic theory. Because of this it is probable that Butler is far from finished. His leftist type of conservatism could be brought into play in order to redress the balance if the going should get tough.

Tantalizingly just over the horizon is this possibility of a vast increase of production — \$3 billion higher than it is today. That is the conservative

estimate of the difference in 1957 between potential and performance.

The pressure of taxes

In the circumstances, Thorneycroft will be much exercised as to how he can provide incentives, as early as April, both to industrialists to invest and to individuals to work and save. The rate of income tax is 42.5 per cent. After a gross income of \$5600 is reached, surtax starts its additional grab, soon reaching 95 per cent.

It is not the height of taxation so much as its exceedingly low starting point that disenchant the middle classes; that and a constant 5 per cent inflation. This disenchantment is reflected in the correspondence columns of the *Times*, and also in the long, patient, hopeful queues outside the London immigration offices of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. If they could, 300,000 people would leave for Canada alone this year. These are not runaways, but skilled artisans, engineers, scientists, doctors.

Another sign of middle-class revolt that the Government faces is the incipient rebellion against the National Health Scheme by the nation's doctors. A strike of doctors, in which they would treat patients but not with "socialized" medicine, has been a constant possibility since Sir Anthony Eden's administration refused to implement the recommendations of an official report for a pay increase of 25 per cent for nationalized doctors.

In the popular press even more space was given to the dire possibility that the Oxford-Cambridge boat race might have to be canceled. The reason was lack of gas for the Oxford coach's launch. At the last moment it was discovered that ration coupons had been sent, but official anxiety had caused them to be rushed erroneously to the stroke of the previous year's boat, Mr. Christopher Davidge.

There were other signs that there will always be an England. On the evening Macmillan was nominated, the commercial television service hurriedly sent a camera to pace Downing Street. It encountered a serious young man in a deerstalker hat. He proved to be unaware that there had been a change of Prime Minister. When informed he shook his head. "Oh, dear!" he said. "Bristol University won't like that at all."

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Washington

As his second term began, President Eisenhower had the aura of a man determined that America shall play an historic role in world affairs these coming four years. His inaugural address and the first press conference following the inauguration conveyed a great sense of conviction as he declared that "everything fades to unimportance" before his threefold goal of a closer-knit and stronger Free World, better understanding with the Russian government, and finally, trustworthy agreements with the Soviet Union.

The presidential jaw was firmly set as he cast aside the Fortress America concept and pronounced the sweeping belief which dominates him: "We recognize and accept our own deep involvement in the destiny of men everywhere." Washington said a quiet "Amen" to these sentiments and then settled back to the ceaseless struggle to find internal agreement on how to cope with that involvement.

Eisenhower's way of conducting the presidency has evolved in the past four years as he has moved away from the textbook simplicity of three coequal branches of government to an understanding of the apex upon which the Chief Executive may stand. In a land fat with prosperity beyond the dreams of almost all the rest of mankind, his task is immense. He has to rally Americans behind what he termed a "readiness to assume burdens and, where necessary, to assume risks to preserve the peace."

But Americans have never failed to respond to clear and reasoned leadership once they understood the necessity and were convinced of the soundness of the course they were called upon to follow. Many in the Capitol remain unconvinced that the President will do all that he must to carry through toward his great goals. Yet his words, his tone, his expression, tend to make one believe he will make a far greater effort in his second term than in his first. Perhaps the fact that no one will be pressing him to run again accounts for the new sense of freedom of action one perceives in Eisenhower. But even as the constitutional bar to a third term relieves him of that pressure, it already has opened the floodgates of politics for 1960, and the struggle for position has begun in both political parties.

Senate Republican Leader William F. Knowland, by his announced intention to quit the Senate and his assumed intention to run for the California governorship as a White House springboard, has ensured four years of active politicking for the GOP. Knowland is likely to attract much of the old Taft wing of his party. On the other hand Republicans who back Eisenhower's concept of "modern Republicanism" will find themselves choosing Vice President Nixon as the more likely of the two Californians to carry on the President's concept despite Nixon's close political associations with the Taft wing.

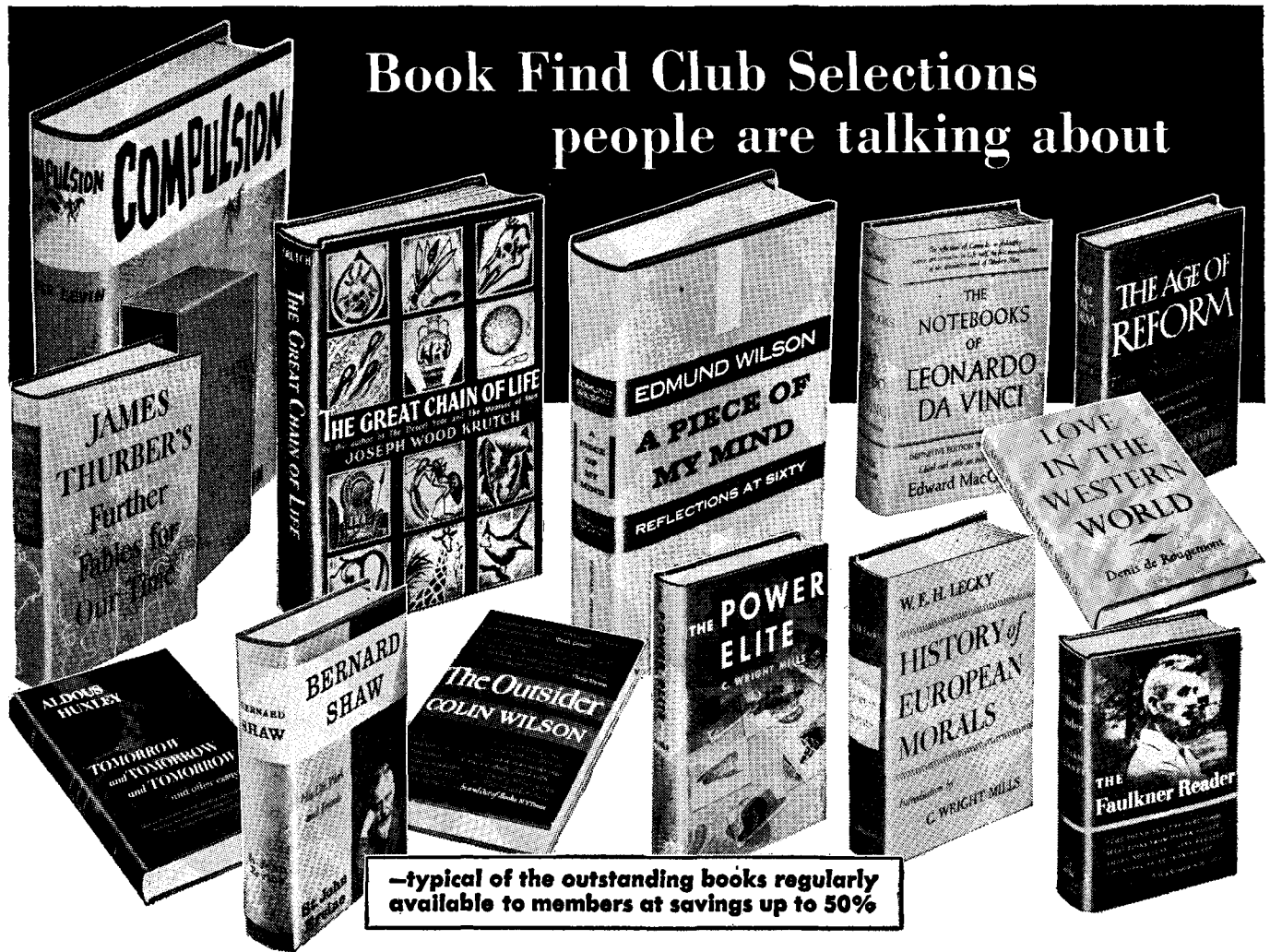
The verdict in the Capitol is unanimous that Nixon is a shrewd politician, though the widespread belief continues that his principles shift with the prevailing winds. The most discussed case in point was his pronouncement at the beginning of the 85th Congress on the Senate's Rule XXII which makes the filibuster possible. Senator Humphrey, the liberal Democrat who asked Nixon for what turned out to be a strong anti-filibuster verdict, confessed later that he had taken "a calculated risk" in making the inquiry on the Senate floor. And when a newsman asked Humphrey whether his query might not have the result of making Nixon the next President, the Senator replied: "You know, you might possibly be right."

The Negro vote

Those who have analyzed the 1956 election returns are convinced that the figures demonstrate beyond doubt the important inroads the GOP made into the Negro vote in the big electoral vote states of the North and even in the South. Nixon played a big role in courting that vote, and his opinion against the filibuster Rule XXII will certainly raise his stock. This is not to deny that his ruling does make a great deal of sense regardless of its political implications.

Despite the fact that the effort to change the rules by writing a new set at the beginning of each Congress failed by a 55 to 36 vote, the Nixon ruling put Knowland on the political spot. His bitterness at Nixon was hardly concealed and he then immediately joined with the Senate's Demo-

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cratic Leader, Lyndon Johnson, to offer a less binding rule which would permit a curb on unlimited debate. But Nixon had stolen the GOP political thunder on the civil rights issue.

The Johnson move, both what he did publicly and what it now turns out he had done privately, is at the center of the Democratic political dilemma. As things stand, the Negro voter by and large appears convinced that it is the Democrats who prevent any legislative help in his race's striving for a better share in American democracy. The Democrats get nowhere by retorting that the rules change was defeated by 28 Republican votes compared with 27 Democratic votes, or that 21 Democrats, and only 17 Republicans, voted for the change the Negro voter wanted.

The Negro voter, and the white voter too, who feels strongly on the subject, sees only Mississippi's Senator Eastland blocking the door of his powerful Judiciary Committee and backed by Southern Democrats determined to filibuster any civil rights legislation.

Senator Johnson alters his tack

But things are changing and the 85th Congress is very likely to surprise the nation before this session ends next summer. The reason is that Johnson, pushed by the liberals and aware of the effect the outcome will have on his own place in history, has altered his tack. His joining with Knowland to sponsor a rule to permit an end to debate by a simple two-thirds Senate vote of those present and voting (instead of two thirds of the entire Senate — that is, 64 of the 96 members) is the outward sign.

Johnson, however, went further. At a meeting of the Southern Democrats in January, he flatly told them either they must agree to the new two-thirds rule (which also means giving an unlimited debate in discussing any rules change before a vote is taken) or they would eventually have majority cloture rammed down their throats. Johnson argued that the Southerners could not go on sustaining Rule XXII when the Constitution says the Senate can remove an impeached President from office on a two-thirds vote of Senators present. And he warned them that the Republicans, despite the vote this time on the rules change, will be

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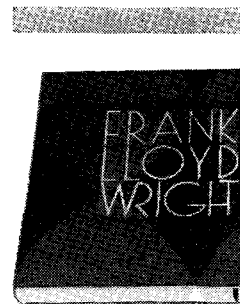
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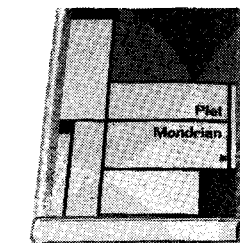
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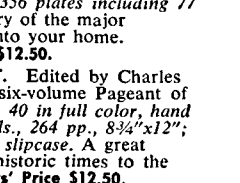
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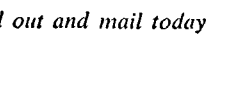
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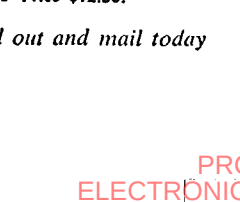
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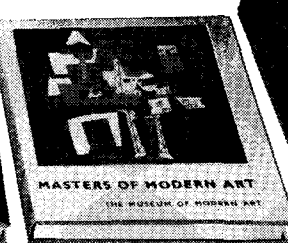
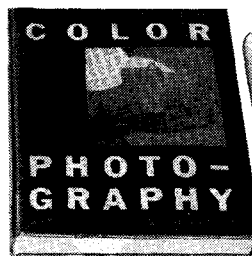
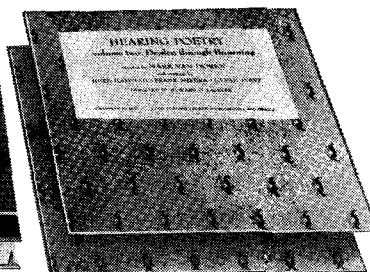
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forced by political necessity to swing more and more toward a rules change and civil rights legislation.

The Southerners realize, and some of them will admit it privately, that they cannot sustain a filibuster against the rules change if the Johnson-Knowland Senate leadership gives the signal for an all-out try to break their resistance.

The civil rights package

Will Johnson and Knowland give the signal for the try? The word in Washington is yes, if no foreign catastrophe intervenes. But the tactic is to hold off on the rules change until after the moderate civil rights package asked by the President and passed last year by the House is put before the Senate. It is not impossible, indeed, that the two issues will be intertwined if the Southerners sense that they had better beat a strategic retreat to avoid catastrophe. Capitol Hill observers think the civil rights package will be jammed through the Senate this time with Knowland-Johnson support. The filibuster test thus may actually come on this measure.

The outcome of these related struggles, a good many Democrats feel, will have a major bearing on Democratic chances to capture the White House once their candidate does not have to run against the unconquerable Eisenhower. But more and more Republicans believe that the major credit for the Eisenhower civil rights package and a rules change will go to the GOP.

The answer may turn out to lie in what the Eisenhower Administration does with the limited powers it will obtain if the civil rights bill passes. The extent to which the Administration might probe into denial of Negro voting rights in the South, for example, could be all-important. The President's determination is to take a moderate course. But he has demonstrated by the Justice Department's intervention in the Clinton, Tennessee, school desegregation case that there are circumstances under which he is prepared to use federal power on the side of the Negro.

The Democrats' "committee"

The Democratic effort to set up an advisory committee of party leaders outside Congress did not die

a-borning, notwithstanding many reports to the contrary. The committee doubtless will fall far short of being a party directorate in the British manner, but it very likely will act as a spur to the Johnson-Rayburn leadership in Congress. Johnson's swing on the filibuster issue already is, in part at least, a tribute to the pressures exerted by the advisory group of elder statesmen and up-and-coming younger governors.

Jockeying for political position is now well under way on the new effort to enact a federal school-aid measure. The farm problem, including the pressing drought, continues, however, to defy party lines though the Democrats, encouraged by the increase in the vote for their congressional candidates in the area west of the Mississippi, will work harder for the farmer in the hope that he will remember their efforts in 1958.

Humphrey's strong comments

On the question of the stability of the American economy the unexpected eruption from Treasury Secretary George Humphrey told quite a bit. Neither the President nor Humphrey was happy at submitting a record peacetime budget to Congress, and in effect each invited Congress to use the scissors. But Humphrey broke with the President by his strong comments against deficit financing if and when there is a recession.

Long ago Eisenhower declared he would "enlist all the resources of the federal government" to prevent another Great Depression. Then he was trying to assure those who feared that a return to power of Republicanism would lead to depression. But the new budget, with all its manifestations of the continued upward cost of the American welfare state, is testimony that his "modern Republicanism" would hew close to Democratic deficit financing if the inflation bubble were to burst with a resounding bang. Eisenhower made this clear again after the Humphrey remarks.

Humphrey's attitude will bear watching in the new Administration for signs of Eisenhower thinking in the important foreign aid field. Humphrey has lost a key lieutenant in the departure of Herbert Hoover, Jr., and his struggle to hold down foreign spending may become more acute if Secretary Dulles attempts to win

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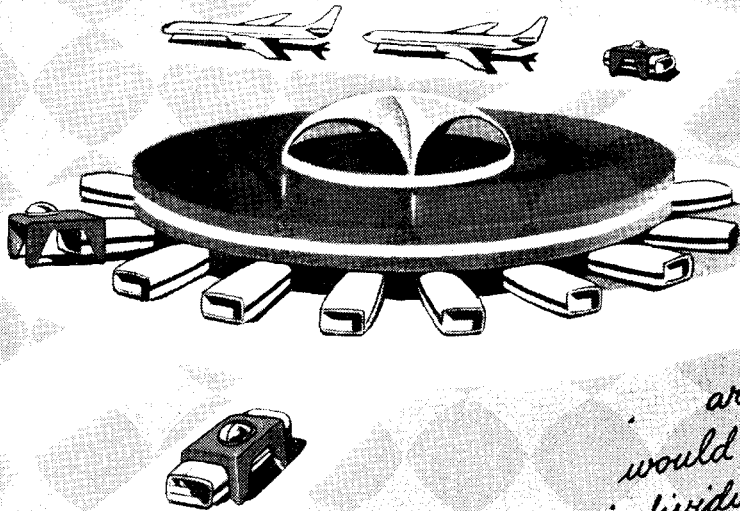
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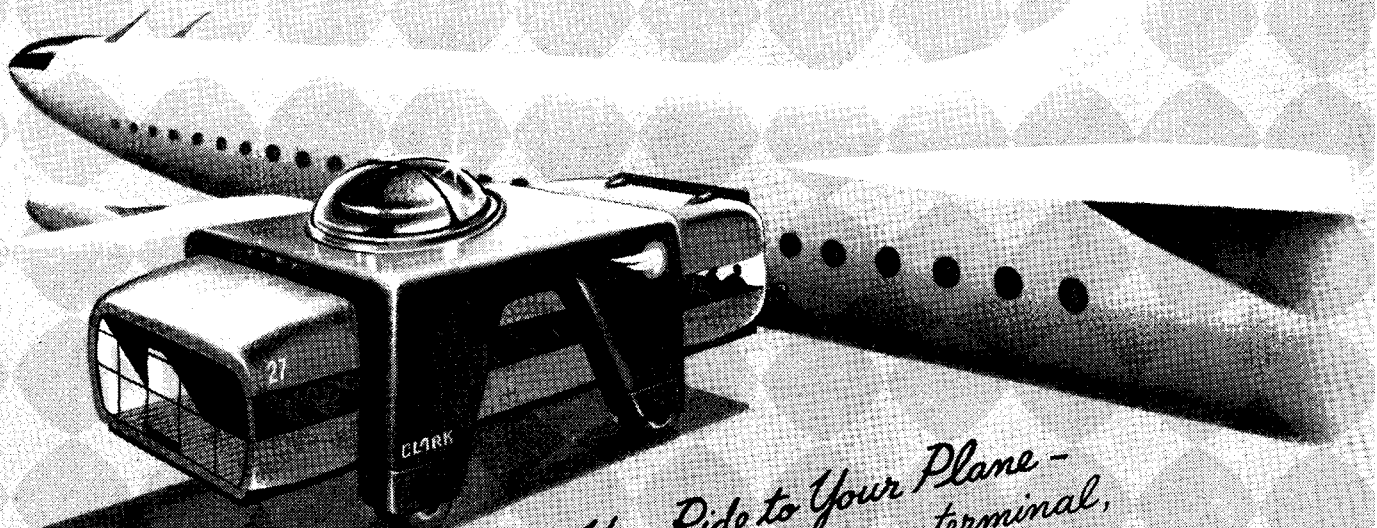


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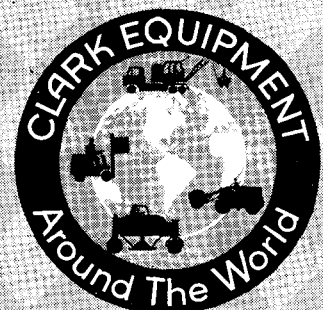


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presidential approval for a larger program in the Middle East and Asia.

The Eisenhower Doctrine

The fate of the so-called Eisenhower Doctrine was never in doubt at the Capitol from the moment the first leaks appeared in the press. Democrats, and some Republicans too, were angry at the way it was done; they sniped at the details, especially the economic phase. But, except for the dwindling old-style isolationists, the Senators and Representatives accepted the necessity of voting substantially what the President asked.

It is worth saying a word about the leak. Dulles appeared to feel he had a choice. He could put the plan up to the congressional leaders in secret as he had done with the intervention proposal in the Indochina crisis. But in that case both Democrats and Republicans quickly thought up excuses for not giving him a "yes," and in the end the whole effort collapsed. The Middle East case is of course quite different, but the tactical problem was similar. Dulles chose the alternative of the leak at the cost of a delay in the passing of the resolution.

Skepticism about the Eisenhower plan has been widespread at the Capitol. No one really disputes the contention that it might help deter the Russians from an overt attack. But almost all the Senators and Representatives who were vocal kept reiterating that the plan would do nothing to solve the area's internal problems—above all, the Arab-Israeli dispute.

The best the President and Dulles could promise was that it might "create a better climate." The Middle East is a jumble of complexities, and the potential for solution often appears to turn more on timing than on substance. Yet Dulles's propensity for the wrong step or the wrong word at the wrong time is too well known to inspire much confidence.

At least the congressional hearings and debates brought out general agreement that the United States must try to solve the Middle East's internal tangles. The niggardly response to the request for some economic tools for the job was indicative of the lack of faith in the chances for success.

Why The Church Says: ***DON'T MARRY A CATHOLIC***

Catholic opposition to mixed marriages is often misunderstood—and resented.

Some imagine it to be a manifestation of Catholic clannishness. Others say it is a selfish and unfair practice dictated by a domineering clergy. And still others take it as an insult to their own non-Catholic religious convictions and to their personal integrity.

Believe us when we say that none of these inferences is correct—none of these conclusions is true.

From long experience, the Church knows that the permanence and the harmony of family life are often jeopardized by mixed marriages, and, because of the religious division, the children often grow up in an atmosphere of religious indifference. This does not mean that the Church regards non-Catholics as unworthy or inferior. It is, simply, a matter of the church's concern for the religious life of the Catholic in a family which is divided from the start on one of the most vital questions demanding unity.

It is for this reason that the church recommends the marriage of Catholics to Catholics, and imposes serious obligations where a Catholic and a non-Catholic wish to be married in the Church. These obligations often cause resentment upon the part of those who do not understand the reasons for them.

Catholics believe that marriage is a holy and indissoluble union—a Sacrament instituted by Christ. If a Catholic elects to marry a non-Catholic, the obligation still remains to have the marriage witnessed by a Catholic priest. This does not require the non-Catholic to become a Catholic, but it does require the signing of an agreement to refrain from interfering with the religious life of the

Catholic partner, and to raise and educate any children in the Catholic Faith.

The signing of this agreement is, moreover, only the first requirement before the Church will dispense from the law forbidding mixed marriages. The non-Catholic party to the marriage is also required to take at least six hours' instruction in the Catholic religion so as to know what is involved in marrying a Catholic. Above all, the Church requires moral certainty that the union will be a lasting and happy one.

While some may call this attitude of the Church dictatorial, thoughtful and responsible non-Catholic religious leaders take the same dim view of mixed marriages. They know from experience that such unions all too often create a disastrous disunity of family life.

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Japan

JAPAN's new premier, Tanzan Ishibashi, is the son of a Buddhist priest and for many years was editor of the *Oriental Economist* until he became Minister of International Trade in the Hatoyama government. During the Occupation he had served a brief and unpleasant period as Minister of Finance in the Yoshida cabinet but was forced to resign when he was "purged." It is well known that he strongly opposed certain of the economic policies of GHQ, and whether he was right or wrong at least he had the courage of his convictions. Despite a reputation for being unorthodox he is a practical man, and it is believed that his basic policy will be little different from Hatoyama's.

Domestically he advocates what he has termed a policy of "balanced expansion," by which he apparently means government spending to promote employment, and modernization of plant to increase production and to make Japan more competitive in world trade. He has stated that he will encourage overseas investment, particularly in Southeast Asia, in order to produce further trade, and an increased expenditure on defense, with emphasis on air power.

He will try to work out a trade agreement with the U.S.S.R., but he is realistic enough to know that despite propaganda and pacts there is little hope for much trade in that direction. When he was Minister of International Trade and Industry, he sent trade delegations and fairs to Red China, and he has said he is ready to accept a Red China trade mission.

Haggling between the factions

How to hold the dissident yet powerful factions of his party together is the first and most difficult of the domestic issues facing Ishibashi. Here, his known stubbornness and inclination to go it alone may be liabilities rather than assets, as Japanese political skins are very thin, and powerful opponents easily hurt.

It is not the Japanese nature for political losers to bury their hatchets and coöperate. Japan's political history is fraught with the continual emergence of splinter parties, the creation of innumerable factions. Because of the apparently democratic

method of election of Ishibashi, there were high hopes that the Liberal-Democrats would finally act together, but these hopes were soon dashed when the Kishi group demanded cabinet posts because they lost, and the Ishii group demanded cabinet posts because they helped Ishibashi.

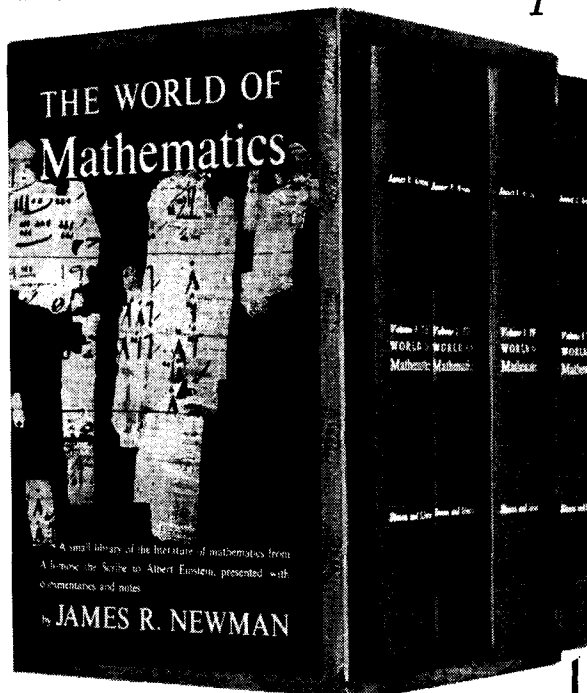
Thus bitter haggling between the factions developed as they fought each other for the plums of office. On his election Ishibashi promised that he would choose the right man for the right post, despite faction, but he was forced to appease his opponents and had to appoint Ikeda as Finance Minister and Kishi as Foreign Minister. Kishi was a member of the Tojo cabinet, and although he is said to desire closer relations with the United States, he also advocated closer ties with the U.S.S.R.

The press predicts that this three-headed cabinet composed of men of diverse opinions will not last long. Some quarters are already calling for a general election.

Ishibashi will undoubtedly press for revision of the Constitution. The big problem here is that the Constitution contains the famous idealistic clause renouncing war forever, and furthermore, it forbids the creation of any armed forces. Clearly MacArthur could not live up to such idealism, and in 1954 he sanctioned the creation not of an "army," but of a "self-defense force." However, under the Constitution it is extremely difficult to justify any great expansion of this force, or to provide modern weapons on land and sea and air, or to subscribe to the UN charter which, morally at least, requires each member nation to provide troops for overseas action if necessary. So long as the Socialists hold more than one third of the seats in the Diet there is no hope of passing a revision, since that requires a two-thirds majority vote.

The new premier's next internal problem is that of the Communists. After their defeat in the last election, the Communists were rather subdued. But this year, with the signing of the pact with the U.S.S.R., the Soviet Embassy becomes fully accredited. The Japanese are aware that the local Communists will gain great moral, and probably fi-

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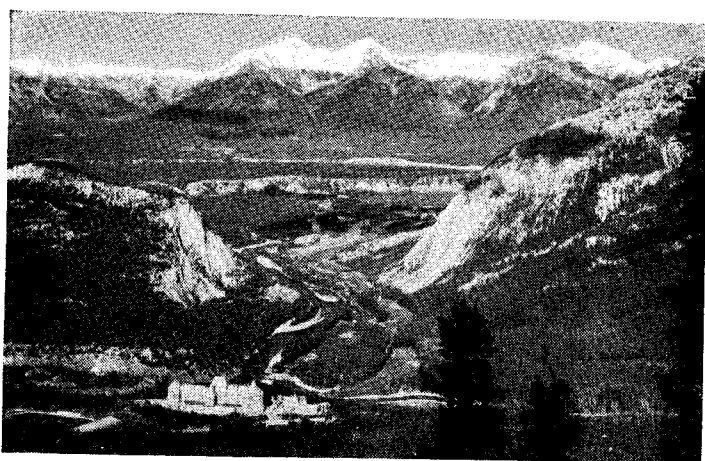
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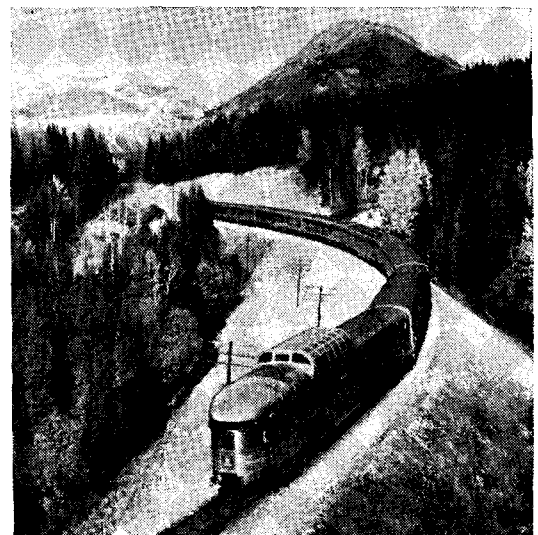
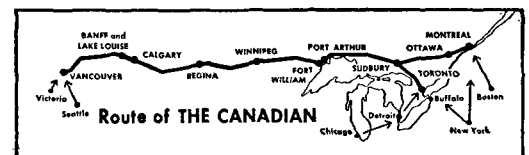
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nancial, support thereby. They expect stepped-up activity in social agitation, in propaganda, and also in industrial and military espionage. While the danger is apprehended, the means to cope with it are sadly inadequate and new regulations and organizations are needed. But factionalism within the several government bureaus hampers concerted effort and prohibits a unified policy.

Japan and the U.S.

Ishibashi's announced foreign policy is for the furthering of amicable relationships with the United States, but he has already made it clear that he thinks there is need for a "readjustment" of relations.

While the announced policy is pro-Western, Japan is not missing any chances elsewhere. In cold fact, its immediate position is that of the skillful acrobat who is used to straddling fences. For instance, Britain and France were publicly and officially condemned for their move against Egypt by former Foreign Minister Shigemitsu, who carefully failed to condemn the Soviets for their actions in Hungary. The Soviet pact was swallowed whole and with no real effort by the negotiators to decide the question of the Southern Kuriles; nor was there any condemnation of the oppressive fishery agreement forced upon Japan, nor of the continual imprisonment of fishermen by the U.S.S.R. On the other hand, attempts were made to demand the return of Okinawa and the Ryukyus.

Though Japan is wooing Red China, Ishibashi has stated that he will not push recognition now but will concentrate on the improvement of economic relations with Red China. Socialists are outspokenly in favor of recognition, a view also shared by many conservatives.

Japan's alignment with the West is still a matter of self-interest, taking all the American aid obtainable but playing along with others who may conceivably emerge topside. The attitude appears to be that perhaps it is wise to appease the tiger.

Japan's boom

Japan is enjoying considerable prosperity. Foreign trade is booming and exports for the past year reached a new post-war high. Japan's dollar holdings have increased and the value

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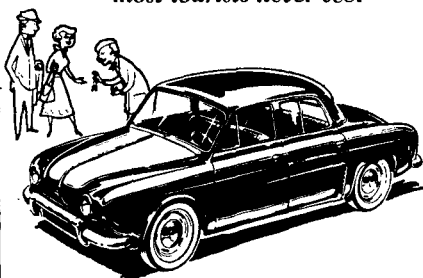
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of the yen is stable. Industrial production is up 19 per cent over last year and is expected to go higher.

Shipyards are booked for four to five years ahead with over four million tons of orders on hand, mainly for foreign account. Shipping has profited from high freight rates, and every company in the trade is scrambling to build new tankers and fast freighters. Steel plants and heavy machinery makers are also booked so far ahead that they are turning down new domestic and foreign business. Building construction is booming; the chemical industry is enjoying a prosperity never experienced before; department store sales are 20 to 30 per cent higher than last year; in the amusement field Japan produced five hundred motion pictures in 1956, an all-time record.

Last year most companies declared handsome dividends, and there was greater capital expansion and investment in new plant in 1956 than ever before. The tight-money policy was relaxed and the stock market reached an all-time high in December — so high that the Bank of Japan warned Kabuto-cho (Japan's Wall Street) not to permit excessive credit and promptly increased the margin requirement. The farmers, except for Hokkaido, have had two bumper years in succession and have money to spend on luxuries.

Despite high prices (Tokyo continues to have the highest cost of living for foreigners except for Mexico City), despite an appalling lack of adequate accommodations, frightful roads, and overcrowded and uncomfortable rail facilities, the tourist trade has continued to increase and is expected to bring in about \$90 million during 1957.

This year Japan will install its first nuclear reactor with U.S. aid, build its first jet planes, also with U.S. aid, extend its transpacific airline to a global airline, increase its steelmaking capacity with World Bank loans, and increase its hydroelectric potential with U.S. aid.

On the foreign front Japan has some real cause for congratulation in her entry into the United Nations. The pact with the U.S.S.R. also has been propagandized as a victory for Japan, and while it does undoubtedly put a

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About the Authors of "A Marriage Manual"

DR. HANNAH STONE and Dr. Abraham Stone founded the first Marriage Consultation Center in America. Dr. Abraham Stone is now the Medical Director of the Marriage Consultation Center of the Community Church and of the Margaret Sanger Research Bureau.

In 1947 he was given the Lasker Award for his contribution to marriage counseling and Planned Parenthood. He is on the faculty of the New York University College of Medicine.

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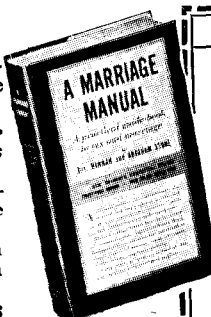
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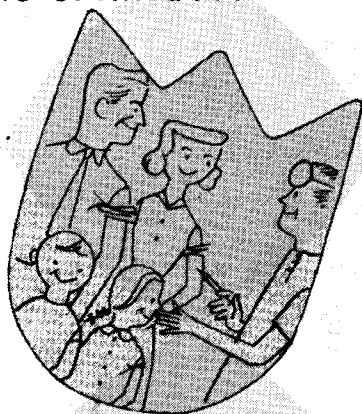
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period to an unpleasant international status, it is hardly an unmitigated blessing. However, taken together the membership in the UN and the pact with the U.S.S.R. at least reinstate Japan as a sovereign nation and one of the leading world powers.

Population pressure

Despite prosperity, there are latent factors which forbid unalloyed optimism. As a result of the war, Japan lost 46 per cent of its territories and has shrunk to 142,380 square miles, about the size of the state of California. Of this area only 14 per cent is cultivable, the rest being mountainous. In this small territory Japan has a population of more than 90 million.

While birth control has begun to bring down the birth rate, the life extension program has also proved successful. Thus the increase in population is about one million per year. While the government has earnestly promoted immigration to Brazil and to other countries, the exodus is negligible compared with the rapid increase. The population problem is the basic source of most of Japan's troubles.

There is an ever present struggle for even the necessities of life. Competition is severe in every endeavor and in every business, especially in foreign trade, and no matter what controls are instituted or export associations formed, there are always the dissenters who find ways of cutting prices. This frequently results in accusations of "dumping" from overseas, causing further international complications and ill will.

Suez begins to hurt

The first reaction to the Suez and Middle East incident was indicative of this aggressive competitive spirit. It took the form of smug satisfaction that the troubles of others would redound to the benefit of Japan, since the Japanese saw a chance to capture the greater part of the profitable Southeast Asia trade. On more sober reflection some Japanese are now beginning to fear that the closing of the Suez Canal may do more harm to Japan than was earlier realized. Oil shipments from the Middle East, where Japan gets the majority of the 77 million barrels of oil it must import each year, have been delayed, and the cost of oil has greatly increased. Gasoline and kerosene prices

have been raised, and kerosene is getting scarce. The government has prepared an emergency budget to cover the higher freight rates, but refineries will be faced with losses and probably reduced shipments, which will force cutbacks in production.

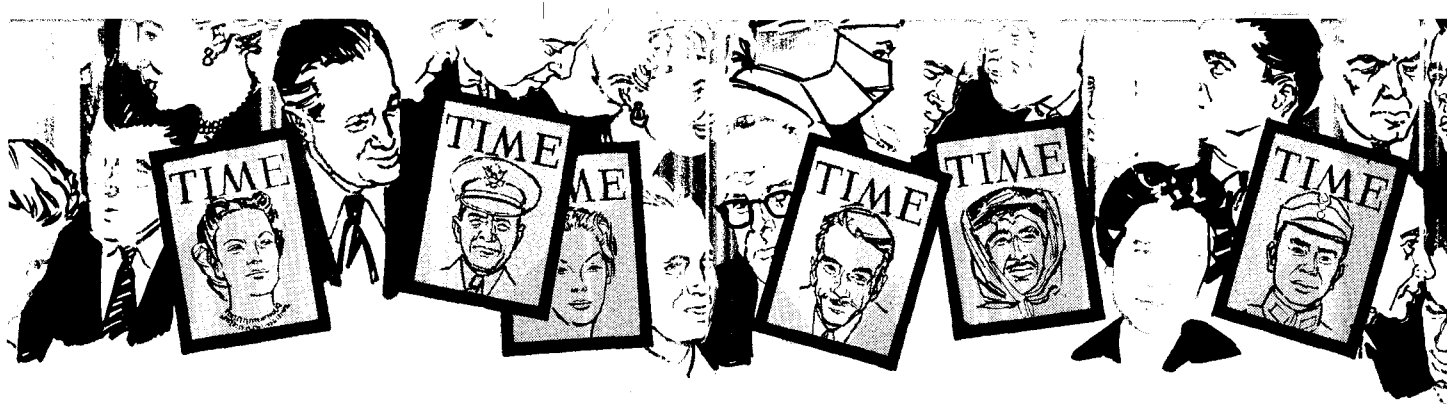
Thus, although Japan's freight and tanker companies may earn additional profits, most other major industries will suffer, since Japan's industry depends on the import of bulk commodities. The majority of Japan's imports and exports are carried in foreign bottoms, and the result is a corresponding loss of foreign exchange.

The China market

The great increase in world freight rates naturally causes Japan to turn to the China mainland for coal, iron ore, salt, soybeans, and other bulk commodities. In order to pay for these commodities it must sell manufactured goods, but most of the goods Red China desires are on the restricted list. Nevertheless, China is a natural market for Japan, and there will be continuous pressure to export items now forbidden and to promote this trade. The great hoped-for trade with Southeast Asia will not be easy to develop since there still are the vexing problems of reparations to be settled and since trade with Southeast Asia actually decreased during 1956.

The fact is that Japan's productive capacity is limited. It is already strained, leaving little room for further production of those goods which are in demand. Increased production depends upon new plant and that takes time and money. Despite the official position that Japan welcomes foreign investment, potential American investors find that the "climate" is not really hospitable and, though a form of lip service is paid, usually the bureaucrats find means to circumvent, delay, or deny all but the very few forms of foreign investment which they favor.

Thus, while there is prosperity and the new year opened auspiciously, Japan faces new responsibilities abroad and considerable confusion at home. How the new leadership will handle these problems can seriously affect Japan's relationships with the free nations, her status in Asia, and her position among the world powers.



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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"A Way of Dying"

SIR:

Apart from having written a moving piece of literature, the author of "A Way of Dying" (January *Atlantic*) has written one of the best medical editorials of the year.

I have commented upon it in several of my classes to medical students in anatomy and surgery and I have placed the issue on the recommended reading shelf of the medical library of the University of Manitoba.

I should like the author to know that many doctors feel the same way.

ALAN KLASS
Winnipeg, Canada

SIR:

For some time I have been projecting a sermon under the title "The Right to Die." It was to have been a protest against the current methods by which the medical profession prolongs the period during which a human being, practically dead as far as his contact with the world is concerned, is kept breathing.

Taking up a copy of the *Atlantic* yesterday I discovered that you have beaten me to it in your superb article. I know the anguish of the anonymous author, for at first hand I have seen far too many people endure it.

REV. DUNCAN HOWLETT
First Church in Boston
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

It is quite conceivable that a distraught, highly emotional woman might find some measure of relief in writing "A Way of Dying." But what is not so readily understandable is

why you felt impelled to publish the outpouring.

With all sympathy for the ordeal of one who watches helplessly beside a loved one, let us view with dispassion the facts of the case. "The victim is going to die," the article states in the third paragraph, setting the tone for all that follows. "Victim" is an ugly word, and a defeatist attitude is not the attitude the doctor accepts. The bereaved widow would be the first to raise a cry if the doctors had assumed there was no hope, if they had folded their hands and done nothing.

The medical profession is not given to self-lauding or to vainglorious statements, but no one knows better than the doctor that skillful and tender care has added years of happy living to thousands of "hopeless cases." If there is even a margin of chance, the doctor has no choice but to fight for a life. Do half-truths and lack of medical knowledge excuse either the individual or a publication for spreading unwarranted alarm and apprehension, for awakening unnecessary doubts and fears, and above all, for removing trust and confidence?

HENRY C. MARBLE, M.D.
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

"A Way of Dying" seemed so compelling and so accurate that I have taken this opportunity to write. I feel like congratulating the author on having accomplished something without bitterness or censoriousness. Neither the institution nor the doctors are chided — only perhaps the unfortunate circumstances that "modern medicine" has placed us in. I am reminded of Dr. William Osler's com-

plaint years ago that the well-trained graduate nurse, fussing over the patient, would not let him "sicken and turn his face to the wall and die in peace."

JOHN C. WHITE, M.D.
New Britain, Conn.

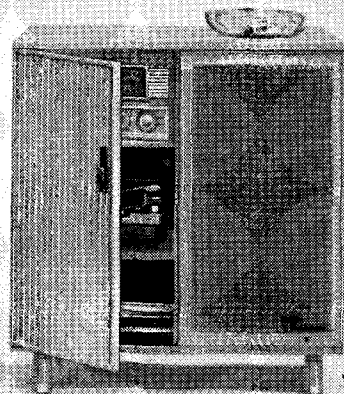
SIR:

The understandable bitterness of the author of "A Way of Dying" at the prolonging of life is deep, ramified, and even terrifying. Everyone acknowledges that when it is indisputably beyond the power of medical science to prevent death — when indeed death has set in — science does what it can to make death easier. The author seems to be saying that at some point before this someone should take the responsibility of deciding that further effort in behalf of the patient be withheld — since it is probably painful, is certainly unsightly, and may in the end prove ineffectual.

This raises the question: Who is to take this responsibility? From the medical point of view people well qualified will undoubtedly come forward with facts, opinions, custom, and the law. My interest is in the moral implications, although I think I am correct in saying that no doctor would state — before death has set in — that a patient positively could not rally, nor would he proceed on that assumption.

No one knows the ultimate recuperative powers of the human body and spirit. Who then is to make the decision this justifiably anguished author seems to ask for? The patient, as the author says, has all he can do to bear what must be endured; it is scarcely a fair time to ask him even

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his wishes. He is often surprised at his strength; he is usually grateful, when he has come through, that aids were applied when he in his weakness could not have passed on their acceptability.

No one assumes that medical science will rest where it now is. The facts show that it is finding ways to sustain and help human life through its vital battles and to do so with decreasing pain and suffering for the patient and less anguish for those who love him and suffer vicariously. Meanwhile, is someone to draw an arbitrary line?

CORRINNE HARDESTY
Moumouth Memorial Hospital
School of Nursing
Long Branch, N.J.

SIR:

We who are to die in the not far distant future do not thank you or the anonymous author for the public outpouring of her anguish at her husband's death and its attendant horrors. By this outcry she has made things more difficult for us and for our nearest and dearest, raising the nightmare specter of terrors we may or may not have to meet.

"One step enough for me" — that is the way courage can be summoned for endurance, not by contemplating all the panorama of gruesome steps toward the end. This author has done an unkindness to many readers by her unrestrained expression of woe, obviously written while she was still in the grip of hysterical grief.

Name withheld by request
Arlington, Va.

I Personally —

SIR:

Sean O'Faolain says: "I shall be content if a half dozen, if even three or four, of my stories that have taken thirty years to write are remembered fifty years hence." He need not fear. The pungent beauty of such storytelling as "The End of the Record" (December *Atlantic*) warrants literary immortality.

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spirit that gives such glamor to their writing? Here is an old Irish toast to Sean O'Faolain: —

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Bon erthe wain agath,
Tholov gon hioss agath
Agus boss in Erin!!
(Health and long life to you,
A woman of your desire to you,
A house without rent to you,
And a death in Ireland!!)

OSCAR WALDEMAR JUNEK
Los Gatos, Calif.

SIR:

Poeto-scientist Frederick Winsor is to be congratulated on introducing the modern and ultramodern generation to "The Space Child's Mother Goose" (December *Atlantic*).

It seems a shame, however, that "Mary Had a Little Lamb" has been lost in outer space. After traveling at twice the speed of light I caught up with Mary and her mammal. The FitzGerald-Lorentz contraction had altered her rhyme so that it might now be preserved for the delight of the space child and his mutants: —

Mary had a little lamb
Its fleece electrostatic
And everywhere that Mary went
The lights became erratic.

It followed her to school one day
Electrons all ajingle
It made the children's hair rise
up
Set finger tips atingle.

The teacher tried to turn it out
Her body was not grounded
The spark was seen for miles
around
And she's not yet rebounded.

FREDERIC B. VIAUX
Troy, N.Y.

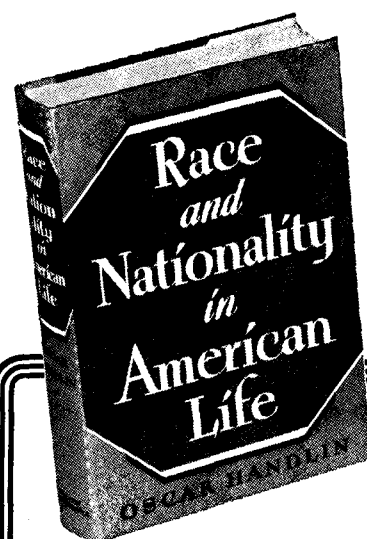
SIR:

Will you please convey to Dillon Anderson my best regards for an uproarious half hour of reading "Chairman Billingsley" (January *Atlantic*). This is so true that I am going to have to share it with others.

C. L. STICKLER
Three Rivers, Mich.

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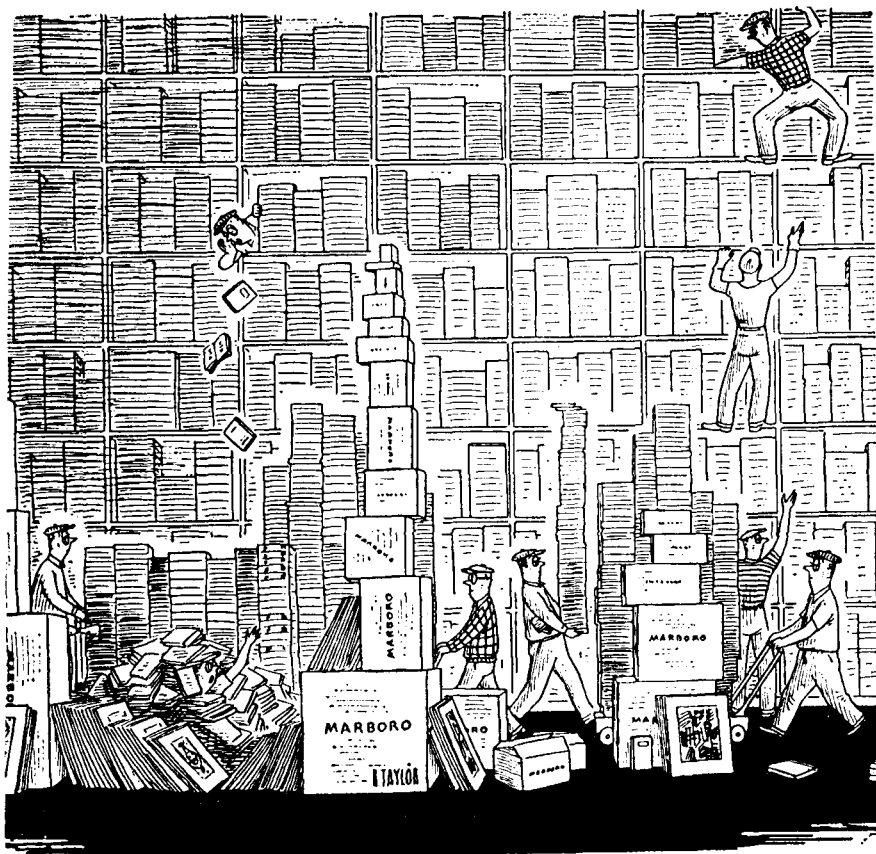
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One of the brightest lights on the modern jazz scene, and unofficial headmaster of the new school of relaxed trumpet playing is 30-year-old Miles Davis. The Davis tone is soft, rich, intimate in its breathy warmth. He seldom goes in for frantic effects. His style is an almost paradoxical blend of outward relaxation and inner, emotional tension. Davis, whose sound reminds old-time fans of the great Joe Smith, served his apprenticeship with Dizzie Gillespie; learned the ground rules of harmony at the Juilliard School and figured as one of Charlie Parker's henchmen on 52nd Street, just before the strip-teasers took over. In 1955 he organized the phenomenally popular Miles Davis Quintet, which makes its Columbia debut this month.

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MR. BIGGS CONTINUES HIS TRAVELS

This past summer, organist E. Power Biggs made a project of performing and recording the little known organ music of Spain and Portugal on the centuries-old instruments found in those countries. Mr. Biggs, who goes about his profession in a very scholarly manner, insists that organ music should be played on the instruments for which it was written . . . in this case the Iberian organs, whose Trompeta Real (external trumpet stops, in fan-like array) are spectacular to eye and ear alike. This adventure in sound is the second in a series which began with "A Mozart Organ Tour" last year.

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HAPPY HOLLIDAY

There is a school of thought which holds that Judy Holliday could make even Lady Macbeth a lovable, ingratiating character. In fact, if she ever undertakes the part, we intend to see every performance for a week solid. In the meantime, however, Miss, Holliday is illuminating a breezy musical called "Bells Are Ringing," and the glow she puts forth is visible for miles at sea. Judy, in case you haven't heard, plays a switchboard operator for a telephone answering service, who is secretly in love with a subscriber she has never seen. She sings, in a voice with a power and range that will surprise those who know only her dramatic roles. With a sure comic touch, she builds her part into a touching, heart-warming individual . . . a happy achievement that is just as evident in this recording as it is on stage at the Shubert Theatre.

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The SRO sign has been up at the Mark Hellinger Theatre for exactly one year, and unless the management decides to move "My Fair Lady" over to Madison Square Garden, the Polo Grounds or the Colosseum in Rome, it looks as if the sign will stay there permanently. Meanwhile, for the 168,000,000 Americans who still haven't seen it, there's consolation in this original cast recording . . . a joyous experience in itself!

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A CANADIAN LOOKS US OVER

by JAMES H. GRAY

LIVING next door to a boy learning to play a fiddle can frazzle the nerves of even the most friendly neighbors. Living next door to a nation which is trying to learn how to be a great power can have the same effect on another nation. The transformation of the United States from an isolationist nation into the leader of the free world has been a fascinating thing to watch from Canada. But the leftovers from the isolationist days, the unchanged thought patterns of American politics and business, periodically give Canadians conniption fits.

The latest example erupted just before Christmas, over tolls for the use of the St. Lawrence Seaway. As all the Seaway advocates have been saying for thirty years, the purpose of the St. Lawrence canal is to give the whole Great Lakes industrial area and the consumers of the mid-continent the benefit of lower costs that come with ocean transportation. From this premise several conclusions follow. The first is that the cost of the project must be kept down so that tolls may be set at the lowest possible point; high tolls mean high shipping rates. The second is that there must be the maximum freedom of movement of all ships into and out of the area. The third is that the whole purpose of the waterway will be defeated if shipping is restricted.

The Canadian view has always been that the ships of the world will ply the waterway with freedom of call. This will encourage ships to come

in for long-haul exports and will speed the movement of short-haul domestic freight. But when Canadians sat down to discuss canal tolls, they discovered that the United States has no great burning ambition to permit that to happen.

American taxpayers subsidize their shipping to the extent of about \$100 million a year. Whenever it is decided that a sea route is "essential to the trade and economy of the nation," ships using the route are entitled to a subsidy which will amount to about \$750 per day. This is in addition to the usual grant of 40 per cent of the building costs and 50 per cent cargo preference. When the United States, early in 1956, promulgated the Great Lakes-Northern Europe and Western Europe route as "essential to the trade and economy of the nation," Canada regarded it as an unfair act, one that violated the spirit of the St. Lawrence agreement.

American coastal laws will not permit goods to be moved between U.S. ports in foreign bottoms. Through the canal American ships will monopolize American trade. And because they are subsidized, U.S. ships will grab off much of the Canadian trade. Canada's exchange problem would thus be substantially worsened. Its trade deficit with the United States is currently out of balance by \$1 billion a year. It makes up for this in part by selling more than it buys from the United Kingdom and Western Europe. It is in Canada's interest to let non-U.S., foreign ships pick up Canadian cargo

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and earn Canadian dollars with which to buy Canadian goods.

The joker in all this for U.S. taxpayers is that 95 per cent of American ships will be unable to use the Seaway if they are fully laden. In the last generation the trend in marine architecture has been to large vessels which draw a maximum draft of 30 feet or more. Most ships of the American merchant fleet fall into the modern category. European shipping, however, has not followed this trend so closely. The European tramps are generally smaller and may draw only 22 to 26 feet fully laden. To compete with them, the American ships must sail partly loaded. That will boost their costs, make their operations along the route uneconomic. This, Canada fears, is bound to cause the U.S. to seek higher tolls to discourage foreign shipping.

In applying the subsidy regulation to the St. Lawrence Seaway the United States sowed seeds of doubt as to its good faith in future operation of the Seaway. There is reason to believe that this doubt led to the Canadian decision to reject American protests and proceed with the construction of the Cornwall link at a cost of \$17 million.

That link will become part of an all-Canadian system of locks. The United States regarded such construction as unnecessarily adding to the cost of the Seaway. The Canadians have always held that two sets of locks are essential, one on the American side and one on the Canadian side. With the United States insisting on retaining one end of the canal in its control, despite Canadian protests, Canada decided it could not afford to remain vulnerable to ill-conceived or politically inspired action in Washington which might harm Canadian interest. It notified Washington it would build the Canadian link immediately.

Canada expects that ships will use the waterway right up to Fort William. This will save large sums now expended in rail freight from Montreal to central Canada. Moreover, it expects some foreign ships to participate in the local coastal trade — to pick up material at Toronto and deliver it to Fort William, or at Buffalo for shipment to Fort William. In the other direction, these ships will be able to load grain at Fort William for shipment to Europe. But if they are discouraged from entering the waterway by high tolls or competition from subsidized American bottoms, they will not be able to move out Canadian grain, which was one of Canada's main reasons for building the canal.

2

THE shipping subsidy is an almost perfect example of how domestically motivated legislation can fog up international relations. Other sections of Canada have lately been affected by other examples. American agricultural price support programs have created surpluses which have been dumped on world

markets to unsettle international trade. Quotas have been imposed against Canadian imports. Efforts to export Canadian gas to the United States have been endlessly delayed by clashing local interests.

Of particular importance in rousing widespread Canadian reaction against Washington has been the recent attempt, by the U.S. Bureau of Internal Revenue, to force an American-owned Ontario company to pay back taxes to the United States on income that the Canadian government ruled was tax-exempt sixteen years ago. If the U.S. courts sustain the U.S. government, the reciprocal tax agreements between the two countries, which are the foundation of Canadian-United States industrial relations, will be abrogated. The confusion such abrogation could create would involve thousands of companies and billions of dollars. So important did Canada consider this matter that Prime Minister St. Laurent himself protested to Washington. Yet at last reports the case was bound for American court decision.

In themselves irritations of this kind may be inconsequential when compared with the bonds of friendship that exist. The collective result of this continual wrangling, however, is to tarnish the vital prestige of American leadership in world affairs. That was seen in Canada when the English and French invaded Egypt.

Canadians generally reacted to American denunciation of the invasion with: "What would the Americans have done if some tin-pot dictator in Panama had announced he was nationalizing the Panama Canal? Waited for the United Nations to devise a formula to appease him sufficiently so that he would permit some nations to use the canal? In a pig's eye they would!"

So long as the United States was an isolated nation living largely to itself, the laws it made were its own business. But a world power must reconcile the laws it passes with the role it has to play in the world. That role, moreover, must be recognized by American business, which also is expanding rapidly abroad.

Because they have become accustomed to trading in interstate commerce, American businessmen tend to regard the rest of the world as just another state. What works in Texas must work in Canada. The reason it is not working must be that Canadians don't know about it. So it becomes the first chore of all newly appointed managers of American branches in Canada to enlighten Canadians. After they have discovered the endless differences between Canada and the United States, they spend the next couple of years trying to explain Canadian idiosyncrasies to their bosses back home.

The manager of a Canadian subsidiary which had been in business in western Canada for forty years got a letter last fall from his sales manager. The latter had seen a three-line item in a Chicago

paper reporting that Canada was harvesting a bumper wheat crop. This was enough to impel the sales manager to urge his Canadian outlet to increase its orders and launch a special drive to get the company's share of the flush farm income.

"What's the use?" the branch manager asked. "Here we've got our elevators jammed with wheat from last year. All over western Canada grain is piled in the fields because there is no place else to store it. I've told them that. I've explained how Canadian farm spending is now spread over a full year because farmers can't market their grain in the fall of the year they grow it. I've explained our quota system. What's the use!"

Of greater importance than the ignorance of some sales managers is the application of company rules to Canadian operations. In most U.S. multi-plant operations, one branch is usually designated as the export branch. All inquiries from abroad are channeled through this branch. Canada has a small army of trade commissioners scattered around the world drumming up Canadian trade. They bombard Ottawa with reports of markets for exports and supplies of goods available for importation. Ottawa gives these bulletins to Canadian business.

Last fall, follow-up surveys disclosed that many of the needs were being filled by American instead of Canadian factories. The Canadian branches had sent the information home to the U.S. and ultimately the designated export branch had got onto the sale. Why? Because Canadian branches were not permitted to sell Canadian-made goods for export. When this became bruited about Ottawa, roofs were dented all over the Trade and Commerce Department. As the Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe, Minister of Trade and Commerce, said later, "Too often, I regret to say, our trade representatives abroad turn up export opportunities for a subsidiary company operating in Canada only to find that the United States parent does not permit the export business to be done from the Canadian plant. Mind you, we do not object to doing occasional export promotion for United States corporations, but you will agree that it is rather difficult to justify the expense to the Canadian taxpayer!"

Mr. Howe, who is one of the greatest Canadians of this century, recently went to Chicago and Milwaukee to make two speeches to American businessmen—obviously in the hope of dampening down some of the anti-American feeling that has been aroused in Canada. His speeches were appeals to Americans to try to understand Canada and Canadians. That he should have felt the need to make such speeches is an indication of the work that is required on Canadian-American relations. Mr. Howe, himself American-born, gave up a lucrative *engineering business to enter politics in 1935*. He built the Trans-Canada Airlines, was in charge of the entire Canadian wartime industrial expansion and munitions production, has singlehandedly car-

ried through the Trans-Canada gas pipeline, has actively supported American investment in Canada, and has pushed the industrialization of Canada with ceaseless vigor. Here is Mr. Howe's appeal to American business:—

"Anyone who does business in Canada should reckon with the pride, and the legitimate pride, of Canadians in their country. In other words, they should reckon with the normal feeling of nationalism which is present in Canada, just as it is in the United States. Canadians do not like to be excluded from an opportunity of participating in the fortunes, good or bad, of large-scale enterprise incorporated in Canada but owned abroad. They may not buy many shares, but they resent the exclusion. They do not like to see large-scale Canadian enterprises entirely dependent upon foreign parents for their research and top management. They do not like to see the financial results of large-scale Canadian enterprises treated as if they were the exclusive concern of the foreign owners.

"I make bold therefore to offer three suggestions for the consideration of United States corporations establishing branch plants in Canada or searching for and developing Canadian natural resources:—

"1. Provide opportunities for financial participation by Canadians as minority shareholders in the equities of such corporations operating in Canada.

"2. Provide greater opportunities for advancement in U.S.-controlled corporations for Canadians technically competent to hold executive and professional positions.

"3. Provide more and regular information about the operations of such corporations in Canada."

Shortly after these speeches were made by Mr. Howe, I happened to attend a convention of one of the biggest American industries, which has a multi-billion-dollar investment in Canada. I asked the delegates for their reaction to the Howe speeches. In three days none was found who had heard of Mr. Howe, let alone the speeches.

3

BEHIND Mr. Howe's appeal to American business lies an economic problem which only American business can solve. That problem is the threat posed to the economic life of Canada, and friendly political relations between Canada and the United States, by the snowballing American investment, which has now reached \$13 billion, and the Canadian trade deficit of \$1 billion a year with the United States. Before the war, American investment in Canada was barely \$3 billion. It only reached \$4.9 billion by 1945 but has doubled in the last ten years and is now increasing, almost by geometric progression, at a rate of \$700 million a year. Capital inflow accounts for only half that figure. The rest is made up of growth of continuously reinvested profits.

The trade deficit is accounted for by Canada's

unprecedented boom. Because much of its industry is based upon processing parts imported from the United States into finished products sold in Canada, the greater the prosperity the larger the deficit. Only the steady inflow of investments, and export surpluses elsewhere, have enabled Canada to keep her trade in reasonable balance.

But what happens to Canada's foreign exchange position when the inflow of capital stops and Americans start taking their earnings home instead of reinvesting them? When that happens, as someday it must, Canada will face its worst exchange problem in history, with political implications impossible to predict. Canadians seeking a solution habitually point to obvious but relatively unimportant impediments to trade — high U.S. duties on wheat, quotas on beef cattle and dairy products, restriction on fish, the duty of 10 cents a barrel imposed on Canadian crude oil for the oil-short U.S. Pacific coast. Yet if all these things and more were permitted duty-free entry into the United States tomorrow, it would not begin to solve the problem.

What dams up Canadian exports to the United States is not only tariffs and quotas but the policy decisions of the American owners of so large a segment of Canadian industry. American capital owns the Canadian automobile industry; the electrical, aluminum, asbestos, chemical, nickel, rubber, paint, machinery and machine tools industries; most of Canadian petroleum production, refining capacity, and gasoline marketing; plastics, glass, and an endless variety of other manufacturing.

What keeps Canadian Fords, Chevrolets, and Plymouths from being sold throughout the United States is not tariffs or duties but policy decisions of Ford, General Motors, and Chrysler. It is neither the tariff nor patent rights that stop Canadian chemicals from being marketed extensively in Chicago, Detroit, Akron, and Cleveland. It is the decisions of DuPont, Dow, Monsanto, and Goodyear. It is not the duty on crude oil that keeps it out of the Chicago and California refineries. It is the decisions of Standard of Indiana and Standard of California not to use any of their Canadian crude in their U.S. refineries.

No Canadian branch can operate as efficiently as the American factories because none enjoys a market of similar size. If Canadian operations were integrated with American operations, the companies would benefit from greater profits from their Canadian plants. Some years ago, thoughtful Canadian economists who saw this problem arising suggested that the automobile industry was one which would lend itself most effectively to across-the-border integration.

All Canadian plants duplicate machinery and methods used in the United States. If General Motors, for example, decided to integrate, it could follow many possible routes. Today it makes all its Buicks in the United States and serves the Canadian

market with exports. Suppose, instead of making Chevrolets and Pontiacs and some trucks in both countries, it moved all its truck-making to Canada and all its car-making to the vacated truck plants in the U.S. Sales of Canadian-made trucks to the United States might balance, exchange-wise, the cost of importing American cars. What happens now is that the American parts content of every Canadian car is an exchange liability and there is no offsetting credit for anything sold to the United States.

The chemical industry, which is in its infancy, is admirably suited to this sort of international production rationalization. Instead of erecting Canadian plants to duplicate American plants, surely the logical approach would be to have Canadian plants specialize in one process while American plants specialized in others.

Some such solution as this is imperative if Canada is to obtain a vast increase in the *kind* of exports to the United States it must have. Canadians who agitate for greater American purchases of agricultural products — particularly wheat, meat, and dairy products — ignore the fact that the need is for high-value exports, which alone can bulk large enough to overcome the trade deficit. Ultimately Canada must convert its billion-a-year deficit into a billion-a-year surplus if American investors are to be paid interest and sinking funds on their Canadian investments. These investments are substantially represented by goods exported to Canada. They can only be repaid in goods — and high-value goods.

This problem was not created by American big business, American small business, one industry, or a group of industries, so it cannot be solved completely by automobiles, rubber, steel, or chemicals. Perhaps the problem has now grown so large that it is beyond solution. Certainly as long as thousands of Canadian branch plants are barred from selling their production in the United States by head office ukase, political discussions about tariff concessions are but exercises in applied futility.

Once that is understood, it becomes easier to appreciate the value to American industry of Mr. Howe's second suggestion — that places be opened at the policy level for Canadian employees of proved ability. The process of converting domestic industry into a world-trading industry must begin at the policy level. The impact of even one foreigner on the boards of directors of a thousand American companies could be important. And while the process of educating the directors proceeds, it would do no harm to follow Mr. Howe's first piece of advice. If American industry is opened to Canadian equity investors, the external debt may be reduced painlessly right now. And it will do American industry no harm to have a small army of investors on the loose in Canada while solution to the debt problem is worked out by men of good will on both sides.



An Irish novelist born in 1882, JAMES JOYCE had a greater influence upon twentieth-century literature than any other novelist of our time. He spent his boyhood in Dublin, was educated in Jesuit schools and colleges, and at the age of twenty broke away from family and church to live and write as a free lance on the Continent. The heartbreaking difficulties which he encountered in seeking to get his work published are revealed in these letters. This is the first of two installments which the Atlantic is privileged to draw from Letters of James Joyce, edited by Stuart Gilbert, soon to be published by the Viking Press.

THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN

Letters of James Joyce

Edited by STUART GILBERT

JAMES JOYCE's career at University College, Dublin, was marked by his break with his Catholic background and his emergence as a writer. In May, 1899, when he was seventeen, he refused to join a protest against the heresy of Yeats's Countess Cathleen. On January 20, 1900, he read a paper on "Drama and Life" before the Literary and Historical Society; his essay on "Ibsen's New Drama" (When We Dead Awaken) was published in the Fortnightly Review for April, 1900; a pamphlet, "The Day of the Rabblement," attacking the parochialism of the Irish Literary Theatre, was written in October, 1901.

After receiving his degree the following October, Joyce considered attending medical school in Dublin, but decided to study in Paris instead.

TO LADY GREGORY

Dublin

Dear Lady Gregory: I have broken off my medical studies here and am going to trouble you with a history. I have a degree of B.A. from the Royal University, and I had made plans to study medicine here. But the college authorities are determined I shall not do so, wishing I dare say to prevent me from securing any position of ease from which I might speak out my heart. To be quite frank I am without means to pay my medical fees and they refuse to get me any grinding or tuitions or examining — alleging inability — although they have done and are doing so for men who were stuck in the exams I passed. I want to get a degree in medicine, for then I can build up my work securely. I want to achieve myself — little or great as I may be — for I know that there is no heresy or no philosophy which is so abhorrent to the church as a human being, and accordingly I am going to Paris. I intend to study medicine at the University of Paris support-

ing myself there by teaching English. I am going alone and friendless — I know of a man who used to live somewhere near Montmartre but I have never met him — into another country, and I am writing to you to know can you help me in any way. I do not know what will happen to me in Paris but my case can hardly be worse than it is here. I am leaving Dublin by the night boat on Monday 1st December and my train leaves Victoria Station for Newhaven the same night. I am not despondent however because I know that even if I fail to make my way such failure proves very little. I shall try myself against the powers of the world. All things are inconstant except the faith of the soul, which changes all things and fills their inconstancy with light. And though I seem to have been driven out of my country here as a misbeliever I have found no man yet with a faith like mine.

In Paris, Joyce quickly abandoned his medical studies and began to write.

1906

TO GRANT RICHARDS

20 February 1906

Trieste

Dear Mr. Grant Richards: I am glad that you are pleased with *Dubliners*. As for the terms you offer me I may say that perhaps it would be best for me to put myself in your hands. I am sure that you will deal with me as generously as you can. As a matter of fact my future work in which you seem to be interested is largely dependent on an improvement of my financial state. I have written nearly a thousand pages of a novel [*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, at this stage *Stephen Hero*] but I

have little leisure, comfort or prospects for continuing it.

I should like to know when you propose to publish the book, in what form and at what price. If you will let me know I can send you the last story I have written — unless perhaps you have as superstitious an objection to the number thirteen as you seem to have with regard to Ireland and short stories in general.

TO GRANT RICHARDS

26 April 1906

Trieste

Dear Mr. Grant Richards: You tell me that the printer to whom you sent my story *Two Gallants* before you read it yourself refuses to print it and therefore you ask me either to suppress it or to modify it in such a way as to enable it to pass. I cannot see my way to do either of these things. I have written my book with considerable care, in spite of a hundred difficulties and in accordance with what I understand to be the classical tradition of my art. You must therefore allow me to say that your printer's opinion of it does not interest me in the least. Moreover, I cannot alter the passages which are marked in blue pencil in the story *Counterparts* nor can I suggest any other word than the word 'bloody' for the story *Grace*.

I intended to send you today the fourteenth and last story of the book, *A Little Cloud*, which is now ready. I shall not do so, however, until I hear from you in reply: and I am also retaining the MSS of the two stories which you sent me. If in your next letter you tell me that you can see your way to print my book as I have written it and that you have found a printer who will endanger his immortal soul to that extent I shall then send you the three stories together. If you decide differently you can send me back the other eleven stories and we can consider the matter at an end. Naturally, I should be sorry if our relations ended in such a way. It would be almost a disaster to me but I am afraid the service which you ask me to do for your printer's conscience is not in my power.

TO GRANT RICHARDS

23 June 1906

Trieste

Dear Mr. Grant Richards: I have received the manuscript safely. For the next few days I shall be engaged on a translation but during next week I shall read over the whole book and try to do what I can with it. I shall delete the word 'bloody' wherever it occurs except in one passage in *The Boarding-House*. I shall modify the passage in *Counterparts* as best I can. Since you object to it so strongly. These are operations which I dislike from the bottom of my heart and I am only conceding so much to your objections in order that *Two Gallants* may be included. If you cannot see your way to publish it I will have only wasted my time for nothing. As for the fourteenth story *A Little Cloud*

I do not expect you will find anything in it to object to. In any case I will send it back with the others, as you direct me.

Some of my suggestions may have seemed to you rather farcical: and I suppose it would be useless for me to suggest that you should find another printer. I would prefer a person who was dumb from his birth, or, if none such can be found, a person who will not 'argue the point.' But let that pass.

Your suggestion that those concerned in the publishing of *Dubliners* may be prosecuted for indecency is in my opinion an extraordinary contribution to the discussion. I know that some amazing imbecilities have been perpetrated in England but I really cannot see how any civilised tribunal could listen for two minutes to such an accusation against my book. I care little or nothing whether what I write is indecent or not but, if I understand the meaning of words, I have written nothing whatever indecent in *Dubliners*.

I send you a Dublin paper by this 'post. It is the leading satirical paper of the Celtic nations, corresponding to *Punch* or *Pasquino*. I send it to you that you may see how witty the Irish are as all the world knows. The style of the caricaturist will show you how artistic they are: and you will see for yourself that the Irish are the most spiritual race on the face of the earth. Perhaps this may reconcile you to *Dubliners*. It is not my fault that the odour of ashpits and old weeds and offal hangs round my stories. I seriously believe that you will retard the course of civilisation in Ireland by preventing the Irish people from having one good look at themselves in my nicely polished looking-glass.

1912

In August, 1909, Joyce returned to Ireland for a visit. At the beginning of September, he signed a contract for the publication of Dubliners by Maunsel & Co. in Dublin, and then returned to Trieste. The following July, Maunsel & Co., suddenly fearful because of the candor of Dubliners, abandoned the publication of the book, and the sheets were destroyed.

TO W. B. YEATS

19 September 1912

Trieste

Dear Yeats: . . . I suppose you will have heard of the fate of my book *Dubliners*. Roberts refused to publish it and finally agreed to sell me the first edition for £30 so that I might publish it myself. Then the printer refused to hand over the 1000 copies which he had printed either to me or to anyone else and actually broke up the type and burned the whole first edition.

Through Yeats's intercession Joyce was brought into communication in 1913 with Ezra Pound. There is no question of the importance of the part played by

Mr. Pound — and by The Egoist magazine with which he was so closely and dynamically associated — in bringing Joyce to the notice of the more literate public. As early as March, 1914, in a letter to Amy Lowell he spoke of Lawrence and Joyce as “the two strongest prose writers among les jeunes.”

In January, 1914, Grant Richards agreed to publish Dubliners, and did so on June 15.

1914

TO GRANT RICHARDS

4 March 1914

Trieste

Dear Mr. Grant Richards: I send you herewith the agreement signed by me. I hope you will manage to bring out the book in May as I could push the sale here very well before summer. I take it that if I want other copies (after the 120 copies which I agree to purchase and pay for as soon as they are ready) you will supply them to me on the same terms. You can incorporate the facts in my fair preface.

As regards the inverted comma the high compositors are not to blame: to me they are an eyesore. I think the page reads better with the dialogue between dashes. But if you are persuaded of the contrary I agree to waive the point and let the inverted commas replace the dashes. But I think you ought not to reject my suggestion at once. I think the commas used in English dialogue are most unsightly and give an impression of unreality.

As regards libel actions as I think I told you I offered the manager of the Dublin house to hire a car and go round to the firms named and show them the allusions and ask them whether they had any objection. The manager refused my offer — knowing (as I knew) what would be the result. The excuses put forward day after day are easily seen through and I find it difficult to come to any other conclusion but this — that the intention was to weary me out and if possible strangle me once and for all. But in this they did not succeed.

In conclusion I wish you good success with my unhappy book.

In 1913, Mr. Pound had taken charge of the literature department of The Egoist. In the course of the year Dora Marsden, the proprietor, asked Harriet Shaw Weaver — who was later to become Joyce's publisher and patron — to take charge of the editing of the magazine on the practical and business side, and thanks not a little to Miss Weaver's energy and enthusiasm The Egoist made literary history in that eventful period 1914 to 1919.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

11 November 1914

Trieste

Dear Miss Weaver: Many thanks for your kind letter of 21 ult which reached me on the 7 inst.

I have now sent on to Mr. John Jaffé the fourth

and also the fifth (and last) chapters of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. I hope you will receive them safely. It is very kind of you to take so much trouble in the matter.

Any letter forwarded to me should be in Italian or German and preferably in open envelope and quite formal.

I hope I shall remain at liberty. Till now the Austrian authorities have not interfered with me in any way.

Allow me to thank you once again for your kindness and to beg you also to give my kind regards to Mr. Pound. . . .

1915

TO H. L. MENCKEN

23 March 1915

Venice

Dear Mr. Mencken: I am in receipt of your kind letter of 3 instant. . . .

I am pleased to hear that two of my stories appeared in your magazine. Could you perhaps send me a copy of the number in which they appeared? I thank you also for your good opinion of my book. I gather from your letter that an American edition of *Dubliners* has been published. Will you please tell me what is the name of the American publisher? I have been cut off from communication with my English publisher since the outbreak of the war and know nothing of this new edition.

A novel of mine *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* has been running in *The Egoist* (London). The last instalment will be published, I think, next month. If you wish to consider it Mr. Pound or the editor of *The Egoist* will be able to give you what information you need. I hope it will come out in book form before the end of the year: but possibly its serial publication in the way you suggest might be arranged so as to be completed before the date of the English publication in book form.

I thank you also for your kind offer to help me to an American audience and hope you will forgive me for asking you to send me the information I desire as it is rather difficult for me for the moment to obtain it in the usual way.

TO GRANT RICHARDS

5 April 1915

Venice

Dear Mr. Grant Richards: Mr. Ezra Pound wrote me last week to say that he had handed to you the last chapter of my novel. I hope you will let me have your opinion about it. I presume you have read already the first four chapters.

Mr. H. G. Wells sent me a few days ago a very friendly letter in which he is kind enough to say that ‘he has an unstinted admiration for my work.’ His secretary or agent, as I believe I wrote you, wrote me last month. I have since received from him an agreement by which he proposes to act as agent for the handling of my literary rights (book

rights) and dramatic rights. As regards the former I have replied that you hold the right of refusal of them till 15 June 1918 or 1919. Subject to that I should be inclined to accept his offer, though I hope you will publish me as I imagine you wish to do. As regards the latter (dramatic rights) I have decided to accept his offer. I have written a comedy in three acts *Exiles* and hope he will take over and dispose of its acting rights, the publication in any case falling to you if you care to publish it. But for many reasons I prefer the novel to be published first.

I hope you received safely the press cuttings. Have you not received any notice from the *Freeman's Journal* or from *Sinn Fein* of Dublin? Perhaps you have in the last few months. If so I shall be very much obliged if you will kindly send me them.

H. L. MENCKEN to JAMES JOYCE

20 April 1915

New York

Dear Mr. Joyce: Two of your stories *The Boarding House* and *A Little Cloud* are in the *May Smart Set*. I am having two copies of the number sent to you by this post. We were unable to take more because the American publisher of 'Dubliners,' Mr. B. W. Huebsch of 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, planned to bring out the book at about this date. Apparently it has been delayed a bit but I assume that Mr. Huebsch still proposes to do it during the spring. The publishing business in the U.S.A. has been hard hit by the war and there are constant changes of plans among the publishers. I think you are fortunate to get into the hands of Mr. Huebsch in this country. He is one of the few intelligent publishers in New York.

Mr. Pound sent me cuttings of the first 15 or 20 instalments of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and I read them with much interest but the story, unfortunately, is too long and diffuse for the *Smart Set*. We do not publish serials but do a whole novel, or rather novelette, in each number. Sometimes it is possible to carve a novelette out of a novel of the usual length but, as I wrote to Mr. Pound, I felt that it would do unpardonable violence to your story to attempt anything of the sort. If you ever have a plan for a novelette, say of 30,000 words, I surely hope that you will let me hear of it. As you may know we also publish an English edition and so we desire both the English and American rights whenever it is possible to get them. In the case of your stories we had to send other stories to England, thus, of course, doubling the expense.

Please don't hesitate to ask if I can do anything for you here in America; and keep the *Smart Set* in mind. Mr. Nathan and I took charge of it just as the war began and we have had an uphill battle but it is now, I am glad to say, in good financial condition, paying cash for everything and with both circulation and advertising increasing. It is

our aim ultimately to make it the best magazine in America. We want to print all the good novels the other editors baulk at.

On the recommendation of H. G. Wells, who was much interested in Joyce's Portrait of the Artist which he had read in The Egoist, Joyce took as his literary agent James Pinker.

To HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

6 December 1915

Zurich

Dear Miss Weaver: I am writing from the station to save time. Sincerest thanks for your kind proposal. By all means telephone to Mr. Pinker and also lay the matter before your staff and company. I undertake to buy for my account and pay for in advance 50 (fifty) copies at trade price. Is not part of the type still set up? As for the advantages of a regular publisher I have not seen them till now. 26 (twenty-six) copies of my book *Dubliners* were sold in the United Kingdom during the last six months. I have never received any money from either of my two publishers; and I dislike the prospect of waiting another nine years for the same result. I am writing a book *Ulysses* and want the other published and out of the way once and for all: and correspondence about publishing is too tiresome for my (very lazy) temperament.

1916

To HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

22 January 1916

Zurich

Dear Miss Weaver: I telegraphed to you last night: Received twentyfive pounds. [Part payment for serial rights in the *Portrait*.] Thanks: and hope the telegram reached you safely and quickly. I have no words to thank you for your generosity and kindness. It comes at a moment when it is much needed by me. I am very glad indeed to hear that you have obtained the necessary permission and that you will publish my book if the firm to which my agent has offered it declines it. I shall write to him on the matter at once. This news gave me great joy as I foresaw many years of useless waiting. I shall send a formal receipt for the entire amount and shall wire to you also on receipt of the second remittance. I am glad to hear also that your paper is now in a better financial position than it was and wish you every success in the future.

Please accept once again my sincerest thanks and the assurance of my regard.

To HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

10 March 1916

Zurich

Dear Miss Weaver: I thank you for your kind letter of 3 instant and for the copies of *The Egoist* (December, January, February). I have written to Mr. Pinker instructing him to draw up the agreement without further delay and to accept uncondition-

ally, subject to his commission of 10%, whatever terms you propose. As regards proofs, I shall ask Mr. Pound to read them for me or if he cannot perhaps a reader could be found, the fee in the latter case being charged to me. In this way I hope time may be saved. As regards binding I have no preference. I leave this and all other details in your hands.

I am sorry that you have so much trouble with your printers but I hope that you will find a printer soon so that the book may come out this spring. I am sending this letter express to save time and I am also writing to Mr. Pound. If Mr. Pinker does not send you his agreement at once I shall send you a blank agreement with my signature so that he can fill it in at your dictation.

If you decide to send me proofs I undertake (if the attack of rheumatism from which I am suffering does not go to my eyes) to return them corrected within one day after receipt of them.

HARRIET SHAW WEAVER to E. BYRNE HACKETT

31 March 1916

London

Dear Sir: We are dispatching to you under separate cover the text of Mr. James Joyce's novel *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* which appeared in serial form in *The Egoist* and which we have lately decided to publish in book form. Mr. Ezra Pound has already written to you on the matter.

A few deletions were made by the printers, the shorter of which are written out on the pages from which they were deleted (viz. in *The Egoist* of January 1, 1915 and August 2, 1915); a larger one is enclosed herewith (deleted from the instalment of August 1st 1914). Mr. Joyce declines to give his consent to the publication of the book except according to the original text, i.e. all these deletions must be re-inserted.

The book is of exceedingly high merit and we are anxious for it to come out as soon as possible, but unfortunately are experiencing difficulty in securing a printer willing to print without deletions. However, we are continuing our efforts in this direction and therefore, should you decide you would be willing to undertake the printing and publication in America, we should be glad if you would cable us. In this case we should ask you to send us a number of unbound copies, and the two names could appear as publishers — yours as American publishers, ours as English.

Or in the event of our soon securing a printer here, we should be glad to know whether you could take from us a number of unbound copies, and be responsible for American publication. We should bring out the book here as a six shilling novel which with you I suppose would correspond to \$1.50.

To W. B. YEATS

14 September 1916

Zurich

Dear Yeats: Ezra Pound writes to me telling me of your kindness in writing a letter of recommendation

on my behalf as a result of which a royal bounty has been granted to me (£100). I need scarcely say how acceptable this money is to me at such a time and in such circumstances but, apart from its usefulness, it is very encouraging as a sign of recognition and I am very grateful to you for your friendly and valuable support. I hope that now at last matters may begin to go a little more smoothly for me for, to tell the truth, it is very tiresome to wait and hope for so many years. It seems that my novel will really come out this autumn in New York and London. I am sending the typescript of my play *Exiles* (which has already been rejected in Zurich, Berne, Turin and by the Stage Society in London) to Pound who says that Mr. Knoblauch [Mr. Edward Knoblock] will read it. Besides this I am writing a book *Ulysses* which however will not be published for some years. Possibly the novel and play will engage the attention of my six or seven readers (7 copies of *Dubliners* were sold in the last six months) until it is ready. Pound speaks of offering the play to some new review *Seven Arts*, that is, if it is not accepted by *Drama* (Chicago) where it is being read, I believe. . . .

I hope your own affairs prosper well and that your health is good. I have been away so many years that I know little or nothing about what is published in England. I saw some time before I left Trieste the Italian version of *Countess Cathleen* in a bookshop and I must say that the few passages which I read I did not like. It is, I think, a great pity that my friend Vidacovich's version was not published. His rendering of many parts (especially of the long *Impetuous heart*) was excellent. I do not know where he is now (in Rome, I think) or what became of the translation we made together of Synge's *Riders to the Sea*. I read it one night to Mrs. Sainari, a very original actress, and her husband took away the *copione* to read it again. Vidacovich also tried his hand with me on a version of my story *Ivy Day in the Committee Room* for the *Nuova Antologia* but the attempt was a dismal failure.

I have every reason to be grateful to the many friends who have helped me since I came here and I can never thank you enough for having brought me into relations with your friend Ezra Pound who is indeed a wonder worker.

1917

Although she had a great deal of correspondence with Joyce, Miss Weaver did not meet him until August, 1922, when he paid a visit to London after his convalescence from a very severe eye attack. But as early as 1917 Miss Weaver had made her first benefaction, anonymous to begin with, to Joyce, who was then living in Zurich: five hundred Swiss francs to be paid to him monthly "by an admirer." This was followed, in 1924, by the transfer of a large sum of money

(the bequest of an aunt) the interest on which, together with royalties and occasional sales of stock, provided a comfortable income for Joyce and his family.

TO EZRA POUND

9 April 1917

Zurich

Dear Pound: Many thanks for yours of 26th ult. which arrived only the morning. Owing to the delay and the fact that I have nothing ready, I am sending you an accompanying note, as you wish. I sent three pieces of verse in December, I think, to *Poetry* (Chicago) through my agent, but heard nothing more of them. If they have not been and will not be published, would you take them in reversion? As regards stories I have none. I have some prose sketches, as I told you, but they are locked up in my desk in Trieste. As regards excerpts from *Ulysses*, the only thing I could send would be the Hamlet chapter, or part of it — which, however, would suffer by excision. If there is anything else I could do — perhaps a simple translation or review — will you tell me? I shall be glad to do it, though I am quite sure that, with your usual friendliness, you exaggerate the value of my poor signature as a 'draw.' I have been thinking all day what I could do or write. Perhaps there is something if I could only think of it. Unfortunately, I have very little imagination. I am also a very bad critic. For instance, some time ago a person gave me a two-volume novel to read, *Joseph Vance*. I read it at intervals for some time, till I discovered that I had been reading the second volume instead of the first. And if I am a bad reader I am a most tiresome writer — to myself, at least. It exhausts me before I end it. I wonder if you will like the book I am writing? I am doing it, as Aristotle would say, by different means in different parts. Strange to say, in spite of my illness I have written enough lately. . . .

I am rather tired for I have been correcting misprints in my novel. There are nearly four hundred. No revise was sent to me. This in view of a possible second edition during the century. The announcement on the last page of *The Egoist* is a pious exaggeration — so Miss Weaver writes.

In any case I am better. Please write to me about your review. I shall go on writing, thanks to the kindness of my unknown friend and also of Mr. Quinn. [John Quinn was a New York lawyer who offered Joyce £20 for the corrected proof sheets of the American edition of the *Portrait of the Artist*.]

TO JOHN QUINN

10 July 1917

Zurich

Dear Mr. Quinn: A few lines in reply to your very kind letters addressed to my wife. She thanks you

sincerely for your interest in my tiresome illness. On receipt of the first I wrote to my agent about the corrections, but now I see you have received them safely. I shall look forward to your next letter containing the opinion of the eye specialist you allude to.

As regards my play *Exiles*, I note that you have received now the MS of the first act. It is a waste of time to write to London for the typescript. Any publisher you approve of (precedence, however, being given to Mr. Huebsch, whether he is entitled to it by contract or not) may set it up and publish it. It will be published in London during the autumn by Mr. Grant Richards. If you do not wish the printers to use your MS it can be typed first — charge of typing being to my account. When I correct the English printed proofs I shall ask Mr. Richards to forward them to New York to you also, and these will serve as a control. As regards production, anyone who wishes to produce it can do so. If the person is reasonably honest I suppose he will pay me something. If he is not honest, a contract will not make him so. All monies should be paid to my agent, Mr. James Pinker, Arundel Street, London, so that he may deduct his 10% fee therefrom. The only point on which I insist is that the play be printed or produced as I wrote it.

. . . I also wish to make it clear that the play is not to be offered to anyone for consideration unless he undertakes to give his opinion definitely in three weeks. Ten years of my life have been consumed in correspondence and litigation about my book *Dubliners*. It was rejected by 40 publishers; three times set up, and once burnt. It cost me about 3,000 francs in postage, fees, train and boat fare, for I was in correspondence with 110 newspapers, 7 solicitors, 3 societies, 40 publishers and several men of letters about it. All refused to aid me, except Mr. Ezra Pound. In the end it was published, in 1914, word for word as I wrote it in 1905. My novel was refused by every publisher in London to whom it was offered — refused (as Mr. Pound informed me) with offensive comments. When a review decided to publish it, it was impossible to find in the United Kingdom a printer to print it. I write these facts now once and for all because I do not want any correspondence of the same kind about my play — I mean from publishers or impresarii. I want a definite engagement to publish or produce by a certain date, or a refusal.

My novel has been reviewed in certain European papers in Paris, Amsterdam and Russia. Financially it is, like my other books, a fiasco — 450 copies sold to date in the United Kingdom, equivalent to a sale of about 28 copies in all Switzerland.

(To be concluded)



An Atlantic Story



A native of Belfast, Ireland, BRIAN MOORE emigrated to Canada, where his first job was that of a clerk in a bush camp in northern Ontario. From there he went to Montreal, where he took on proofreading for The Gazette and in time graduated to reporter and rewrite man. He now is a Canadian citizen living in Montreal and is devoting full time to his writing. Mr. Moore's first novel, The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne, was published last year under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint, and his second will appear shortly.

SASSENACH

by BRIAN MOORE

WHEN he bent down to open the cheap brown cardboard suitcase I turned off the main street into the lane and stood beside the audience of three small boys on the pavement. It was a Sunday afternoon in October, a harsh, Ulster Sunday with shops and offices shut and people wandering aimlessly in the streets of Belfast looking for distraction.

He took a pair of large handcuffs out of the suitcase and laid them on the pavement. The small boys moved closer. A grotesque helmet, like a fencer's mask, with a collar and a headpiece of brass, followed the handcuffs. Then a strait jacket, a set of chains, and a long thick piece of rope. Three more strollers joined the audience. He closed the suitcase and laid his dirty gray felt hat on top of it, bottom up. Then he removed his brown jacket with the campaign ribbons and stood there, shivering a little in the chill wind, a small man, about forty years old, with ropy muscles, wearing a cotton singlet, torn brown trousers, and stained white canvas shoes.

The strong man's pitch was not far from the port and he must have counted on getting some of the people who like to go down to the docks on Sunday and watch the ships. He looked up and down the lane for a policeman and then, as though he had suddenly noticed us, turned and said, "Good afternoon, gentlemen. Only a few minutes until the performance begins."

He looked past us at the main street and then picked up the set of chains and rattled them, holding them extended over his head. Half a dozen people turned and looked down the lane. Four of them walked toward us.

"This way, lady. This way, gents," he said in a loud whining voice with a Cockney twang. "See somefing you won't see every day of the week. Make way there, sonny. Let the lady in. Don't be shy, lady. I bark but I never bin known to bite. Gather rahnd, gather rahnd. No obligation, no admission fee. If you're not satisfied afterwards there's trams and taxis to take you away. Show your appreciation, *after* the performance."

He rattled the chains again and laid them down in the laneway. Somewhere above us the weak sun shone like a flashlight at dawn through the endless gray clouds. The strong man cocked a fighter's eye at the sky and turned a handspring.

"Ex-service," he said. "Served in the reggalier army before the war. India. There's where I found out about mind over matter, ladies and gents. Like these 'andcuffs."

He picked them up and held them out before him like a bridesmaid showing a bouquet. "Reggalier Scotland Yard 'andcuffs," he said. "See for yerselves." He pushed them under the face of a fattish man and then swung them above his head.

"Any time you think I'm faking, just step up here and try it yerself," he said. "I'm an old soldier with a bag of tricks. But no trickery." He laid the handcuffs on the pavement and turned another handspring. "Now, let's get cracking," he said.

Several more people had joined the group. Like children at a party the newcomers moved around the edges of the crowd, forming a wide, irregular circle round the dancing, pacing figure in the center. The strong man picked up the strait jacket and looked at it for a moment.

"First time they ask you to try one of these on for size, you wonder if they're barmy. But that's usually because *you're* barmy — see?" He laughed and rolled his bright blue eyes at a girl who stood on the inner rim of the crowd, holding her handbag to her stomach.

"Getting 'em on's easy," the strong man said, putting his arms into the long sleeves, walking all the while, so that everyone should get a close look at the jacket. He hitched the heavy canvas up to his chin and shrugged his shoulders in.

"Now, I need doin' up," he said. "Any volunteers? Come on, sir. All you 'ave to do is tighten up these leather straps as tight as you can get 'em."

The man shook his head and the jacket was thrust in front of a couple of gangling corner boys. Egged on by their girls, they stepped self-consciously into the circle.

"Ooray! Now, let's see if you can stop an old ex-serviceman," the strong man shouted. "Let's see if these blokes are as tough as they look."

He muttered some instructions to the boys and they started tying the jacket, doubling his arms across his chest and tugging on the leather straps.

"Don't mind me," the strong man said, looking cheerfully at the crowd. "Let's see 'ow 'ard you can pull."

The corner boys exchanged glances and then pulled together, without humor, straining, intent, Irishmen stuffing it into an English gaum. Veins stood out on the strong man's neck and his weather-roughened face became turkey red.

"That's the stuff. Cool! Ain't they strong?" He winked at the audience, bouncing up and down on his heels, and said in a sergeant's tones: "Tie 'em tight, now. Okeydoke. Thank you very much."

He stepped back into the center of the circle and started shouting again, walking up and down like a man in a prison cell, shrugging the upper part of his imprisoned body to get the feel of the jacket.

"I picked this up in India from a 'eathen," he cried. "It ain't muscle wot counts, it's control. Control can get you anywhere. Ever try it on your mother-in-law? Works wonders."

A titter started somewhere and the crowd pushed forward, the people at the back straining to see into the circle.

"Now watch me closely," the strong man said. "It requires control — see? Now watch closely, ladies and gents." He stood quite still for a moment. Then, straining and shrugging, he brought his imprisoned arms up over his head in a swift, jerking movement.

"'Old it! 'Old it!" he shouted as a murmur of admiration moved in the crowd. "I'm not out yet!"

He fell on his back and writhed along the pavement, twisting and turning his wrists. Suddenly his hands were free and he was back on his feet, unbuckling the thongs behind his neck.

"*That's only the beginning!*" he roared, glaring out

at the fringes of the crowd. He threw the strait jacket on the ground and skipped back into the center of the circle.

"Can I 'ave your attention, ladies and gents," he said, holding up his scrawny arms. "Before I continue with the performance, I want to tell you that my wife, my old missus, is sick. So I'm an ex-serviceman on my own today. I'll 'ave to ask your indulgence and your 'elp, ladies and gents. I'll ask you to wait until the performance is over and then I'll be arahnd with the 'at."

At this mention of money, a few people began to drift back toward the main street. The strong man rolled his eyes round the circle, estimating the crowd. There were about sixty people.

"'Old it! 'Old it!" he cried. "I got two more tricks yet. Two feats of control you won't see every day of the week. Now listen to me! If you like what you see, I'm going to ask each and every one of you to give me one penny. Which I shall collect *af-ter* the performance. My wife is sick today, so I shall 'ave to work without 'er assistance. Now, anybody can't afford a penny better shove off. I'll give you time. Anyone can't afford one penny?"

He stopped speaking and stood there, silent, his bright eyes on the crowd. The dour North Irish faces turned from his watchful stare. Some muttered to each other while others looked up at the sky for signs of the omnipresent rain. Nobody moved away.

"Rightio!" said the strong man in a soldier's bark. "Everybody's good for a penny. Right. Now, I'll give you two tricks that are worth a pound of anybody's money."

2

HE PICKED up the handcuffs. I looked down at his faded brown jacket, folded on the ground beside the battered suitcase. A weather-worn rainbow of color stretched across the lapel. Eighth Army ribbon. He had been one of Montgomery's Desert Rats. Italian and Normandy campaigns. A couple of others I couldn't place. Meanwhile, someone had locked the handcuffs on his wrists and placed the ugly, heavy helmet on his head.

"It looks be'ind!" he shouted to the crowd. "Ever see that bloke on the pictures, The Man in the Iron Mask? Well, you're looking at 'im now, ladies and gents. In the old days they used to use this mask for mother-in-laws and politicians. Once you put this on 'em they've 'ad it. That's right, sonny. I want that chain. Bring it 'ere. Thanking you very much. Now, look at this chain, ladies and gents. Try it on for size. That's it. Full steel link chain, the best that Britain can forge. Which means the best in the world."

"Fake!" a hard, Irish voice yelled. The crowd shifted and stirred uneasily.

"Okay, sonny. Come up 'ere and try it," the

strong man called back, his eyes rolling behind the grille of his helmet. "Now, let's get on with the performance. I need some 'elp with this girdle. 'Oo's to put this chain around me? Thank you, sir. That's right. Don't worry about me. Tie it tight. That's it. Now, the padlock. Rightio. Now, watch me, ladies and gents. Oop-la!"

The handcuffs sprang open, dangling from his wrist. He hoisted his manacled hand aloft and looked at the sky. The clouds were blacker and a few spitting drops of rain had started falling. The strong man glared up at the sky and clasped his hands together. Muscles corded under his skin and the chain burst from around his chest and fell with a loud clatter on the pavement. His jaw sank into his neck, his face mottled, and his shoulders shook. The helmet flew open and he shook his head downward like a girl shaking out wet hair. The helmet crashed to the pavement and rolled away.

"Can't keep an old soldier down!" he roared triumphantly. "'Old it! 'Old it! That's only a warm-up. Now, this is what you come to see, ladies and gents, this is somefing no other man can do. I'm going to show you why they can't 'ang me. Can't shoot me neither. Jerry found that out in Africa. Ex-service. Ex-British Army. Yes, ladies and gents, and trying to make an 'onest living, if you'll 'elp me. Only one penny asked. Get your pennies ready. After this feat of strength, I will conclude my performance and then I'll be arahnd to ask one penny from each and every one of you."

A penny dropped in the center of the circle. "'Old it! 'Old it!" shouted the strong man. "Not now. Lat-ER! Please don't throw the pennies in, ladies and gents. My wife is sick, so I'll come arahnd myself with the 'at, immediately after this. Only one penny. Right? Now, let's get cracking!"

He picked up the thick rope and held it out. "I need four volunteers for this trick," he said. "Four good strong blokes willing to use their muscles. Come on, now. I'm the bloke that's getting 'urt. Let's not muck about. Let's 'ave four gentlemen. 'Ow about you, sonny? Thank you very much. Now, these two gents who 'elped me before. Thank you very much indeed. Now, another one? 'Ow about another one? 'Ow about you, sir? No? Don't be shy. That's it. 'Ooray! Now, let's get weaving!"

He rubbed his grimy hands on his cotton singlet and held out the rope. It was about fourteen feet long. Prancing, he laid it across the lane, a diameter to the watching circle. Then he picked it up at the center and twisted it around his neck like a grotesque necktie.

"Now. I want silence for this trick. I want everybody quiet while these blokes strangle me. I've always come through until now but, if I don't do it this time, I'd like my last moments peaceful. *And wait till I finish.* Afterwards, if you're satisfied with my performance, I'll be rahnd for that penny. Thank you, one and all."

"Now, you gents," he turned to the four men. "Two of you take one end of the rope. That's right. Now, you two take the other end. Rightio! Now, just pretend you're playing tug of war except that my neck's twisted in this rope in the middle. Now, I want you to start when I tell you and pull as 'ard as you can until I snap my fingers for you to stop. No jerking. Just take a long steady pull and put all your weight behind it. I'm not protected and insured, but don't you worry. Nothing will 'appen to you. All set? Now, let's see what an ex-service-man can do. . . . Pull!"

The two teams of men started pulling on the rope, gently at first, then, leaning back, put their weight behind it. The strong man, his legs wide apart, braced himself and hunched his shoulders as the rope bit into his neck. Sweat bloomed on his face, which turned crimson, then a choking, blue-red color. A few women in the crowd turned their heads away. The men pulled harder and the strong man bobbed up and down in the center like a red and white handkerchief on a tug-of-war rope. A ripple of amazement spread out into the watching crowd, drawing them closer, narrowing the circle.

Suddenly, the sky darkened as though an invisible stage manager had lowered his house lights. Then, thick and steady, rain beat down on the laneway. The crowd turned their faces skyward, the circle of watchers wavered and broke. Hurrying for shelter they passed the tightly shut eyes and congested face of the conqueror, shaking under the pressure of the rope, holding his breath in his choking windpipe, unfeeling, counting his thirty seconds of resistance against death. Finally, his arms lifted. He snapped his fingers and the men released the rope.

The strong man staggered forward, pulling the rope over his head, massaging his chafed neck. The four men who had held the rope turned up their collars and reached in their pockets for some change. The strong man opened his eyes, in time to see his audience converge on the main street, running for open doorways, tramcars, and covered shop fronts.

"'Old it! 'Old it!" he roared. "Don't run away. Only cost you a bleeding penny. That's all." He swooped down and picked up his dirty felt hat.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you. Thank you, madam. That's it, sonny. Thank you, sir."

He quickly ran around the dozen people still standing in the downpour. Passing me, he picked up his jacket and slung it over his shoulders. The campaign ribbons were rain-sodden. I put a shilling in his hat.

"Thanking you, sir," he said. He reached in his hat and transferred the money to his trouser pocket. Then he looked up at his old, implacable enemy.

"Only a shower," he said. "Shouldn't think it will last."

But the rain beat down steadily on his upturned face, blinding his fighter's eyes. Persistent Irish rain.



LINCOLN KIRSTEIN graduated from Harvard in 1930, where he was a tutee of Theodore Spencer. He founded the School of American Ballet with George Balanchine in 1934, and is now General Director of the New York City Ballet, which is currently holding its nineteenth New York season. The essay which follows formed part of the Theodore Spencer Memorial Lecture which he delivered at Harvard last year.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN OPERA

by LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

I

I WORK in the lyric theater; my practical experience may have interest since I have had the chance to collaborate with many poets, painters, and musicians in the last twenty years. The dance, particularly the classic academic ballet, is part of lyric theater, but I am not going to discuss ballet as this department is healthy; examples can be seen annually in many cities. I am more troubled by music drama or opera, since its present seems so hazardous and its future is so obscure.

What are the works of lyric theater as opera? They are staged presentations of drama, set to music — vocal and instrumental, with the voice dominant. Since the sense and sentiment in the text are projected by singing rather than the spoken voice, degrees of stylization in a wide variety of convention are required. Styles range from the highly artificial to the flatly conversational. Useful examples of successful lyric theater from the past three centuries are Lorenzo da Ponte's and Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, Meilhac's, Halévy's, and Bizet's *Carmen*, Hugo von Hofmannsthal's and Richard Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*. While the part of the composer is primary, the contribution of poets has been indispensable. For the moment, we can forget singers and orchestra, yet we always acknowledge them first whenever these works are revived.

For our purposes, I ask your indulgence as theater-minded amateurs — members of an audience hungry for a new repertory; I shall pose as a producer eager to present new pieces. There are few new pieces to be produced. Most of those produced recently have been, by and large, failures. We are undergoing *la crise de l'opéra*, but the crisis is at least half a century old and exists wherever there are opera houses. While there remain a luxuriant repertory from the nineteenth century and some pieces surviving from the eighteenth or even the seventeenth, there are, comparatively speaking, few from the twentieth.

Many composers in our lifetime have written opera. Both commercial and academic agencies have combined to produce more than two hundred separate first performances since 1900. But how many of these have enjoyed a third or fourth repetition? How many can be said to have entered the international, or even the local, repertory?

A repertory work is one that has, to some extent, conquered public acceptance either in live performance, by broadcasting, or through mechanical recording at home and abroad. *Porgy and Bess* seems to be a repertory work even abroad, where it has had a recent great success with a native American company. But is not its popularity due more to its exotic and special casting than to its relative literary or musical charm? On the other hand, *Carmen* has been successfully (artistically as well as commercially) produced as *Carmen Jones*; and while the locale was transposed, few of its literary or musical values were lost. But *Carmen* is the most indestructible work in opera and has long been the object of envious study by non-repertory composers.

Porgy and Bess recalls other pieces, primarily composed as speculative musical investments — such as *Street Scene*, *Oklahoma!* or *South Pacific* — which are certainly works in the lyric theater, which have enjoyed great popularity and have been heard and seen all over. Their songs are on everyone's lips; their stories, ingenious; their characters have charm and personality. But it is unlikely that they will ever enter the permanent repertory, even as folk works (like Smetana's *Bartered Bride*), because their musical vitality depends on small independent units, an exhaustible formula for a succession of hit songs rarely adding up to a dramatic synthesis. Hit songs tend to be identified with the season of their first singing, like the vogue in dressmaking or popular novels. Perhaps the single modern work in this genre that has survived

fifty years is *The Merry Widow* — chiefly because of the exquisite quality of its vocal music.

There have been, since the triumphant creations of Puccini and Richard Strauss, now almost half a century ago, a few international works in a slightly different category — works which are never exactly successful, which indeed were never intended to be, which nevertheless continue to fascinate and which justify revival — such as *Pelléas et Mélisande* or Berg's *Wozzeck*. And there are a number of works which have enjoyed a local acceptance, such as the repertory of Benjamin Britten in England or of Carl Orff in Germany, but which do not seem to export well. They have a personal, almost geographical charm and were composed consciously or unconsciously for special audiences or particular conditions, so that they rather fade without them.

The criterion of lyric theater is still Italian. Since the last war, there has been an enormous resurgence of coloratura singing, long smothered by the Wagnerian orchestral domination. Unfamiliar works of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Von Weber, and the early Verdi have been brilliantly revived, not alone in Naples and Milan, but in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. A whole new generation of virtuoso singers has emerged, and with the help of the recording industry the vast literature of *bel canto* has become generally available. But our singers are given few contemporary roles which can exploit their full talents.

Singers long for new roles in which they can create wholly new characters. Old roles are challenges but always accompanied by the shadowy competitors of past remembered performances. Every producer is hungry for a new repertory work. Every serious composer wants to write a new opera. Even contemporary audiences will suspend immediate judgment, since they increasingly realize how apathetic or hostile they have been on past historic premières. Yet there are next to no works worth the hazard of production. What is the matter?

2

Is the fault with the producer? Not really. The list of first performances is long. A large amount of money has been spent from every source, from the Metropolitan Opera to the foundations and university music-faculties, who seem almost eager to provide first hearings. No score with any real quality has to wait long for some sort of hearing, even if only in concert style. Hope springs eternal . . . but there are few second performances.

Is the fault with the composer? To a very great degree. There are many composers capable of writing music of ingenuity, even of originality, even with a slight melodic gift, which would be acceptable to a melody-minded public. But few of these composers have enjoyed any connection with theater itself. During the formative period of their

youth, when their working methods and their individual styles were being forged, the composers ignored both theater and opera house. These were seen as homes of corruption for the delinquency of music — meretricious plots, vulgar tunes, cheap theatrics — everything impure in style, insincere in sentiment. These were the sites of preposterous operatic behavior, of plump tenors and large sopranis, of repetitious farewells and grotesque duets. The sounds of crazy mice, the movements of awkward lobsters; who could listen seriously to *Lucia* or *Madama Butterfly*?

After the official standards of the academies and prize agencies of the late nineteenth century, modern composers tidied up their medium. They were bent on clearing away past formulas; the accretions of formalism and stylization that they had to assume made all music stagnant. But their tidiness resulted in a new formula, a combination of clinic and kindergarten. They found themselves with a purified language, chiefly useful in talking to themselves. At that time, avant-garde composers, whom we now honor as deans of American music, were ambitious for absolute music, by which they meant orchestral music. Their reputations were to be made in concert halls, not in opera houses. They were not theater folk. They were pure musicians.

Naturally they were musicians. They conceived of music as a strict language, which it certainly is; they were forging new frontiers in its proper materials of rhythms and sonorities. But, after many special triumphs, they started to feel lonely. A merely private audience of severe musicians no longer warmed them. They never stopped envying Igor Stravinsky, who always had as his private pilot-project the Ballet Russe of Serge Diaghilev, where his annual innovations were performed with visual splendor. But Stravinsky, after all, had the luck to be born, at least symbolically, on stage during an entr'acte of a double bill of opera and ballet. Our composers began to realize that the great simple-minded (or single-minded) audience never stopped going to opera houses, night after night. Hesitantly, shyly even, but with increasing velocity, they turned their attention to opera.

The reason they have, in the main, failed is a complex one. They did not realize, and indeed do not now realize, that operas are performed in theaters with large stages as well as large orchestra pits; that opera houses must maintain the repertory system of alternating programs; that every opera is in continual competition with every other opera, new or old. Most importantly, they did not realize that opera is theater, a dramatic whole, the primary element of which is not instrumental music or poetry, but the projected human singing voice. To this they had rarely the curiosity to listen, except in the fashionable conversational post-Wagnerian style or its domesticated reduction in French or

German art songs. The notion that the human voice could be launched into wild flights of released melody still seems definitely in the realm of bad taste.

How does one go about writing a first opera? First, there is the question of libretto. Whom does the composer choose as collaborator? Usually someone he happens to know personally, who has much less experience in writing words than the composer in writing notes, but someone nevertheless who is comfortable to work with, who can never dominate. It seems irrelevant that the librettist may not have had the slightest experience in workaday theater. The modern librettist, unfortunately, very rarely considers the quality of a voice singing his words, or indeed his words as vowels being set to musical phrases. How many vocal syllables are there in *love* or *hate*? *Amor*, *amour*, *Liebe* are easier to vocalize than *lu-uv*. Because librettists give too little consideration to English consonants and diphthongs, we are frequently told that English is the most ungraceful tongue to set to music, which is not true. The Elizabethan and Jacobean songsters, or even a German writing English as did Handel, are models of clear diction and transparent prosody. Think of any of Shakespeare's lyrics — or on a less familiar plane, those of Thomas Campion, John Dowland, or Robert Jones.

It is certainly more difficult now to rush into the composition of opera than it was in the great epoch of Italian lyric theater. Then there was a fairly simple-sounding formula which provided many successes but which did not save as many failures. It was a reliable formula — very rigid, to be sure. The novelist Stendhal described it in his biographies of Haydn, Mozart, and Metastasio: "Every story needs six characters, all of them in love, so that the musician can get his contrasts. The *primo soprano*, the *prima donna* and the tenor, the three principal characters in an opera, must each sing five arias: one passionate (*l'aere patetica*), one brilliant (*di bravura*), one straight-forward (*aria parlante*), one 'demi-character' (half folk-songlike), and one expressing joy (*l'aria brillante*). The drama must be divided into three acts and not exceed a certain number of verses. Each scene has to end with an aria, and no one character can sing more than two consecutive arias. The first and second acts must end with melodies of greater importance than those to be found in the rest of the piece. The poet has to contrive two good niches in the second and third acts and place in one a *recitativo obbligato* to be followed by a display of virtuosity (*di trabusto*) and in the other a grand duet (not forgetting this must always be sung by the principal lovers). Neglect these rules and there will be no music. Further, it must be clearly understood that the poet must provide the designer with ample opportunity to display his talents."

Very few composers who tell you that they want

to write an opera (if they can only find a good libretto and a large commission) honestly love the form. To be sure, like everyone else, they admire what they call "good" opera. They have "good taste" and love *Figaro* and *Carmen*. But imagine a poet or a lover of poetry telling you he liked only "good poetry": Shakespeare and Eliot, but neither Pope nor Keats. People who like "good opera" mean that they presuppose a certain preference which to them is "good taste." It does not mean that they are familiar with the repertory of its requirements. The test, as Chester Kallman said, is not whether they like *Figaro* or *Carmen*, but whether they will knowingly listen to *Andrea Chenier* or *La Fanciulla del West*. Are they, in fact, in love with the possibilities of the human voice as an agency of intense drama?

It is hard to imagine a contributor to the permanent repertory who has not lived around opera houses, who does not know at first hand what the nature of the vocal apparatus is, what sort of human beings have what sort of superhuman voices — the habits of the tenor, for example. The peculiarities of tenor behavior are complex indeed. The physiological strain of constantly trying to sing very high with easy articulation has serious psychological repercussions. Its tensions exert grave pressure on tenor temperament; and great tenors are rarer than great diamonds and harder to handle.

Few composers have much conviction in their subject, although there are native locales, periods, or fables which seem more sympathetic to some than others. Operas have been based on Melville, Poe, Edward Everett Hale, and Henry James. But it is hard to believe that Abraham Lincoln or Franklin Roosevelt offers attractive pretexts. The nineteenth-century Italian heroic portrait gallery offers precedents, but when you fasten on Lincoln or Roosevelt — who is the soprano? Billy Budd and the Emperor Jones have no opposite numbers and hence no aural polarity, focus, or relief. Many good ideas never get beyond the crucial problem of the soprano, for she is the basis, the absolute minimal requirement, for a solid repertory work.

3

IT HAS been frequently suggested that Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* would make a first-rate American opera. The question immediately presents itself: what are the words? One cannot sing Dreiser's conversations. As with other subjects which seem to have assumed the prestige of local legend (Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* is one example), one is forced to conclude that while they are effective in print and possible on stage or screen, they do not evoke song. Yet *An American Tragedy* has a strong, simple plot, a strong moral, two good characters for women's voices, a tenor for the hero, a basso for the district attorney; a factory scene,

a party scene, a courtroom scene, and a final prison cell. Perhaps what renders it least possible is the irritating passivity of Clyde Griffiths. Shyness, fumbling self-pity, and a sense of ambivalent social position are awkward to define in grand musical terms.

Yet one might imagine *An American Tragedy* with book by Bert Brecht and songs by Kurt Weill, staged by Piscator in Berlin, not later than 1932. It would have been eked out by savage irony; the social background would have been indicated by documentary commentators, who, while removing or delaying emotional directness to a degree, might have framed the work with unity and tension. But there is a difference between tragedy and irony, a difference in the proper scale, which is why both *Don Giovanni* and *The Rake's Progress* are so much better not produced as grand opera but performed in small opera houses.

There exists one ironic masterpiece of international repertory dimensions — *The Threepenny Opera* of Brecht and Weill, which, while not exactly an opera, is certainly a minor monument of lyric theater. It is assured its place in the international *opéra comique* by the beauty of its songs and orchestration, but most of all by the unequalled ferocity of its sentiment. A tone was found for *The Threepenny Opera* which, while it may have been remote from that of its original eighteenth-century inspiration, certainly fitted the times in which it was produced. *The American Tragedy* has not yet been fortunate enough to find that perfect consonance of tone and prosody.

So here we are in 1957, our century more than half spent. Let us assume we know an American composer in Berkeley, Princeton, or Cambridge eager for the chance to write an opera. Where does he go from here? What opera house can school him? What opera singers does he know? What opera producers will seriously interest themselves?

First, he should withdraw to the center of his conscience and ask: Am I essentially interested in the human voice as prime mover of my work? Have I the will or talent to treat it as a positive projector of action and emotion? Do I understand what the voice can or cannot do in terms of stage situation on the lyric level? Assuming the voice problem solved, do I have a story, plot, or pretext for action which can propel my voice-laden actors into holding a restive audience? Where is my locale — in the historic or legendary past, or in the indeterminate present? Shall the musical structure be unbroken and continuous, as in the Strauss and Puccini repertories, or shall there be formal set pieces, duets, trios, sextets, as in Mozart or Rossini? Is there to be a chorus; if so, what is its role? Do I have aptitude for the fantastic? (Can I compete with *The Magic Flute*?) What are my gifts for the comic? (Where am I against *The Barber of Seville* or *Don Pasquale*?) What are the chances of the

veristic? (Should I attempt *A Streetcar Named Desire*?)

As for the fantastic, there are musical gifts that can rise above weak libretti. Even *The Magic Flute* is a much better book than many commentators would have us believe (as the Auden-Kallman version shows). But it does not seem a very happy model. The composer, with his poet, is self-betrayed when he attempts to impose a personal mythology on a puzzled public. Mozart presupposed Freemasonry and Austrian politics. Symbols may be at hand and yet not legible. Our critics have made us so conscious of symbolic reference, of meanings on many levels, that simple stories seem almost too innocent to a literate or literary-minded composer. Americans seem luckiest with comic or ironic fables. One might, for example, imagine an *opera buffa* on *The Skin of Our Teeth* if the author didn't mind a relocation or adaptation of his original words. A German has recently set *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*.

As for the realistic — our version of the Italian *verismo* of Puccini, Mascagni, or Leoncavallo — it is somewhat surprising that more attention has not been paid to Tennessee Williams's longer plays. To be sure, a short story of his has been used as a one-act opera, and *A Streetcar Named Desire* is the subject of a compressed ballet-pantomime. But one might have thought that some composer would have gone obediently to Williams as once they went to Scribe, Sardou, or Belasco. *The Rose Tattoo*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Summer and Smoke*, all provide big soprano roles. *Streetcar* opens with a prelude of New Orleans street cries; there is a poker-party quartet; extended self-apotheosizing arias, violent duets, and a grandiose mad-scene. It is, in its own script, almost an opera without music. In fact, it requires no music, but neither did *The Girl of the Golden West*! Since we need a large public to support the producer's risk, it would seem sensible for the composer to consider the comic genre, where irony can hint at an underlying tragedy without pretension, and fantasy seem logical, while avoiding rigidity of tone and atmosphere. That is perhaps why *The Skin of Our Teeth* might work better than *Our Town*.

4

DESPITE suggestions and speculations, there are few formulas or short cuts; only analysis and diagnosis. Furthermore, in spite of all the mistakes in our musical history, distinguished international repertory works have indeed been written in the United States — works that have enjoyed success in more than one American city and in Europe as well. A brief résumé of the qualities that seem to have assured them durability may be instructive; and three works less alike can scarcely be imagined.

The oldest in order of composition is Virgil

Thomson's *Four Saints in Three Acts*, composed in 1928 but not produced until 1934. The text chosen was written some years before by Gertrude Stein. It had the advantage of being amorphous. Half of its charm, which is enormous, lies in witty engineering, the imposing of a rational musical progression on an anarchic script. The composer simply accepted the insistent rain-patter or sewing-machine-gun drill of Miss Stein's words and set everything to song; *everything*, including scenic divisions, stage directions, and punctuation. Thomson had the precedent of Erik Satie and the Six French composers around the Russian ballet for making an intensely personal style out of domestic bits and pieces. Poet, painter, ballet master, stage director, and composer could be fused in a festival combination.

Ostensibly, its absolute elegance framed provincial vignettes from the lives of popular Roman Catholic saints. The characters were Mediterranean fisherfolk or villagers, graciously depicted by North American Negroes. The vocal manner was ecclesiastical, owing more to the Baptist chapels of Kansas and Harlem than to the cathedrals of Avila or Florence. The entire conception was an American, indeed a Protestant American, commentary on Mediterranean material. Vivid glimpses of glory, immortality, the divine love of God, the human love of man, mutual hopes for heaven, were demonstrated through staged hymns, processions, or bright solo arias, of which the best known is, of course, "Pigeons on the grass alas." Here, again, those who say that one cannot gracefully set awkward modern English to fluent song were proved wrong. *Four Saints in Three Acts* is a complete, thoroughly conceived art work, almost in the Wagnerian criterion.

The voice has always interested Stravinsky from his early *Nightingale* and *Mavra* to *Les Noces* and *Oedipus Rex*; his father was a famous basso of the Imperial Theater. And Stravinsky commenced his career fifty years ago to angry screams of thrilling protest. Recently, *The Rake's Progress* earned a prejudged, sophisticated boredom. Between the early yells and the late yawns lie how many masterpieces of lyric theater, for voice and movement — *The Rites of Spring*, *Petrouchka*, *Pulcinella*, *Persephone*, *Apollo*, *Orpheus*, *The Symphony of Psalms*, and many others. Contemptuous of criticism which is usually based on the unique criterion of his own next-to-last work, Stravinsky is and always has been certain of his gift and direction. He engineers every new turn with all the vast craft and gifts at his disposal.

For *The Rake's Progress*, Stravinsky obtained a libretto he desired — a libretto by W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman which remains one of the best since da Ponte's for *Don Giovanni*. It is true that both words and music suffered from their first American presentation, on the huge stage and

within the large frame of the Metropolitan Opera House, where the scale swamped the work, which is not grand opera but lyric theater or *opéra comique*. The production of *The Rake's Progress* by Boston University showed far more of its real value. But the opera is in the international repertory; it has received more than two hundred performances, all over the world, since its première in 1953.

The music is available in recording. It has a series of beautiful set pieces, arias, duets; a brilliant use of chorus as a dramatic background; and a luxury of melodic invention unequaled by any living composer. A number of familiar forms, from the fairy tale of the Three Wishes to the Catechism and an auction, support the strong skeleton of the morality play. All its action is recognizable human behavior; characters are both people and prototypes. The use of the fantastic and the ordinary, and the edge of acrid sweetness, produce an electrical charge with a low-intensity shock, not strong enough to command show-stopping applause, but insistently surprising and increasingly moving.

The subject of *The Rake's Progress* is the responsibility of the individual for his own life, and salvation through love. What makes it truly of the twentieth century, in which it was written, rather than the eighteenth century, in which it is presumably set, is its psychological and philosophical acuteness. The hero does not lose his immortal soul to the Devil in a gamble for all his funless games; he loses his human mind. The soprano does not die of grief when she finds him in the madhouse; she recognizes that since he is no longer able to exercise choice, she is free from all vows. And the epilogue, which has had leveled at it the most critical condemnation, contains the point of the piece. The tragedy is over; house lights are raised to half. All the figures come before the curtain — the men with their wigs off, Baba the Turk without her beard — and the Devil sings: —

"Day in, day out, poor Shadow
Must do as he is bidden.
Many insist
I do not exist.
At times I wish I didn't."

Many insist that *The Rake's Progress* does not exist; but what they really mean is they wish it didn't, because it brings up every difficult contemporary problem in the composition of an opera and solves each as if it were not a problem, as if it had all somehow been done before yet never in quite the same way, as if there had been no real change since Mozart except a diabolical transformation of sonority, rhythm, and sensibility.

5

JUST as the eighteenth century has been lazily assigned as the guiding model of *The Rake's Prog-*

ress, so Puccini has been allocated to *The Saint of Bleecker Street*. Certainly Menotti is the legitimate heir of *verismo*, of Italianate naturalism. But he has always displayed a great taste for the fantastic and there is a more serious, unnoticed, and revealing debt in Menotti's latest grand opera — Mousorgsky. *The Saint of Bleecker Street* is primarily a choral opera. There is only one short scene in its entire two and a half hours where the chorus does not dominate, accompanied or unaccompanied. Solo voices are always heard against a choral mass, in a conflict of doubting individuals against the credulous or accepting society in which they move. The story is more complex than in most successful operas, with meanings on many levels, and one which on first telling hardly seems suitable for operatic treatment. This may indicate how great a range of sentiment exists for operatic use when sentiment is sufficiently invested with passionate vocalism.

Four Saints in Three Acts is a nostalgic hymn to popular Romanist iconography by a cosmopolitan American who received his training as organist in King's Chapel, Boston, and who never forgot the Kansas hymnals of his boyhood. *The Rake's Progress* is an Anglican morality parable set by a Greek Orthodox Christian; it is an historic fact that there is communion between the two protestant congregations.

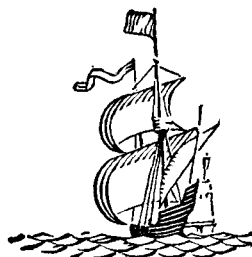
The Saint of Bleecker Street is an agnostic fable by a born Roman Catholic which has been claimed as heretical by unbelievers and logical by professing Christians. Its subject is the conflict of faith and reason in a deracinated society. The saint, who suffers no temptation, becomes, as she desires, a saint by sheer goodness rather than by demonstrable miracle. The hero-villain remains a freewheeling anarchist, destroying himself in spite of all her love can do. Her triumph is bleak, and his tragedy is dubious.

The ending of *The Saint of Bleecker Street* is not easy; there have been few who have not been disturbed by it. The power of the unaccompanied choirs, in their ritual concentration and attack,

after all the luxury of the orchestra is exhausted, is an example of what lyric theater can do in its manipulation of formal stagecraft. Here it is more intense for the moment, more lasting in memory, than any kind of equivalent filmed naturalism. The lyric theater, by virtue of its song, encompasses the heroic without appearing presumptuous or inadequate. The broadness of its possible effects is its constant attraction.

Is it accidental that these three works, composed over a quarter of our century, which seem to have some claim to durability in the repertory, have all attached themselves to the most durable body of Western myth — that is, to popular theology rather than literary fable? The floor of their structure is as solid as one can get. Terrestrial and celestial love are irreducible minimal subjects; in each of these operas style and tone reflect sentiment almost on folk levels. It is surely not by accident that these three composers have lifelong histories of involvement with voices, from church and court choirs to opera houses; from popular songs in music halls to art songs in concert halls. They have returned to the lively tradition of vocalization; in fact, they were never separated from it. They were never smothered or seduced by the orchestra of Wagner or Strauss, nor did they accept these great artists as anything but hypnotic giants. Yet they were not hypnotized. Each one of their operas is transparently orchestrated to allow the voices to shine through; there is no hedge of instrumental sonority blocking the stage from the audience. Only pantomimes or processions are underscored, their visual effect enhanced by fuller-bodied noises.

Our poets, humbled by studying the libretti of lasting opera, may find their simple if rich rewards in constructing plots; above all in making rhythmic combinations of words which will service the voice. Our composers, emboldened by the few successes we have described, may turn to materials which are close at hand, familiar if not ordinary; even melodic. The audience is always ready: give us action beautiful to look at, singing glorious to listen to.





A Boston lawyer, born in Michigan, educated at Yale and the Harvard Law School, HARVEY H. BUNDY served as secretary to Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. He was an assistant to Herbert Hoover in the United States Food Administration and later became an Assistant Secretary of State from 1931 to 1933. From 1941 to 1945 he was a Special Assistant to Secretary of War Stimson. He is at present Chairman of the Trustees of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. In his private as in his official life he has heard things worth remembering, and some of the most penetrating utterances he now shares with us.

REMEMBERED WORDS

by HARVEY H. BUNDY

DURING the last sixty years, both in private life and while I was in government service, I have listened to a great many people talking. Sometimes the words have been spoken at formal occasions, but more often in personal conversations, and of course most of what was said has vanished from my recollection. Occasionally, however, something said became fixed in my memory, either because it seemed especially penetrating or helpful to me or because by reason of its humor it cast a pleasant light in a troubled world.

1. My father, McGeorge Bundy, in Michigan about 1895, and repeated to me many times during my early years: —

“Never boast about yourself. Let others speak well of you if they will; and if they will, it will be valuable to you.”

2. Woodrow Wilson, the President of Princeton, at a Phi Beta Kappa dinner at Yale (1907): —

“The real purpose of a college is its academic program and not its side shows.”

In this speech, the most eloquent I ever heard, he made the whole of education so exciting that at the end of the speech we all stood on our chairs and cheered. Forty-five years later ex-President Seymour of Yale told me that this speech of President Wilson changed his career from that of a lawyer to that of a teacher.

3. Dean Ezra Thayer, of the Harvard Law School, in giving me advice on the question of where to practice law (1914), said: —

“It makes very little difference where you decide to live and work. You will find that

at the age of fifty you will have arrived at about the same place in your profession.”

4. A. Lawrence Lowell, pacing up and down in his study in Cambridge, Massachusetts, about 1915:

“There are two kinds of men — those who do a job well and those who get credit for doing a job well. It is by no means certain that they will be the same men.”

In commenting on the claims of law students that they studied twelve to fifteen hours a day: —

“It is an illusion that a man can do effective intensive and uninterrupted intellectual work for more than six hours a day.”

5. While still active on the Supreme Court, Mr. Justice O. W. Holmes had at his home an Eightieth Birthday dinner at which he was surrounded by his former secretaries. He said: —

“I still find it true in life, as I found it in the Civil War, that one never captures a trench without finding another trench just beyond awaiting attack.”

6. Herbert Hoover, in 1917 or 1918 at the time when the United States Food Administration was dealing with the British on certain matters, to me as a young Assistant Attorney of the Food Administration busy with drafting agreements:

“You must realize that these British are very able traders.”

7. Youthful voice, somewhat plaintively, at a large family party where, according to the custom of at least one branch of the family,

everybody was talking at the same time in a high tone of voice: —

"Please don't talk while I am interrupting."

This has since been adopted as our family motto.

8. Sir Ronald Lindsay, the British Ambassador in Washington, talking to me as Assistant Secretary of State about the World War I debts, while walking in the British Embassy gardens (1932): —

"The difficulty in dealing with the United States on a matter of this sort is that executive officers under your Constitution can only threaten. They can never promise."

9. Robert A. Lovett, Assistant Secretary of War, about 1943, in commenting on General Marshall's skill in bringing together an able General Staff: —

"After a long period of peace the Army is apt to find enough dead wood in the General Staff to make a fire hazard."

10. George C. Marshall, during the Battle of the Bulge, when several people wanted Marshall to give cable advice to Eisenhower as to action to be taken: —

"General Eisenhower is in command in a battle. I shall not jog his elbow."

11. James B. Conant, in December, 1941, after Pearl Harbor, at his house in Cambridge, in discussing the war situation and the belief expressed by some that the war might well end in a stalemate: —

"The Germans can never win this war, and we shall win it unless they are ahead of us in the development of the atomic bomb."

12. Henry L. Stimson, at Potsdam in 1945, when he had just received a cable telling him that the Alamogordo atomic test had been successful. The cable from George L. Harrison said in substance, "Child is born. Larger than expected. Its cries could be heard at my farm and the light in his eyes seen at yours." This meant that the explosion had been so terrific that if it had been set off in Washington the sound could have been heard at Upperville, Virginia, some forty miles away, and the light from the explosion seen at Stimson's farm on Long Island over two hundred miles away. Stimson remarked to John J. McCloy and to me: —

"Well, I have been responsible for spending two billions of dollars on this atomic venture. Now that it is successful I shall not be sent to prison in Fort Leavenworth."

In July, 1945, at Potsdam after returning from a conference, Mr. Stimson said to me in our headquarters: —

"I have told General Arnold that he must strike out Kyoto, the Japanese shrine city, from the list of possible atomic targets. The President approves of my decision."

13. Winston Churchill, at Potsdam, after Secretary Stimson had read to him the report of the first atomic test, in which the light from the explosion was described as like seven suns at mid-day: —

"Stimson, what was gunpowder? Trivial. What was electricity? Meaningless. This atomic bomb is the Second Coming in Wrath."

14. General George Patton, in full uniform, with rows of blazing decorations and four stars on many parts of his uniform, including the holsters of his pearl-handled revolvers, was standing on the bank of a Bavarian stream, in July, 1945, after returning from the Potsdam Conference. Wading in the stream was Secretary Stimson, casting for trout. A soldier off duty walked by and failed to salute the general. The general in stentorian tone: "Soldier, don't you salute an officer?" The soldier froze and trembling said, "I didn't see you, sir." Patton to the soldier: —

"Is there anything more I can put on to persuade you I am a four-star general?" Then smiling, he said, "Run along, soldier."

15. President Eisenhower, after his coronary attack, in a letter to me, a recovering coronary victim: —

"I know only too well the physical and psychological disturbances that attend such a bout and I would fervently and vainly wish that none of my friends would be so afflicted. But I do want earnestly to assure you that the picture is not all black. I now feel as well as I ever did in my life, and the only difference in my personal habits is that I must conscientiously pace myself. That in itself provides a little more time for reflection, as did the hospital experience, and I find that I have gained, rather than lost, from the whole business."

16. Henry L. Stimson, in emphasizing to me, and later to my son McGeorge Bundy, a principle in which he believed all his life and which he felt he had been successful in applying as Governor General of the Philippines: —

"If you expect men to trust you, you must start by trusting them."



HERBERT GOLD, author of *The Man Who Was Not With It*, was born in 1924. His career to date has been a widely varied one and includes study at Columbia, Cornell, and the Sorbonne, which he attended on a Fulbright Fellowship. Besides his stint in the Army, where he was with the Military Intelligence, he has been night manager of a hotel, has hunted treasure in northern Haiti, and has spent a year hitchhiking around the U.S.A. He is now teaching at the Writers' Workshop of the University of Iowa.

THE AGE OF HAPPY PROBLEMS

by HERBERT GOLD

1

RECENTLY I have had occasion to live again near my old college campus. I went into a hole-in-the-wall bakery where the proprietor recognized me after ten years. "You haven't changed a bit, son," he said, "but can you still digest my pumpernickel? The stomach gets older, no? Maybe you want something softer now — a nice little loaf I got here."

He had worn slightly. But for me the change was from twenty-two to thirty-two, and it is this ten-year time that I want to think about — the generation which came back from the war to finish college on the GI Bill and is now deep into its career. We are the generation which knew the Depression only through the exhilaration of the burgeoning New Deal and the stunned passion of war. I remember the bank crash because my mother wept and I said, "If we're poor now, can I wear corduroy pants?" For the most part, we were taken care of and never hopelessly hunted jobs. Now some of us say we are cool, say we are beat; but most of us are allrightniks — doing okay. We are successful. In the late forties and the fifties, it was hard to know economic struggle and want — and for the most part we didn't experience these traditional elements of youth — and it was hard for the skilled and the trained not to know success. We did not doubt overmuch. We have done well. How well?

"Money money money," as Theodore Roethke says.

I have married my hands to perpetual agitation,
I run, I run to the whistle of money.

Money money money
Water water water

I should like to take a look at some of the college idealists. The lawyer, fascinated by "the philosophy of law," now uses his study to put a smooth

surface on his cleverness. Cardozo and Holmes? Very interesting, but let's find that loophole. The doctor who sent flowers to the first mother whose baby he delivered now specializes in "real-estate medicine" — his practice gives him capital for buying apartment houses. The architect who sat up all night haranguing his friends about Lewis Mumford and Frank Lloyd Wright now works for a mass builder who uses bulldozers to level trees and slopes, then puts up tri-level, semi-detached, twenty-year mortgaged, fundamentally identical dormitories for commuters. He admits that his designs make no decent sense, but they do have that trivial, all-important meaning: "It's what the market wants, man. You'd rather I taught city planning for six thousand a year?"

The actor becomes a disk jockey, the composer an arranger, the painter a designer; the writer does TV scripts in that new classic formula, "happy stories about happy people with happy problems." How hard it is to be used at our best! One of the moral issues of every age has been that of finding a way for men and women to test, reach, and overreach their best energies. Society has always worked to level us. Socrates has always made it hot for the citizens in the market place. But there was usually room for the heroic — hemlock not a serious deterrent — and perhaps rarely so much room on all levels as in the frontier turbulence of the nineteenth and early twentieth century in America. Hands reached out like the squirming, grasping, struggling railroad networks; the open society existed; freedom had a desperate allure for the strongly ambitious, and men stepped up to take their chances — Abraham Lincoln and William James, Mark Twain and Melville, Edison and Rockefeller and Bet-a-Million Gates.

Allowing for a glitter of nostalgia on what we imagine about the past, still something has hap-

pened to change the old, movemented, free, open American society to something persuasive, plausible, comfortable, and much less open. We are prosperous, we get what we think we want, we have a relatively stable economy without totalitarian rule. "I'm not selling out," my friend the architect says, "I'm buying in." Without attempting a simple explanation of the causes of this age of happy problems, let us look at its consequences for the new post-war young people who should be in full action toward their ambitions and the surest, sturdiest signs of a civilization's health.

What are these personal symptoms? How is the vital individual human creature doing in his staff meetings, at his family's table, over the baby's bassinet, and with that distant secret self that he may sometimes meet at the water cooler? Well, for this man it is very hard to be exceptional. Talent apart, he has too much to do, too much on his mind, to give himself over to his best energies. Think, for example, of the writers in the advertising agencies, on TV, or in the colleges. They all wanted to write great books; they tend now to prefer "competence" as an ideal to greatness. Some of them are trying, but they risk the situation of the girl in the short-story writing class: "I can't be a creative writer, I can't, because I'm still a stupid virgin." She will take up going steady, she will take up marriage; she will be mildly disappointed; she will remain as she was, but aging — "adjusted," "integrated," virgin to danger, struggle, and the main chance of love and work.

In composite, in our thirties, we of this prosperous and successful generation are still in good health and rather fast at tennis (but practicing place shots which will eliminate the need to rush the net); hair receding but still attractive to college girls, or at least recent graduates; a slight heaviness at the middle which makes us fit our jackets with especial care (sullen jowls beginning, too) or, if not that, a skinniness of anxiety (etching around the mouth, dryness of lips). We go to an athletic club. We play handball in heavy shirts "to sweat it off."

The girls we marry are beautiful in wondrous ways. Savant make-up is no longer sufficient. Blemishes are scraped until the skin is pink and new; scars are grown away by cortisone injections — what reason to be marked in this world?; noses are remade, the same for mother and daughter, just like heredity. Money is spent much more gracefully than in those fantastic times when silver coins were put in ears and jewels in navels.

The old truth — "we must all come from someplace" — is amended in 1956. We can create ourselves in our own image. And what is our own image? The buttery face in the Pond's advertisement, the epicene face in the Marlboro publicity.

The matters that we are told to worry about — and perhaps we think we worry about them — do not really trouble us. The prospect of war is like a

vague headache, no worse. The memory of war is even dimmer. A depression is something which will reduce the value of our shares in the mutual fund, make us keep the old car another year. Radioactive fall-out and the slow destruction of the human species through cancerous mutation — well, what is so much bother to imagine cannot really come to pass. Who lets the newspaper interfere with a good meal?

2

STILL, we are not blithe spirits; birds we are not. This generation is particularly distinguished by its worry about making its wives happy, about doing right by its kids (title of a hugely popular paperback book: *How to Play with Your Child*), about acquiring enough leisure and symbols of leisure, which it hopes to cash in for moral comfort. *Fortune* reports a method used by salesmen to get the second room air conditioner to the couple which already has one in its bedroom. "The machine operates as expected? Fine! You sleep better with it? So do I, that's just dandy. But, friends, let me tell you how I sleep so much better now that I know my kiddies are cool and comfy, too."

This capitalizes on the child-oriented anxiety which the class known commercially as Young Marrieds has been taught to feel by modern psychiatry. Advertisements for *McCall's*, "The Magazine of Togetherness," demonstrate Togetherness in a brilliant summer scene. The man, wearing a white skirtlike apron and a proud simper, is bending to serve a steak to his wife (summer frock, spike heels), who will season it for them and for their happy gamboling children. The little boy and girl are peeking and smiling. The wife is lying in a garden chair. Togetherness consists in the husband's delighting his wife and kids by doing the cooking.

Actually, of course, most American women don't want to go this far. They are already equal with men. Women are usually too wise to define "equal" as "better than." It is not momism or any such simple psychological gimmick that tells this sad tale. The consumer culture — in which leisure is a menace to be met by anxious continual consuming — devours both the masculinity of men and the femininity of women. The life of consuming requires a neuter anxiety, and the pressure to conform, to watch for our cues, to consume, makes us all the same — we are customers — only with slightly different gadgets. Women have long bought men's shirts; men are buying colognes with "that exciting musky masculine tang."

Togetherness represents a curious effort by a woman's magazine to bring men back into the American family. Togetherness does not restore to the man a part of his old-time independence. It does not even indicate that he may be the provider with an independent role defined partly by ambitions outside his family. Instead, it suggests the

joys of being a helpmate, a part of the woman's full life, and battens greedily on the contemporary male's anxiety about pleasing his wife. The Togetherness theme has been a great commercial success. A full-page advertisement by that canny old American institution, the New York Stock Exchange, shows a photograph of a harried young man pleading with a young woman on a parlor couch. She remains unconvinced, pouting, hands gloved and folded together, as brutal as the shocked beauties in the classical halitosis or B.O. tragedies. The caption reads: "Is the girl you want to marry reluctant to say Yes? Do you need to build character with your wife? Then just use the magic words: I'LL START A MONTHLY INVESTMENT PLAN."

It used to be thought that answering economic needs was the main purpose of man's economic efforts. Now, however, an appeal to emotional insecurity about money — without crass financial trouble — can do good work for an advertiser. "Do you need to build character with your wife?" This is whimsey with a whammy in it. Money works symbolically to stimulate, then assuage male doubts.

SHE: What can the stock do for our marriage?

HE: It can help keep it sweet and jolly because when we own stock we are part-owners of the company.

In the image projected by this advertisement, the wife is prosecutor, judge, and jury. She may fall into a less exalted role, however, while her husband is downtown making the money which will go for food, clothing, shelter, and sound common stocks. That she too frets about keeping her marriage sweet and jolly is obvious. The popular media again point to trouble while pitching a new solution to her problems. One of the former radio soap operas is now sponsored by Sleepzeze. Apparently almost everyone uses soap these days, but not everyone has caught on to the virtues of non-habit-forming sedatives. Want your husband to love you? This pill will help or your money back. "Ladies! Fall asleep without that unsightly twisting and turning."

It's time to mention Barbara. A tough wise creature of a girl, Barbara comes to this observation out of her marriage and love life: "Men worry too much about making the girl happy. We seem to scare them out of themselves. Let them really be pleased — that's what we want most of all — and then we'll be happy. Delighted. But really."

In other words, long live primary narcissism! And secondary. And tertiary. But let us call it by an older, better name — respect for the possibilities of the self. This includes the possibility of meaningful relationships with meaningful others.

3

OUR wounds as a people in this time and place are not unique in kind, but the quality of difference

makes this a marvelously disturbing period. The economic problem, no longer rooted in hunger for essential goods, food, housing, clothing, is an illustration of the difference. Sure, we are still busy over food — but packaged foods, luxury foods, goodies in small cans; housing — but the right house in the right neighborhood with the right furnishings and the right mortgage; clothing — but the cap with the strap in the back, Ivy League pants, charcoal gray last year and narrow lapels this year, and male fashions changing as fast as female.

It used to be thought that, given money, relative job security, and the short work week, culture would then bloom like the gardens in the suburbs and the individual spirit would roar with the driving power of a Thunderbird getting away after a red light.

Who could have predicted that we would have to keep pace with a cultural assembly line in the leisure-time sweatshop? At least in the older sweatshop, you sighed, packed, and left the plant at last. Now we are forever harassed to give more, more, more. We no longer have to keep up with the Joneses; we must keep up with Clifton Fadiman. He is watching *you*. The steady pressure to consume, absorb, participate, receive, by eye, ear, mouth, and mail, involves a cruelty to intestines, blood pressure, and psyche unparalleled in history. The frontiersmen could build a stockade against the Indians, but what home is safe from Gilbert Highet? We are being killed with kindness. We are being stifled with cultural and material joys. Our wardrobes are full. What we really need is a new fabric that we don't have to wrinkle, spot, wash, iron, or wear. At a beautiful moment in *Walden*, Thoreau tells how he saw a beggar walking along with all his belongings in a single sack on his back. He wanted to weep for the poor man — because he still had that sack to carry.

The old-style sweatshop crippled mainly the working people. Now there are no workers left in America; we are almost all middle class as to income and expectations. Even the cultural elite labors among the latest in hi-fi equipment, trips to Acapulco and Paris, the right books in the sewn paper editions (Elizabeth Bowen, Arnold Toynbee, Jacques Barzun — these are the cultivated ones, remember), *Fortune* and the *Reporter*, art movies and the barbecue pit and the Salzburg music festival. It is too easy to keep up with the Joneses about cars and houses, but the Robert Shaw Chorale is a *challenge*. In the meantime, the man in the sweatshop is divorced or psychoanalyzed (these are perhaps remedies in a few cases); he raises adjusted children, or kills them trying; he practices Togetherness in a home with a wife who is frantic to be a woman and a non-woman at the same time; he broods about a job which does not ask the best that he can give. But it does give security; it is a good job. (In college this same man learned about the extreme, tragic in-

stances of desire. Great men, great books. Now he reads Evelyn Waugh.)

In his later, philosophical transmogrification, David Riesman consoles the radar-flaunting other-directeds by holding out the reward of someday being "autonomous" if they are very, very good. Same thing, brother, same thing. When he describes the autonomous personality's "intelligent" distinctions among consumer products, exercising his creative imagination by figuring out why "High Noon" is a better western than a Gene Autry, well, then, in the words of Elvis Presley: —

Ah feel so lonely,
Ah feel so lo-oh-oh-lonely.

We're in Heartbreak Hotel where, as another singer, Yeats, put it: —

The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are filled with a passionate intensity.

Refusal to share to the fullest degree in the close amity of the leisure-time sweatshop is — for Mr. Riesman — a kind of ethical bohemianism. His autonomous consumer, sociable, trained, and in the know, is a critic of the distinctions between the Book-of-the-Month Club and the Reader's Subscription, Inc., marks the really good shows in his TV guide, buys educational comic books for his children, tastes the difference in fine after-dinner coffee, knows that the novel is a dead form and why. Bumper to bumper in the traffic home from work, or jammed into the commuter train, he has plenty of time to think. And he does think (thinking means worrying) while the radio blares "The House with the Stained Glass Window" or "The Magic of Believing," a little rock-and-roll philosophical number.

Does he have a moral problem, let's say, about leaving a changing neighborhood "for the sake of the children"? He is a liberal, of course, but after all, the Negroes who are moving in come from a different world and he should not inflict his principles on his children. Still, there is a certain discomfort. He discusses it with his analyst. *Why* does he suffer from this moral qualm? Does it have some link with the ever ambiguous relationship with parents? *What* moral problem? They are all psychological. Anxiety can be consumed like any product. And from his new, split-level, sapling-planted housing development he speeds into the city now ten miles further out.

We are a disappointed generation. We are a discontented people. Our manner of life says it aloud even if discreetly our public faces smile. The age of happy problems has brought us confusion and

anxiety amid the greatest material comfort the world has ever seen. Culture has become a consolation for the sense of individual powerlessness in politics, work, and love. With gigantic organizations determining our movements, manipulating the dominion over self which alone makes meaningful communion with others possible, we ask leisure, culture, and recreation to return to us a sense of ease and authority. But work, love, and culture need to be connected. Otherwise we carry our powerlessness with us onto the aluminum garden furniture in the back yard. Power lawn mowers we can buy, of course.

The solution in our age of happy problems is not to install (on time) a central air-conditioning system and a color TV this year because the room air conditioner and the black-and-white TV last year did not change our lives in any important respect. The solution is not in stylish religious conversions or a new political party. The answer is not even that Panglossian fantasy about "the autonomous personality" which will naturally emerge out of the fatal meeting of the other-directed consumer with a subscription to the *Saturday Review*.

The ache of unfulfilled experience throbs within us. Our eyes hurt. Vicarious pleasures buzz in our heads. Isn't there something more, something more?

There is still awareness; there is still effort. "It should be every man's ambition to be his own doctor." This doesn't mean that he should not see a dentist when his tooth hurts, perhaps a psychoanalyst when his psyche hurts; but he must hold in mind the ideal maximum of humanity — the exercise of intelligence and desire within a context of active health. The Stoic philosophers had a great although impossible idea for these crowding times: cultivate your own garden. We cannot retreat from the world any more — we never really could — but we can look for our best gardens within the world's trouble. There we must give ourselves silence and space; we can see what the will wants; we can make decisions. Only then — having come to terms with our own particularities — can we give the world more than a graceless prefabricated commodity.

Hope? Some sweet Barbara is hope. And a work we love. And the strength, O Lord, not to accept the easy pleasures (easy anxieties) which have pleased us (made us anxious) so far. And the strength, O Lord, you who reign undefined above the psychoanalysts and the sociologists, the market researchers and the advertising agencies, the vice presidents and the book clubs, to refuse the easy solutions which have becalmed us so far.

Then with good belly luck we will be able to digest strong, irregular, yeasty, black bread.

The Facts of Medicine

Arthritis, says DR. DAVID D. RUTSTEIN, is responsible for more crippling and discomfort than any of the other ills of man. What relief is available? What hope for the future? These are questions vital to many households. Head of the Department of Preventive Medicine at Harvard Medical School, Dr. Rutstein is a member of the staff of Massachusetts General Hospital and five other Boston hospitals.

NOT BY DRUGS ALONE

by DAVID D. RUTSTEIN, M.D.

1

MOST readers of this article either have arthritis or know someone who does. In arthritis as in other severe illnesses we are accustomed to turn hopefully to a physician for an injection or for a pill. Indeed, we now expect that science will on demand routinely produce a miracle drug. We have inherited such great preventive weapons as smallpox vaccine and diphtheria toxoid. Our era has witnessed the discovery of sulfa drugs and antibiotics such as penicillin which are specific cures for many infections. Infectious diseases, such as lobar pneumonia, epidemic meningitis, gonorrhea, and syphilis all respond readily to treatment with these new drugs. The results have indeed been wonderful, but we tend to forget that immediately curative drugs have not yet been developed for noninfectious diseases. We do have life-saving remedies for some noninfectious illnesses: insulin for diabetes and liver extract for pernicious anemia, for example; but these do not eradicate disease. They merely keep disease under control for as long as treatment is continued.

For arthritis, although intensive research continues, we are not yet so fortunate. We have drugs to relieve symptoms but none to cure the disease itself. Unlike heart disease or cancer, arthritis is not a common cause of death and it usually does not shorten life. Arthritis is probably responsible for more crippling and discomfort than any of the other ills of man. Fortunately, even though medical science has not yet discovered a specific treatment, much of this painful disability can be prevented.

The common name for arthritis is rheumatism. Arthritis really means inflammation of joints; rheumatism is an everyday word for many aches and pains. Actually, these names are used interchangeably not for a single disease but for a great many different diseases of bones, muscles, and joints. This group of diseases may produce symptoms which range from mild discomfort to permanent crippling, and each disease has its own range of severity. Among the milder diseases are those referred to as myalgia, neuralgia, and myositis. The moderately severe varieties of arthritis include

those due to local injuries or infection of a joint, and the gout, that picturesque malady marked by sudden painful attacks of joint swelling. Finally, there are two common major forms of arthritis: osteoarthritis and rheumatoid arthritis.

Osteoarthritis, the most frequent form of arthritis, generally involves the spine and the larger weight-bearing joints — the knees, ankles, and hips. It becomes more and more common as we grow older. It is sometimes, but not always, associated with “wear and tear” of joints subjected to continued strain, such as the knees and lower spine of overweight people. The thickening of the ends and edges of the bones and the roughening of the joint surfaces which are characteristic of this disease may cause pain or creaking when the joints are moved.

Rheumatoid arthritis is the most important of all the rheumatic diseases. Occurring only about half as frequently as osteoarthritis, it attacks all ages from early childhood to old age and is the most common form of crippling arthritis. Life expectancy is decreased significantly only when the most severe form of rheumatoid arthritis starts under the age of twenty-five. This chronic illness attacks small joints such as those of the fingers and toes as well as the larger ones of the arms and legs. Rheumatoid arthritis occurs three times as often in women as in men. However, in men the disease may take on a special form which tends to involve the spine. During acute flare-ups the joints become painful, swollen, and limited in movement. If untreated, rheumatoid arthritis may produce scarring of the joints and permanent crippling. The prostrating fatigue, the spasm of the muscles, the cold finger tips, and the occasional fever all testify to the generalized nature of this chronic fluctuating disease. Its course in any one patient is unpredictable. In some it may be acutely progressive while in others it may completely subside.

All of the many diseases included under rheumatism or arthritis are for the most part of unknown cause. The principles of treatment, however, are much the same, and most of the practical suggestions for the treatment of rheumatoid arthritis

are also effective for any of the rheumatic diseases. We can suppress inflammation, reduce joint swelling, and relieve pain even though we have no drug to strike at the underlying disturbance in the body. Under the guidance of a wise and conscientious physician the available drugs are helpful as one essential part of a complete plan of treatment.

Of first importance in drug treatment is the aspirin family — the salicylates. In proper dosage, they are safe, cheap, and well tolerated by most patients. Aspirin alone will suppress the disease in many patients, but the treatment of arthritis requires more than an occasional aspirin tablet or the usual small dose in patent medicines for the relief of pain. The effective dose of aspirin required to suppress inflammation is relatively high — very close to that which produces toxic symptoms. This narrow range of dosage between effectiveness and toxicity demands careful supervision by a physician. We are fortunate that the aspirin family of drugs is as safe as any we have. In the range of dosage used for treatment there are no permanent effects on the heart or on any other vital organ.

The hormones ACTH and cortisone were hailed at first as specific cures for arthritis. Unfortunately, they and their newer family members prednisone (metacortone) and prednisolone (metacortolone) offer merely another means of controlling the symptoms of the disease. They do suppress inflammation and enhance the patients' feeling of well-being. In certain patients, better relief may be obtained when the hormones are judiciously used together with salicylates than when either is used alone. Another member of this family of hormones, hydrocortisone, in some patients produces much relief when directly injected into a badly inflamed joint. All of these hormones are quite toxic. Moreover, hormone treatment may conceal symptoms and therefore postpone treatment of other, even fatal, diseases. In most states the use of these hormones is properly restricted by law to prescription by a physician.

Some physicians have reported that gold salts, although at times poisonous, greatly relieve symptoms of arthritis in certain patients. But gold treatment has never received general acceptance. Another drug, phenylbutazone (butazolidine), acts like "strong aspirin" in suppressing inflammation. Because of occasional severe toxic effects on the blood cells this drug is used only in patients who do not respond well to other forms of treatment.

2

THE lack of a specific drug treatment for arthritis is discouraging. It does not mean, however, that rheumatoid arthritis automatically condemns a patient to a future existence as a wheel-chair cripple. In a household survey done in England in 1953, one half of the patients diagnosed by a physician as having rheumatoid arthritis had lost

no time from work in five years. In a number of studies here and abroad, great improvement occurred in one half to two thirds of acutely ill patients hospitalized for rheumatoid arthritis. In one of these studies, in Edinburgh, the number of patients able to carry on normal employment increased from approximately 5 per cent before admission to the hospital to approximately 40 per cent after discharge home.

We are fortunate that the permanent crippling effects of arthritis develop slowly. Even in its worst forms, the disease constantly fluctuates in severity with days or weeks when there may be a decrease in symptoms or actual freedom from them. When pain and spasm diminish or disappear and the mobility of joints is temporarily increased, effective treatment can usually be applied. This may prevent crippling and permit the patient to carry on most of his normal activities. Maintenance of joint mobility is important because in many cases the disease eventually burns itself out.

The aim of a complete treatment program in rheumatoid arthritis is to keep the joints mobile and the patient in fit condition to use them. Such a goal sets a difficult task for the physician. He must be sure that the proper treatment is applied at exactly the right moment. Most of the treatment of arthritis can be given at home. ("Home Care of Rheumatoid Arthritis" is an excellent pamphlet issued by the Medical and Scientific Committee of the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation.) However, the patient may have to begin treatment in a hospital. There, a special regimen can be designed to fit his particular case. Whether or not the patient is hospitalized, both he and his family must learn about certain features of the disease in order to aid the physician to keep the arthritis under control. This is a crucial step. The physician will instruct them in the correct alternation of rest and exercise, will supervise the application of drugs, heat, and splints, and will obtain for the patient the assistance of experts in physical medicine and rehabilitation. At first, the physician must take sole responsibility; later, as the patient and his family gain experience, the physician can turn over more and more of the details of treatment to them.

Specially prescribed exercises are imperative in the prevention of crippling. They help maintain mobility of the affected joints and keep the surrounding muscles in good condition. The exercises, carefully graded to fit the individual patient, are best done with the assistance of a physical therapist. The Visiting Nurse Association or equivalent local agency often is equipped to provide physical therapy in the home and to teach the patient and his family the performance of proper exercises. Many of the necessary exercises cannot be done by the patient alone, and assistance from a specially instructed member of the family is essential.

When the joints are too stiff or too painful to be exercised, rest of the involved joints decreases swelling and relaxes the surrounding muscles. Heat, locally applied, also relaxes spasm and makes the joints more limber. Soaking in a tub of hot water is an effective way to apply heat to many joints at the same time. Drugs, such as aspirin or the hormones, suppress inflammation and often make exercise possible by relieving pain.

Arthritic joints are particularly likely to swell even after minor injury from bumping or twisting. Moderate caution during the day will prevent this. At night a specially made splint, loosely applied, will protect joints from injury during sleep. Such prevention of joint swelling will favor the program of exercise and therefore help to prevent crippling.

Fatigue is a common and debilitating symptom of rheumatoid arthritis. Patients with this disease require much more rest than well people do. Not only a good night's sleep but several rest periods during the day are necessary.

A simple study by a trained rehabilitation worker of the patient's daily activities on the job or in the home will identify the things he cannot do or can do only with difficulty. Some things must be given up. But often minor changes make major differences in the patient's ability to be self-sufficient. Patients with arthritis of the hand, for example, may find it impossible to grasp and turn an ordinary round doorknob, but even a severely crippled person can easily depress a bar-shaped handle.

In spite of much speculation, there is no evidence that emotional disturbances are the cause of rheumatoid arthritis. However, periods of continued pain and disability may make it difficult for patients to cope with the disease. Also, emotional disorders of any sort may interfere with the regimen of treatment. In such circumstances, the physician or consulting psychiatrist may be very helpful.

All of these details of treatment need careful working out. The physician must provide direction. The family and the patient must learn enough about the disease to coöperate effectively. Once the treatment program is established and working, its maintenance becomes fairly simple. But the physician, like the conductor of the orchestra who brings in the right instrument at just the right time, has to apply the particular treatment for the momentary need of the patient. The fact that in most cases crippling can be prevented makes all this effort worthwhile.

Of course, it would be much easier if we had a miracle drug for the prevention and cure of arthritis. The regimen of treatment recommended demands continuing effort and forbearance of the patient and his family. Our great desire for a simple alternative leads us to be deceived by manufacturers and advertisers of patent medicines. We buy bottles of pills because we read advertisements that promise us miracles or our money back. We

are seduced by the reassuring voice of the radio announcer who tells us so positively of the latest and greatest discovery for the treatment of arthritis. On television, the announcer's voice seems more urgent and is supplemented by animated cartoons with bigger and bolder captions as the "hard sell" reaches its climax. We know very well that all of this is nonsense. The announcer has had no medical training and he hasn't a ghost of an idea of what he is talking about as he reads the teleprompter. We know also that putting a white coat on a television actor and hanging a stethoscope around his neck does not qualify him as a doctor. We are aware that even though he may try to look like a doctor the main job of the announcer is to sell the sponsor's product.

Most of the patent medicines now available for arthritis contain aspirin or other salicylates, aspirin-like drugs such as phenacetin, or derivatives of aspirin such as the gentisates. There is no substance in any patent medicine now on the market which introduces a new principle of treatment; no available patent medicine works better than aspirin in the treatment of arthritis. Regardless of the combinations in which any of these drugs are sold, catchy names on attractive labels don't change the contents of the bottle or their therapeutic effects.

We know all of this, and yet we want so much to believe that there really is a miracle drug for arthritis that we are completely taken in. We buy thousands of copies of a book which claims that if we stay on a special diet and if we drink enough of the right kind of oil it will lubricate our joints. There is not a shred of scientific evidence to support this claim. It makes about as much sense as trying to lubricate the springs of a car by pouring oil into the gasoline tank.

If our wishful thinking had its ill effects only on our pocketbooks less harm would be done. But as we listen to the honeyed words that give us false hope, the evil lies in the neglect of treatment which could prevent permanent crippling.

A most dramatic example of what can happen through neglect was shown a few years ago at the Massachusetts General Hospital. At a teaching clinic Dr. Walter Bauer, an outstanding expert on arthritis, presented a permanently crippled patient. Suffering from severe arthritis of the spine, the patient followed one will-o'-the-wisp after another while his disease progressed. Over a period of fourteen years his spine curved over more and more until his head was inexorably fixed between his knees. Dr. Bauer truthfully said that here was a man who would never see the sun again. It took four years of unremitting effort and exercise and long periods in the hospital to prepare this patient for repeated and complicated bone surgery. All this gave only partial relief for a condition that could easily have been prevented if proper treatment had been started in time.



An Atlantic Story



"My colorless career," writes ROBERT FONTAINE, "includes everything from a window dresser's assistant in Ottawa to a comptometer operator in the National City Bank of New York. A little over a decade ago I discovered I could write and that writing was the ideal occupation for a man who liked to get up at noon and watch the bluejays go to bed. I have been at it ever since." Theatergoers will remember Mr. Fontaine's play, The Happy Time, which was such a success on Broadway a few years ago.

MY MOTHER'S HANDS

by ROBERT FONTAINE

UNTIL a short while ago I wondered how elderly people who had been married for decades could still find in each other sources of surprise and wonder, even elements of excitement and provocation. I would visit my father and mother every day in their small apartment, for an hour or so, and chat about baseball and hockey and prize fights on TV, with maybe a few words about the latest scandal in our small city, or who had died and married and been born.

Now and then, sitting there, drinking the tea my mother inevitably brewed for me and helping my father out with the New York Times Sunday puzzle, searching for the highest peak in the Philippines or the name of an obscure Swiss commune, I would wonder with part of my mind how it was with them in their hearts; how they picked up and juggled the days and made them sparkle, or if they did.

They were in their late seventies and their lives were as quiet outside as one could imagine — as quiet as the snow or the rain or the rustle of trees in midsummer.

I would go home to where my wife and children were bustling and bickering, growing up and growing older, partying and dining and hoping for Paris or Broadway or Cape Cod, dreaming of yachts and sleek motors and brave deeds, impulsively finding life filled with twists and turns and fascinating reflections of unseen lights beckoning toward some adventure or other.

I loved them and encouraged them. Life is to be lived, savored, salted and consumed. But what do you dream about when you are almost eighty and have been in love for fifty years? Is not every

avenue long ago explored, every lake sailed, every wave broken across a finite and decided shore, every star discovered?

Now and then my wife and I would take my father and mother on short trips. These trips excited but did not overwhelm my parents. They were pleased but not moved. "It's good to get home," my mother always said with a sigh, at last. My father said, "I don't sleep right in a bed that's not my own." "I sleep all right," my mother said, "but I eat too much."

"It's nice," I would observe, "to get away for a while. I mean, for the change."

"It's nice to get back," my father would say.

My father gets up at seven-thirty and takes a brief case and goes for a long walk, all dressed up as if he were an attorney about to stage his most thrilling case. He goes to a downtown hotel and sits in the lobby and smokes a cigar. He likes it there in the lobby early in the day.

After that he walks for miles through stores and shops and the public library. He knows many people, small people, or, I should say, working people; clerks, butchers, newsboys. He talks with them about the weather and the latest sports events. Then he buys a half-dozen doughnuts, puts them in his brief case, goes home, and takes a nap.

My mother markets and plays canasta with her three girl friends once a week. Otherwise they watch television or listen to the radio. They never go to the movies. Years and years ago my father played in movie theaters for silent pictures and afterwards for pictures and vaudeville. He is just as happy if he never sees a motion picture again.

I don't believe he has seen one in ten years, with a single exception we shall come to presently.

So the life of my father and mother has flowed on, with me always wondering, "What do they think about? Do they notice each other? Do they have strong emotions about each other? But how could they?" The blood has slowed down. The arms are inelastic. The eyes are dim. The fingers of my father which once rippled along a violin can barely make unpleasant squeaks on that instrument any more. My mother walks carefully, for her glasses do not focus properly where her feet meet the stairs and sidewalks.

Yet one morning I came on my usual call, bringing a New York paper, as is my custom, and some Cape scallops, which are a delicacy both my father and mother appreciate but cannot afford.

When I got in the apartment they were fighting. Now this in itself was most extraordinary. They were bickering and shouting about some obscure matter. As I recall, it had something to do with an event some twenty-five years previously and they had different ideas as to how the event had turned out or where it had occurred, and the discussion got hotter and hotter. At first I was amused and then I was alarmed. My father said, "That's the way you are, always so sure of yourself."

"I ought to know. I was there."

"I was there, too."

"Well, you don't remember then."

"My memory is perfect," my father shouted.

My mother said, "Don't shout at me."

"I'll shout at who I please."

"Not at me, you won't shout."

It went on like this with me standing there holding the scallops in my hand and wondering. They kept at it like newlyweds for about fifteen minutes. Finally my father got real angry and took his hat off the bed he sat beside and rushed out of the apartment slamming the door.

"Let him go," my mother said.

"I guess I'll have to. What were you fighting about?"

My mother shrugged. "I don't remember. He's just so stubborn. I keep hoping he'll outgrow it."

"If he hasn't now he never will."

"Well he better. I won't put up with it much longer."

I sat around for a while and then I put the scallops in the icebox. I was beginning to smell like Gloucester, Mass. I told my mother not to worry. She said, "Humph!" I left.

Around dinnertime I began to wonder again, so I called up. I was all alone. My wife had taken the children to visit her mother. My mother answered the phone and said my father had not come home yet or called on the phone. I did not expect him to call on the phone. I don't believe he has used a telephone for fifteen years. He just does not seem to trust them.

I hopped on a bus and went down to see my mother. She was not as crisp as she had been. She had wilted a little and looked gloomy. "I hope he doesn't do anything foolish," she said. "He's not a young man, you know."

"I know. I'll go roam around downtown. Maybe I can find him."

Now about ten years ago my father had been disconnected from the last real job he held. He had been head of a music school and the school had disbanded. For the first time in his life he had decided to soothe himself with alcohol and he had chosen half-pint bottles of the worst sherry ever made in California. These he drank regularly, after which he became very talkative and a little belligerent, especially for a man five feet six, weighing 130 pounds neat.

After a while he had got over it and never touched the stuff again, not even at birthday parties or Christmas. Yet I had a notion he had probably gone off again, just like a young, rebuffed lover. It was rather amazing to think of him, at his age, being sulky and irritated with my mother and she, for that matter, being wistful and lonesome like a girl at her first quarrel. In a way it was rather refreshing. I did not think they had it in them.

At any rate it had begun to pour rain, so I began walking around the city, starting with the cheery hotel bars and working my way to the North End and the more disreputable places. In each one I expected to find him, full of poor sherry, relating his woes or his boyhood adventures driving a butter wagon or taking violin lessons, to a group of patient souses.

Once or twice I thought I had a glimpse of him, but when I got in out of the rain, into the smell of hops and brews, it was not he but some other sad old character reeling about with a sad, silly grin on his face.

I began to worry. He is an old man, I thought. I must remember that. If he got full and roamed around in the rain it might be dangerous. Of course I was getting soaked myself, and drinking a little too much due to the excessive number of bars I felt I had to patronize.

At about eleven-thirty I gave up. I had enough to drink that I was alternately frightened and full of unexpected laughter. Imagine, my father, almost eighty, having a fight with my mother and running away from home! With hardly a dime in his pocket, too, probably. Running away! I thought. I went down to the NY, NH and H station. He was not there either. At last I went home — or, rather, to my mother's place.

She was weeping gently now. "I believe he has really run away." She would stop weeping, square her shoulders, and say suddenly, "I'll fix him." Then she would slump and weep some more.

I sat there with her, drinking tea, for a long time. We talked of all the old days. She spoke as if they

were all over and my father had deserted her for another woman.

At last the door opened and my father walked calmly in. He had a small package in his hands. He smiled quietly and said, "Hello."

"Where've you been?" I asked. My mother was forced to smile. She was so glad to see him.

"I went to a movie."

My mother was stunned. "A movie?"

"The Arcade. All in bright color. It hurt my eyes."

"What was it about?" I asked, to make conversation.

My father shrugged. "A lot of young, foolish girls and their mushy love affairs."

"Oh," I said.

"You want some tea?" my mother asked.

"The movie was out at eleven," I said.

My father shrugged. "I went to Walgreen's to make a purchase."

"I'll make some nice warm tea," my mother said.

"You must be tired after all that color and those mushy girls."

"Sentimental stuff," my father said. "Movies don't change. They're just bigger and louder. Here!"

He handed her the package. It was a bottle of hand lotion, the sort that is guaranteed to make your hands as soft as silk. My father handed it to my mother and hung his head a little and blushed. It was quite touching.

My mother beamed. Her eyes gleamed behind her thick spectacles. "What a lovely bottle."

"They say it keeps your hands like velvet," my father said.

My mother's hands have worked for me and others for many, many years; washing, baking, scrubbing, digging in a garden . . . they are gnarled and the veins are prominent and they are rough from years of work. To my father, though, they must have been the hands of a young woman, of a woman he loved, a woman who had stayed for a long time in his heart as precisely the same woman . . . and her hands were as velvet to him and he wanted to keep them that way.

My mother was weeping again but this time with pleasure and love.

I said, "Well, I've got to get along and you better go to bed."

So I went and left them to make up and to smile and to be alone. It was a moment, I am sure, when they preferred no company.



TO JUDITH

by JOHN CIARDI

THE stone without edges has not been mined,
and the kiss that does not lie has not been joined.
Nothing falls from Heaven but of its weight.

I love you of my loss.

What day begets the child of no nuisance?
In a tantrum after tenderness, for nothing,
I have slapped the child you bore me.

I love you of my shame.

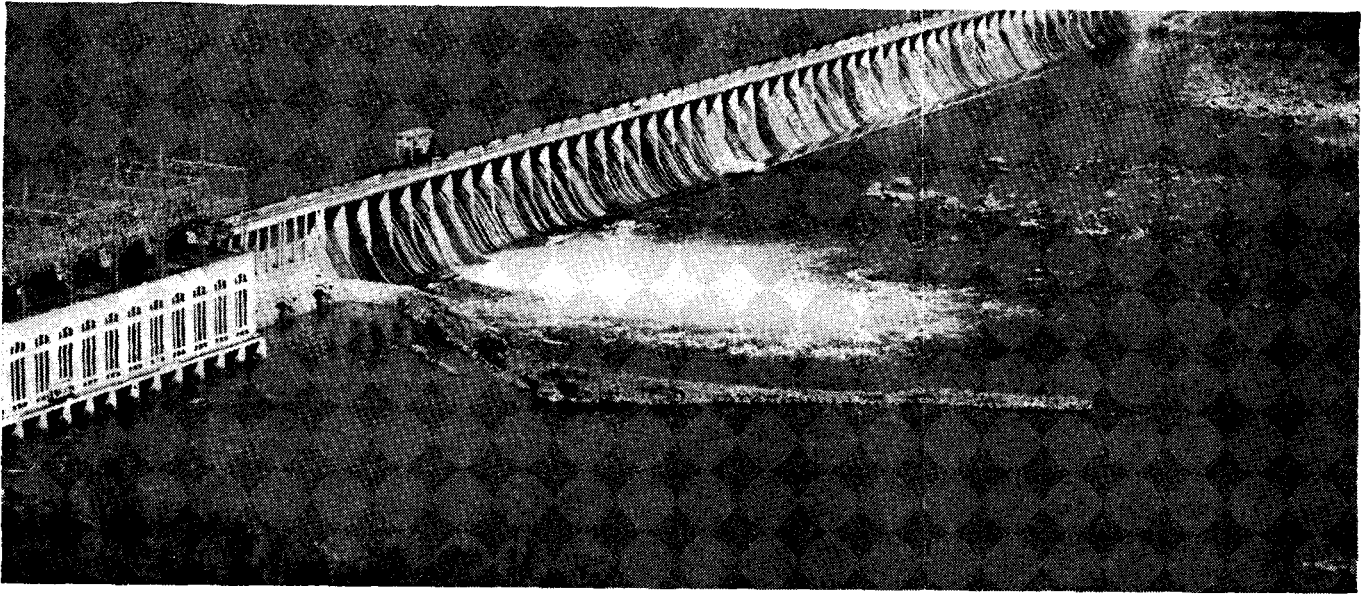
Be old leather. Dry, as a hide in sun
cracks and turns dust and puffs at a touch
once airborne pastes of life have smeared it.

I love you of our death.

The bride without escapes has not been kissed,
nor the groom without terrors. Having dared
our own tears and a child's, we have our healing.

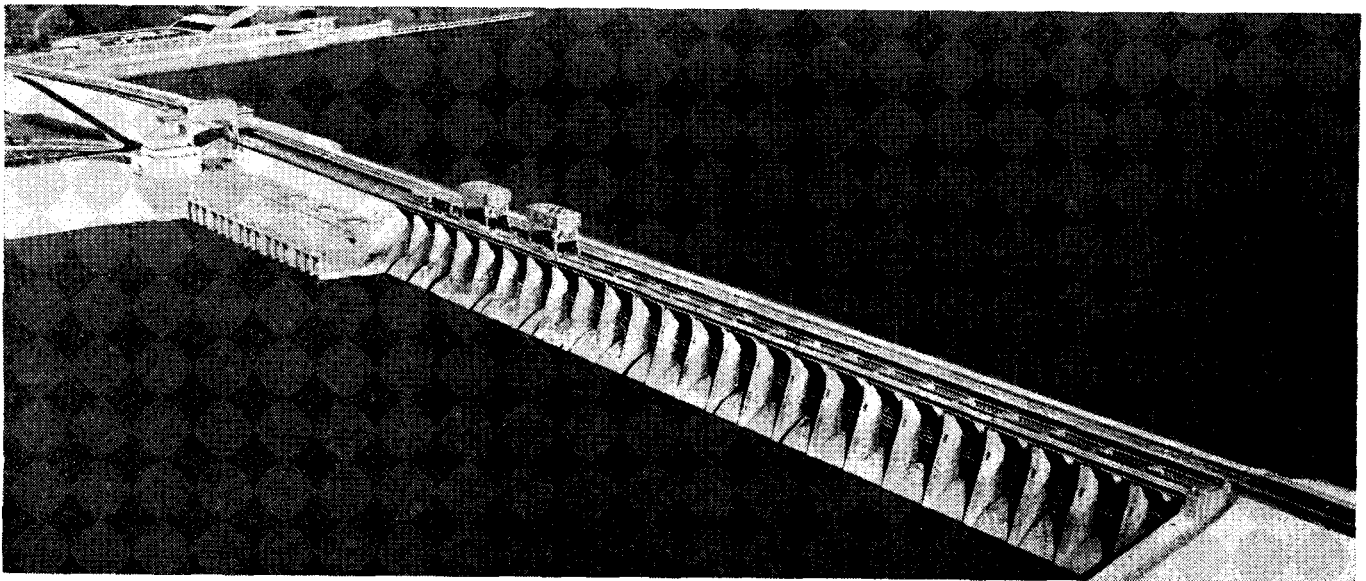
I love you of that health.

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Books and Men



Author and journalist, GERALD W. JOHNSON is a *Southern Democrat*

who made his start in North Carolina and who has lived happily in Baltimore ever since the Sunpapers called him to their editorial staff in 1926. He has worked and written with Frank R. Kent, H. L. Mencken, and Hamilton Owens, friends all; he has expressed his admiration for Andrew Jackson and Woodrow Wilson in lively biographies; and he has spoken his hopes for, and his belief in, this country in such books as *Liberal's Progress*, *This American People*, and *Pattern for Liberty*.

FDR: A POLITICAL PORTRAIT

by GERALD W. JOHNSON

1

IN HIS latest adventure, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. has undertaken to paint a word picture of the Age of Roosevelt in three volumes, the first of which is now before the public — *The Crisis of the Old Order, 1919–1933* (Houghton Mifflin, \$6.00). The obvious, the inescapable comment is that here we have an artist who fain would “splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet’s hair.” For the way he begins indicates that Mr. Schlesinger does aspire to picture the age, rather than the man.

In a minor way, this is prudent. Freidel is doing very well with Roosevelt, the man — so well that by the time his five volumes are complete it is probable that no other monumental biography will be needed for many years. But in a major way, the boldness of Schlesinger’s project is breathtaking. Roosevelt’s public career extended from 1910 to 1945, but he did not stamp his name upon the age until after 1933, and the historical movement with which he is associated had been under way for some time — Mr. Schlesinger assumes since 1919, which is probably as good a starting point as any. So his work is projected as a history of the United States for the quarter of a century between Harding and Truman.

But this period covered an epos, in Webster’s second definition of the word: “a series of events of epical dignity or magnitude.” Exactly what happened to the United States between 1919 and 1945 is still the subject of loud and acrimonious dispute; but nobody doubts that it was tremendously important, whether for good or for ill. It follows that any adequate treatment of the period must be epic in its sweep, and a historian who chooses a subject of that nature is certainly not to be classified as a timorous man.

It goes without saying that no final judgment of such a work can be rendered on the basis of the first of three volumes. Oh, yes, a hopelessly incompetent writer doubtless would have betrayed his futility in the first volume, but that need not detain

us when Schlesinger is involved. At the same time this book, while part of a trilogy, stands on its own feet and may be read independently; therefore it merits consideration first as a complete work.

So considered, it is distinguished, but asymmetrical. Schlesinger goes three hundred pages before he gets around to Roosevelt, except in casual references; but once that all-absorbent character does appear he blots up everything else and the age goes glimmering, the result being a lopsided book, although a brilliant one.

To this reader the preliminary three hundred pages were immensely satisfactory. As a historian, Schlesinger is bold, opinionated, somewhat arrogant, and occasionally wrong (for instance, he credits, or charges, Uncle Dan Roper to North Carolina whereas he was a 140-proof South Carolinian). But Schlesinger has the enormous merit of saying something; he is committed to the old-fashioned and perhaps illiberal theory that there is not only a difference, but a perceptible difference, between a scoundrel and an honest man, and he never ends a discussion with the arid recommendation that the subject deserves further study.

Such a man may be temperamentally handicapped in the examination of potentates and powers, but when he bursts into the ranks of the stuffed shirts the execution he does is prodigious. As the event proved, in the twenties the American people gave their confidence to pomposities and frauds to an unprecedented extent, which makes this period a field in which Schlesinger’s special talents are marvelously effective. He is not a debunker; he achieves his effects not by wisecracks but by straight-faced, deadly irony.

The two hundred pages that follow also have merit, but of an entirely different order. This is straight biography — a narrative of how Franklin D. Roosevelt was born, grew up, and became President. Its excellence is due to an admirable economy of means expressed in a tense, rapid style

that manages to get in everything necessary but excludes masses of irrelevant junk. It closes with a series of vignettes of the men that Roosevelt, now installed in the White House, chose for his Cabinet. For swift yet adequate characterization these are hard to beat.

In sum, this volume standing alone is worth the attention both of the serious students of our political history and of the reader who is no student but who delights in good writing in the field of history.

But no attentive reader will be content to regard this first volume as standing alone, for Mr. Schlesinger's really impressive achievement is not the production of a book, but the utterance of a large and glittering promise. He has written an introduction to a genuine history of the Age of Roosevelt; he has followed that by an introduction of the actor who plays the title role. Each was indispensable and both have been admirably done; but they raise and leave unanswered the question, will this work continue as a history, or will it drift into another biography?

2

THE answer is doubtful for at least two reasons, one suggested in the first volume, the other — much more important — inherent in the project itself.

Schlesinger is a moralist. This is certainly not to his discredit as a man, but it is a virtue that must be ridden with a tight rein by an analyst of American politics because in politics morality frequently shows up disguised as immorality, while immorality, of course, always seeks to don the trappings of morality.

A hint that Schlesinger sometimes lets the rein go slack appears in his treatment of Roosevelt's devious method of handling the Jimmy Walker case. "Nothing," says he, "damaged Roosevelt's reputation more than his handling of the New York scandals." But what reputation? It was the definite making of his reputation as the smoothest political operator then in practice; and that reputation, in turn, inspired the boys on the precinct level to a flaming enthusiasm they had never felt before. It is quite possible that it was just this incident that made Roosevelt President of the United States.

The facts were these: James John Walker, Mayor of New York and a Democrat, was neither morally nor intellectually qualified for the post; yet he had been the free choice of an overwhelming majority of the city's voters in two elections. The Republican legislature called upon the Democratic Governor, by name Roosevelt, to investigate the charges and, if they were sustained, remove Walker.

The truth behind the facts was this: the Governor was already the Democratic nominee for President, and the Republican organization was far less interested in eliminating Walker than in defeating

Roosevelt. By forcing the Governor to investigate, it was believed that he would be obliged to give the appearance, either of condoning Walker's misdoings, or of assuming to dictate to the voters of the city. Either course, it was hoped, would lose him the vote of New York and perhaps the election.

What Roosevelt did was to start hearings in obedience to the legislative resolution, but, using the plea of pressure of other business, he strung them out day after day, making each day look a little worse for Walker. Eventually Jimmy's nerve broke, and he resigned on September 1, 1932. So he was out, yet Roosevelt had not arrogated to himself the right to overrule the voters.

No doubt it was a dirty game all around, but the skill with which Roosevelt played it was so far superior to that of his opponents that it established him at once as the most formidable politician in the country — a quality that had much to do with maintaining his dominance for the next dozen years. Yet Mr. Schlesinger exhibits no appreciation of this *expertise* since it was displayed in the kind of deal that a gentleman and a scholar cannot approve. This may handicap him somewhat in dealing with great historical forces, which are largely amoral.

Much more important, however, because it is a philosophical rather than a temperamental difficulty, is the extremely hard job of distinguishing between impersonal forces and their incarnation in a personality. Franklin D. Roosevelt was a great man, but every great man is to a large extent a manipulator, not an originator, of power. If he is to write history, not biography — write, that is, of an age, not of a man — Mr. Schlesinger must essay the task that defeated the Greeks and degraded their religion from polytheism into mere idolatry — the task of distinguishing between Apollo and the sun, the driver and the equipage that he directs. Roosevelt drove the chariot of the sun, with astonishing success; but he was neither the chariot nor its fiery horses.

Political greatness is achieved by the leader in whom the historical forces of his time come to a focus and who is clever enough to ride with them and in some measure direct and control them. But this fact is never understood by the masses of the people and usually discovered only in retrospect by those who regard themselves as wise and prudent. Both tend to regard the charioteer as the source, not merely the dispenser, whether of light and healing or of the arrows of pestilence.

So it has been with Roosevelt. We are sophisticated enough to realize that even the greatest man acts more often under some kind of compulsion than by his own free choice; but our analysis of Roosevelt's compulsions has not proceeded far. We can say, "Here John L. Lewis turned the heat on; here the hand of Harry Hopkins is revealed; for this, the crafty Ickes was responsible," and so on indefinitely. But we have small comprehension

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of what propelled Lewis, Hopkins, Ickes, and the rest. We know next to nothing of the forces that swept along Roosevelt and his entourage. Which is to say, we have not yet understood the age.

To the disengaged observer, which includes all of us not involved in the conduct of public affairs, it is far more important to understand the age than it is to understand Roosevelt. The man, after all, is dead, and we can neither rely on him nor contend against him, ever again. But the forces that he could not check or subdue are immortal and constantly threaten to escape all control. Understanding Roosevelt would give us knowledge of the past, but understanding the Age of Roosevelt might confer on us power over the present.

For this reason Mr. Schlesinger's promise greatly exceeds his performance both in scope and in fascination. He has given us a good book, but he hints at a great one.

To predict that he will be entirely successful would be fatuous, for he would have to attain a stature exceeding that of Thucydides in the ancient and Gibbon in the modern world, neither of whom was entirely successful. Yet they command our respect for the courage with which each attacked a theme too great for any man to handle with complete mastery.

Some of us harbor no doubt that Schlesinger's theme is of comparable dimensions and of even greater difficulty because it is, or we hope it is, of an opposite trend. It is the depressing truth that men are, as a rule, much more capable of comprehending disintegration than integration; the wreck of Greece and the decline of Rome are far better understood than the rise of either. Toynbee, the industrious necrologist of civilizations, usually places the fatal moment prior to the beginning of his investigation, so that even when he seems to be

describing a rising, he protests that it is really a sinking, sun.

Be that as it may, there are few to deny that the Age of Roosevelt did mark a turning point of some kind in the history of the United States; and if it was, indeed, a turn upward the historian who is to analyze it with even a reasonable approximation of success must be, to put it mildly, a master craftsman. Yet there is no more important task confronting the faculty of history, for current events are giving a terrible emphasis to the progression noted by Jefferson and Lincoln, when the former called this country "the world's best hope," and the latter, "the last, best hope of earth." Perhaps we can still say "best" because, as far as the survival of self-government is concerned, it is almost certainly the last. An increasing understanding of the forces that operate upon our system of government is obviously the best guarantee of its continuance.

So it seems no more than fair to grant that Mr. Schlesinger has accomplished something more than what appears in the pages of his first volume. He has assumed a terrific responsibility in arousing such expectations, but that is strictly his own affair. What the rest of us have from him is a quickening of interest in the activities of the scholar and a renewal of confidence that he has the wit to perceive and the boldness to attack problems that "come home to men's business and bosoms."

If the attack carries a definite and serious risk of defeat, so much the more honor to the scholar who essays it. It is easily possible that Mr. Schlesinger is too audacious; but at least he is courageous, and he deserves a cheer for that. And here is a private opinion, publicly expressed, that he will go so far toward success as to command the admiration of a generation that he will have served well.



TO EMILY DICKINSON

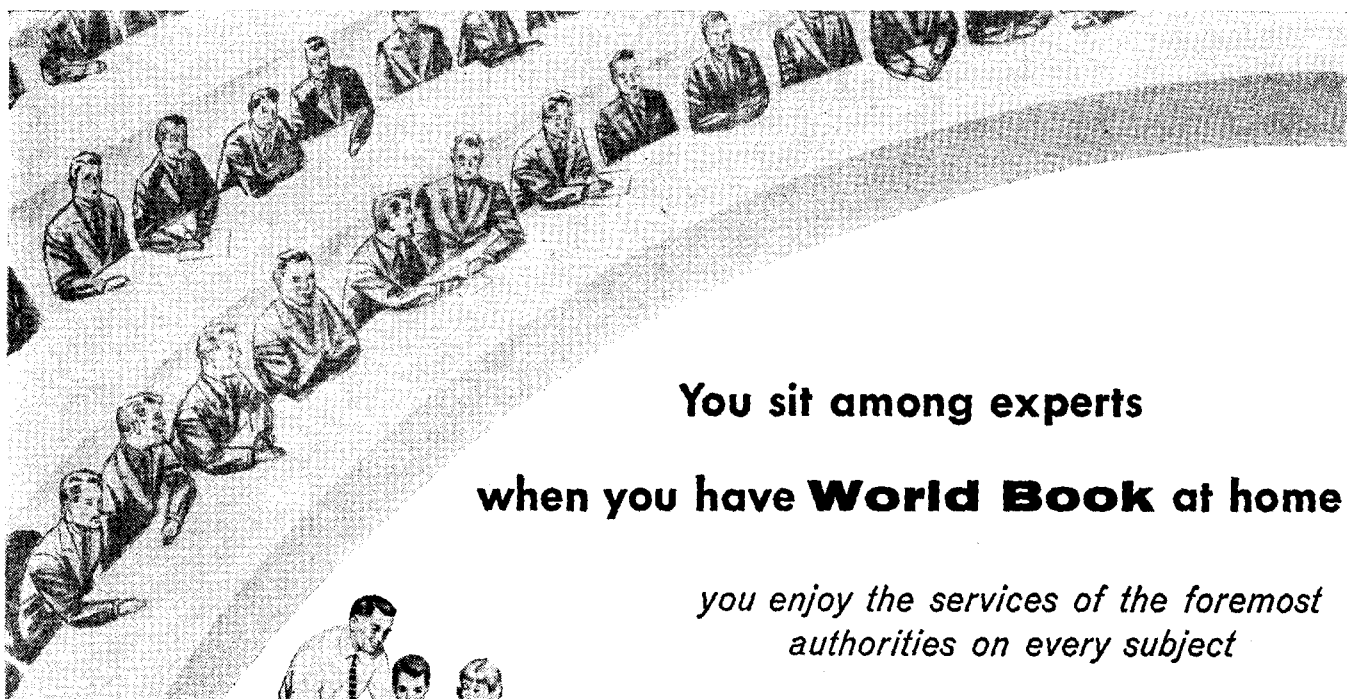
by JOHN MOFFITT

CANDID heart,
Too inward to be bold,
Drawn apart
From a thorny world —

Taking leave
Of your twisted lot,
Did you receive
The sacrament you sought?

Did a voice,
Across the darkened air,
Seal the choice
Your vision ventured here,

Or were you still,
As death immured your eyes,
Waiting the call
That countermands surmise?

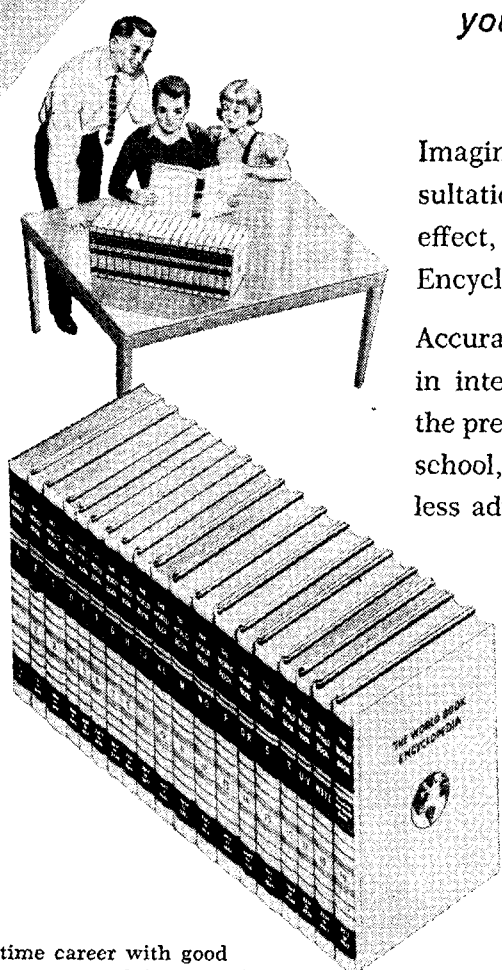


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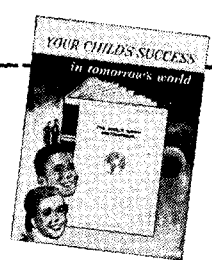
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Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

A good room can make all the difference in the world. I came to Harvard in the autumn of 1919 as a transfer, an unclassified student fresh from having served with the Moroccan Division. I was twenty-one, felt old before my time, and knew exactly three men in the university — veterans who had been with me in France. I arrived on the day college opened, and after registration I went out to search for a room. My budget was limited, for I was working my way through, and as I studied the list of vacancies I checked the least expensive.

As the day lengthened, the prospects seemed not too encouraging: each involved three or four flights of stairs ending in a small room under the eaves. I worked my way along Mt. Auburn Street (known as the "Gold Coast," though I didn't know it) and eventually came to a pie-shaped brick building with an odd but discernible face on its rounded front. This, as I was to learn later, was the home of the *Harvard Lampoon*. At the moment its janitor, a tough little number in a dusty derby, sat picking his teeth on the steps.

"Know of any good rooms around here?" I ventured. He looked me over for the fish-out-of-water specimen that I was. "Well," he said, indicating a handsome stone façade halfway up a side street, "why don't you try up there? They might have something."

So over I went and rang the bell, and when a white-coated steward opened the door, I asked if they had any rooms to rent.

"This is the Delphic Club," he said, and shut the door firmly in my face.

When I turned back, my helpful guide had disappeared. Somewhat chastened, I continued on into the less collegiate part of Mt. Auburn Street.

Opposite the new Catholic church was a humble frame building and in the window the beckoning sign, "Room for Rent." Miss Phelan, the landlady,

as Irish as she was genial, showed me what she had: a bedroom and study on the ground floor. The price was more than I thought I could afford, and while I was hesitating, she led me upstairs. "Here is the bathroom," she said, "and these are our prize rooms" — indicating the suite directly above mine. "They belong to Mr. Hillyer, the poet. He teaches in the English Department."

Prize rooms they certainly were, with waxed hardwood floors, an open hearth on which birch logs had been laid, chintz curtains at the windows, old prints (two of them, I noticed, of Queen Elizabeth), bookshelves to the ceiling, and in the corner a tea table with what looked to be old china.

Robert Hillyer's room was the luckiest thing that happened to me that year. It was so attractive, after the bare, grim cubicles I had been inspecting, that it made me want to stay; and my acquaintance with Bob, which grew into friendship, added an extra dimension to my education. He was enough older to be my mentor, and his knowledge and love of English were contagious.

This was in the age of Prohibition when cocktails were deviously concocted. My father occasionally supplied me with New Jersey applejack, and this I shared with Bob and his friends. They were a remarkable group: Foster Damon, who was working on his book on Blake; Stewart Mitchell, the managing editor of *The Dial*; Charles Brackett, who had just sold his stories to the *Saturday Evening Post* and was about ready to quit the Law School; Malcolm Cowley, in his last year as an undergraduate; John Dos Passos, who was beginning his *Three Soldiers*; and good-natured Ronald Levinson, who kept the peace when the temperaments clashed. Foster and Charlie Brackett had a natural antipathy for each other. They were both fencers, and lacking foils they would have at each other using their right arms as weapons and with enough thrust to imperil Bob's old teacups.

I am gregarious by nature, and what saved me from going too social was the talk and intentness of this group. They lived for writing and they were nourished on books. Secretly I was appalled by how much more they had read than I; now I was trying to catch up, and I remember how surprised I was when Bob remarked casually that his possessive reading was behind him. He had done it in his years at Kent and Harvard before he went into the service. He had done it; it was in his mind and stored away. Naturally what he did was to share his familiars with me, freshening my understanding

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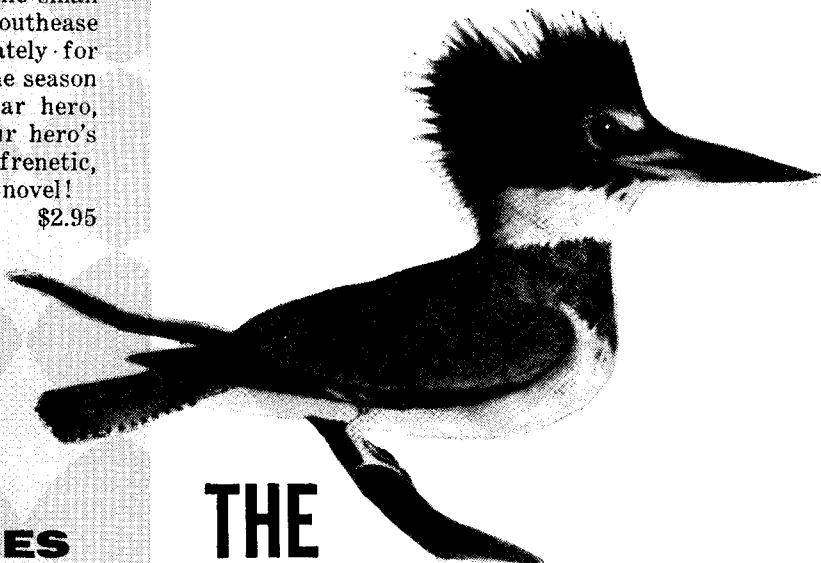
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of Spenser's *Faerie Queene* and Hakluyt's *Voyages*, and strange books like Arthur Machen's *The Hill of Dreams* and W. H. Hudson's *Green Mansions*, and always the Elizabethan poets.

In an English education it is usually the tutor who opens the horizons of the mind. For me there were two: Dean L. B. R. Briggs, for whom I did my utmost in English 5, and Robert Hillyer, a friend who made the intake of English literature seem as natural as breathing.

A year later, when Bob went to Copenhagen on a fellowship, I moved up into his quarters and a sophomore moved into mine — Donald Oenslager, who even then was absorbed in a model theater which he lit and decorated in his spare time. There is a progression in such things.

Friendship and art

To the art of making friends, Clive Bell brought gusto, a relish for wit, an unquenchable admiration for women, and an appreciation of the arts which, as it was tested and developed, made him a leading critic in Europe. All this is to be inferred from his entertaining memoir, *Old Friends* (Harcourt, Brace, \$4.50). In his first term at Trinity College in Cambridge in 1899 he became a charter member of the Midnight Society, a group of undergraduates who met in his rooms to strengthen themselves with whiskey or punch and to spout verse or read aloud till early dawn. Of the six members one was the brother of Virginia Woolf; a second, Leonard Woolf, was to be her husband; and a third was Lytton Strachey. So in a way this was, as he says, "the foundation of Bloomsbury." In 1904 Mr. Bell made his first trip to Paris, befriended by the three painters, Gerald Kelly, Morrice, the Canadian, and Roderick O'Connor. They guided him to their favorite haunts in Montparnasse and Montmartre and laid the groundwork for his future friendships with Picasso, Matisse, Derain, Segonzac, and Cocteau. After his return to London he married Vanessa Stephen, Virginia Woolf's older sister. Few of our contemporaries have had such diverse and cosmopolitan friendships, and fewer still could write about them so charmingly.

The most endearing portrait in the book, and to me the most skillful in its revelation, is that of Virginia Woolf — skillful because he has caught so well her changing moods, the shimmering genius of her writing, and the mischievous playfulness of her wit. He says that *Orlando* "gives the best idea of her with her elbows on the tea-table letting herself go," and that *The Waves* and *To the Lighthouse* were "the only perfect masterpieces she ever produced." He says that until her familiar correspondence has been published (which personal discretion and libel now forbid) "even a vague idea of the fun and spirit of Virginia's talk can hardly be gained by those who did not know her." He tells of what she meant to his children and of how during a

gloomy winter downpour in the country, as Lytton Strachey and he sat watching the premature darkness, Strachey asked, "Loves apart, whom would you most like to see coming up the drive?" And the answer for them both was: "Virginia of course."

I suspect that the most difficult and judicious of the chapters to write was that on his dear friend Roger Fry. He regarded Fry as his superior, but in this evaluation we see critic against critic, friend appraising friend, with a discrimination and affection well conveyed.

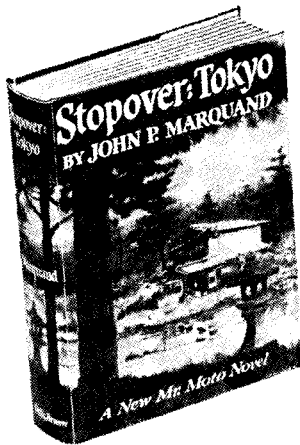
The chapters on Strachey and Maynard Keynes are illuminating; the encounter with T. S. Eliot fun; his scrutiny of Sickert devastating. Paris in 1904 and in the twenties, the concluding pieces, are evocative, full of spirit and fresh impressions, swift in judgment, as in his remarks about Picasso and Gertrude Stein, memorable in the accounts of unlikely dinners, as that tended by "nice Mr. Shiff" in honor of Diaghileff and the Ballet, to which came Picasso, Stravinsky, Joyce, and Proust — all this told so gaily and with such a sense of immediacy that one reads with envy, wishing to have been there.

The daily double

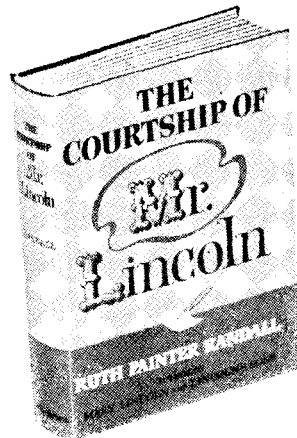
Daphne du Maurier, who excels in mystification, has found for herself a slightly incredible but wholly fascinating situation to explore in her new novel, *The Scapegoat* (Doubleday, \$3.95). Her hero is an English bachelor of thirty-eight, law-abiding and scholarly. He has spent the summer in France collecting notes for the new series of lectures which he is to deliver to his students in London. He speaks such effortless French that he passes for a Frenchman, but he is never admitted into a French inner circle, and now as he drives his little Ford toward the Channel he is filled with a feeling of futility, of never having lived. John pauses for a drink at Le Mans and in the buffet is suddenly jolted by a stranger, and on looking up finds that he is looking at himself, at his double.

The Frenchman is as shocked as he. They dine and drink together, confidences are given, and the Frenchman, who is clearly in some deep trouble, proposes that they exchange their clothes and their lives. John is giggling at the suggestion as he passes out. Next afternoon he awakens to find that the Frenchman has disappeared, taking his clothes, his passport, and his car, and that he — the survivor — is Comte Jean de Gué, whose chauffeur is waiting below.

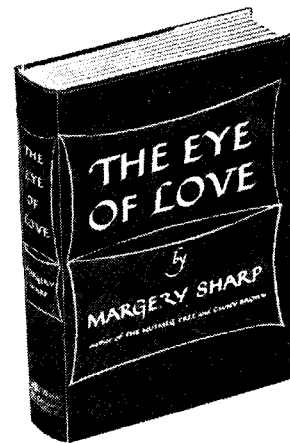
Since he has no choice, he decides to bluff the masquerade as far as he can carry it, and in this he is ably assisted by his chauffeur, Gaston, who seems not the least surprised by his hangover. But his arrival at the château really puts him to the test, for now he must accommodate himself to the possessive demands of the aging, doting Countess, his mother, to the complaints of Françoise, his pregnant wife, and to the affectionate observation



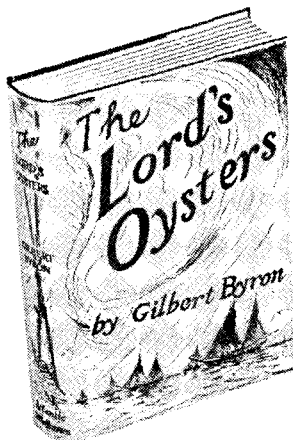
STOPOVER: TOKYO by John P. Marquand. In the exciting literary surprise of the year a master novelist has written a spy story that critics hail as a masterpiece in its field, "a superlative suspense thriller." (*N. Y. Times Book Review*); "A spellbinder," says the *Chicago Tribune*. "Moving romance added to breathless intrigue in a story which keeps the reader guessing and never lets him down. International spy-catching de luxe." \$3.95



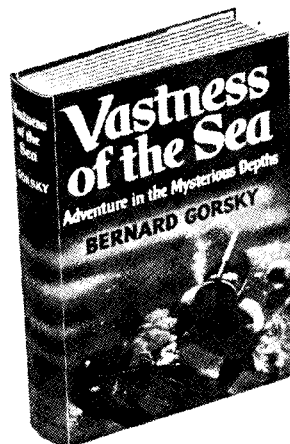
THE COURTSHIP OF MR. LINCOLN by Ruth Painter Randall. This intimate, amusing account of the courting days of Abe Lincoln and Mary Todd will delight readers who enjoy the human side of history. Lincoln as a shy, ardent and jealous suitor struggling with the pangs of love and the stresses of an on-again-off-again engagement is a fascinating figure, portrayed with complete fidelity to historical fact by the author of *MARY LINCOLN* and *LINCOLN'S SONS*. *Illus.* \$3.75



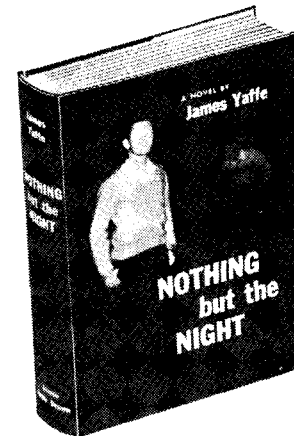
THE EYE OF LOVE by Margery Sharp. Full of fun and surprises, this topsy-turvy love story sparkles with Margery Sharp's inimitable blend of sentiment and sophistication. The author of *THE NUTMEG TREE* and *CLUNY BROWN* tells of an incurably romantic pair living—with the utmost respectability—"in sin," and the upsetting effect on both their lives of the impending, thoroughly unwanted, marriage of one of them. \$3.95



***THE LORD'S OYSTERS** by Gilbert Byron. Maryland's Eastern Shore of forty years ago is the scene of this delightful story of the boyhood and youth of an oysterman's son—a warm, sunny book about the lazy life. Salty humor, lovingly drawn characters and the nostalgic re-creation of easy-going adventures give a Huck Finn quality to this beautiful book. It carries the reader away from today's frantic pace to days when time was something to be enjoyed. \$4.50



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of his ten-year-old daughter, Marie-Noël. The dogs, the little terriers and the ancient retriever César, fail to recognize him, and there are also some difficult moments with mistresses, his sister-in-law and the warmhearted Béla in the village.

The suspense of the story is heightened by the unmasking of one relationship after another, which Miss du Maurier achieves by the most dexterous power of inference. The novel constantly pivots on the essential difference in the two men: the Frenchman Jean, so amorous, so reckless of anything save his own gratification, so audacious; the English John, so much more sensitive than sensuous, and so thoughtful in his endeavor to hold the family and its failing fortunes together. Her pictures of the old château and of its disintegrating little glass foundry are warm with life and acute in their perception of French character. With wizardry Miss du Maurier makes the book believable and compelling to unravel. One accepts John's deception not as a masquerade but, temporarily, as life itself, with what Coleridge would call "the willing suspension of one's disbelief."

Be fat and strenuous

"As a boy," writes **Roger I. Lee**, "I was rather on the frail side." To anyone looking at his ample scope today, that is hard to believe. He began filling out in early manhood, and the more he weighed the more work he could do, so why stop? With this defense of corpulence he cheerily begins his autobiography, *The Happy Life of a Doctor* (Little, Brown, \$4.00). He writes with the healthy skepticism of a Yankee, with a shrewd and quizzical humor, with a candor affectionate or blunt, and with much self-satisfaction.

When he entered the Medical School, medicine was the fourth choice of Harvard graduates, preceded by law, business, and teaching, and this book of Dr. Lee's is his personal testimony of how far medicine has advanced in American esteem these past five decades. I like the range of his interests; I like his shrewd estimates of doctors' fees, the sanity with which he scrutinizes mental disturbances, and the experience with which he speaks of the athletic heart. I enjoy the account of his war services as head of Base Hospital No. 5 in France; I enjoy the genial and decisive episodes which he selects from his twenty-three years' service on the Harvard Corporation; and most of all I admire the honesty of his friendships, dulcet and combative, with men as different as Dr. Fred C. Shattuck, Dr. Harvey Cushing, Sir Almroth Wright, Sir Alexander Fleming, President Lowell and President Conant, John Haynes Holmes, his roommate in college, and Dr. Lawrence J. Henderson, whom he rates the greatest intellect with whom he ever came in contact. Between the lines and never presumptuous is the incentive to get as much out of life as he has.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Fiction

SOME MUST WATCH by **Edwin Daly**. (Scribner's, \$3.95.) Sad, wryly funny story of a pleasant boy, his family, and the small town where they live, the last all too convincing for comfort.

THE DISTANT MUSIC by **H. L. Davis**. (Morrow, \$3.95.) Family chronicle by the author of *Honey in the Horn*; three generations of active frontiersmen with a gift for dazzling invective and delectably eccentric associates.

FATHER JUNIPER AND THE GENERAL by **James Norman**. (Morrow, \$3.75.) The author's lightly witty style is exactly right for Juniper's adventures in a Mexican parish rife with odd sins and odder virtues.

Biography

THE ROAD TO MONTE CRISTO: A CONDENSATION FROM THE MEMOIRS OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS, by **Jules Eckert Goodman**. (Scribner's, \$5.95.) From six rambling volumes, Mr. Goodman has cleverly extracted one volume of narrative as exciting and gay as any of the master's novels, for Dumas was as extraordinary a fellow as his own musketeers.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS by **Sven Stolpe**. (Pantheon, \$4.00.) Holding that Joan of Arc was a true mystic and genuinely supernatural, Mr. Stolpe takes peppery issue with many earlier biographers of the Maid.

THE LIFE OF WILKIE COLLINS by **Nuel Pharr Davis**. (University of Illinois Press, \$5.75.) A step toward repairing the long neglect of Collins, an eccentric Victorian rebel whose construction of mystery stories has not been bettered to this day, and whose other merits are discussed with thoroughness.

THE JOURNALS OF JEAN COCTEAU edited and translated by **Wallace Fowlie**. (Criterion, \$6.00.) Highly subjective and disconnected, but witty, surprising, and full of ideas, these journals are invaluable for students of the versatile Cocteau and his circle, and good reading from any point of view.

The Ancients

THE TESTIMONY OF THE SPADE by **Geoffrey Bibby**. (Knopf, \$6.75.) The history of man in northern Europe and of the archaeological studies by which his activities have been revealed. Mr. Bibby includes portraits of archaeologists, accounts of scholarly feuds, mistakes, frauds, and triumphs, all reported with a crackling enthusiasm that is beguiling.

MYCENAE by **George E. Mylonas**. (Princeton University Press, \$7.50.) A careful, complete record of everything discovered at Agamemnon's ancient capital, where an astonishing amount has been unearthed since Schliemann's first spectacular finds. An excellent survey for those especially interested in the site, but on the technical side for the general reader.

STONEHENGE by **R. J. C. Atkinson**. (Macmillan, \$3.50.) After working through a catalogue of rocks and denouncing the Druid myth, Mr. Atkinson settles down to an instructive and entertaining summary of what has been discovered about Stonehenge and its builders, with enchanting speculations on what has not been discovered and probably won't be.



The Peripatetic Advertiser

Sometimes the reviewers take the privilege of blurb writing out of our hands — not necessarily with more incandescent prose but with all the glory of detachment from motives of sordid profit.

The Great Chain of Life (\$3.75) by **Joseph Wood Krutch** set off this sort of reaction. *Marston Bates* in the *N.Y. Times* said, "A wise and very well-informed humanist has taken the time to look lovingly and wonderingly at the living world around him, and to study the ways in which scientists have tried to analyze this world. The result is far more than a criticism of biology; it is, I think, the best introduction to natural history that has yet been written. The book is full of thought-provoking comments: on the cult of sportsmanship and the implications of slaughter as relaxation: on pets as 'civilized animals'; on the Homeric attributes of many mammals (or the animal attributes of the Homeric heroes)." and in the daily *N.Y. Times*, *Charles Poore*, "The Great Chain of Life' is not a fetter as we see it here; it is a wonderful series of links binding together the story of the animate and the inanimate through millions of years on our astonishing planet . . . Mr. Krutch has read widely, pondered deeply and contemplated limitless horizons in the light of western stars. Once upon a time he taught dramatic literature at Columbia College; now he dramatizes the thoughts of philosophers in the scientists' domain. He is as much at home in the company of the one-celled paramecium as he is in the equally cloistered world of the one-idea scholar. He gives you a refresher course in your half-forgotten biological and geological courses of school days that is full of surprises and then bounces ahead, like the Rocky Mountain goat he so much admires, to cover all kinds of pinnacles of modern and ancient thought."

At least two reviewers were reminded of Thoreau " . . . a brilliant and provocative study of nature in which he emphasizes the privileges rather than the limitations of being an 'animal' . . . he tells us that the great lesson nature has to teach us is that the capacity for joy is perhaps the most singular and most characteristic feature of life . . . a masterful piece of descriptive writing in a quietly Thoreauvian manner." — *E. Nelson Hayes*, *Boston Globe*, and "The greatest of nature writers, like Fabre or Thoreau, had a unique talent for quickening the reader's sense of life — his own and other forms — through a kind of inspired bird's-eye view. The latest American to follow in their footsteps, Joseph Wood Krutch, has much the same flair. As entertaining a naturalist as ever there was." — *Newsweek*.

There are scores more, obviously written out of a sense of contagious enjoyment in a book alive in every line. Let one succinct observation sum it up — " . . . the humility of the truly cultivated man, the wisdom of the learned one. One vote here for the humanist in the desert."

— *John K. Hutchins*, *New York Herald Tribune*
Most of the books advertised in these pages are read quietly — with intense cerebration, or a dimming nostalgic tear, with silent lifting of the scalp or the low-pitched chuckle so irritating to all in ear-shot. Few books make readers scream. But consider

this eloquent — yet actually understated reaction "A book that's needed writing for a long time . . . A book written, as the term goes, in anger and in pity . . . The shaken reader puts it down, stares for a moment and then screams, 'Somebody do something quick.'"

— *Herman Kogan*, *Chicago Sun Times* and this — "Bitter the book is, but its author is not. Rather, he feels the icy fury of outraged conscience and compassionate humanity, a Swiftian, frustrated anger against the dehumanized, punishing demi-life which he anatomizes so fully. There is humor here (the author has a lively style and a sense of situation comedy), but it



is of the wildly rueful kind. Don Kindler's witty, biting drawings underline it nicely. But Drone's story is really a minor part of this book, supplying condiments (instead of sugar coating) for a serious, frightening sociological study. Basically, this is an analysis of uncontrolled profiteering and the rotten fruit it bears in housing developments and their miserable residents. Mr. Keats is thorough and his book devastating. His compelling description of what he calls 'a wild victory for apathy' may prove a telling blow against it." — *A. C. Sectorsky*, *New York Times*
The Crack in the Picture Window (\$3.00), written by **John Keats**, a Washington newspaperman, is the product of disciplined research, of flexible wit and the crackling fury of a justly angry man.



Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. won a Pulitzer prize for the *Age of Jackson* when he was 28. And now comes **The Crisis of the Old Order**, a book that will eventually form part of **The Age of Roosevelt**. Every prepublication reader has made a speech about this event. From the formidably candid *Virginia Kirkus Service*, which tells the bookseller what to buy — "In Schlesinger's view, Roosevelt is the summation of an era in American social, political and economic life. He corresponds, in this respect, to Napoleon; anything about him, whether bearing directly upon his personal achievements or concerned merely with the period in which he lived, is of the same historical substance, compellingly important. The truth of Schlesinger's book is that it uses instances — small and large — of national crisis, statements of opinion, personality sketches, syntheses of philosophic and psychological forces, and even the biographical circumstances of its central hero as exemplifications, as viewpoints, and mass prisms for an almost indefinable movement or idea or embodiment which is the raw nature of 20th century history in America. The materials are transcended and transfigured, and in this creative act their inherent meaning is exposed. Not to be missed by any person with a potential interest in the subject." "It is history with a scope, grandeur, and verve that are seldom found on this side of the Atlantic. Without in the slightest resembling Churchill in style, it has a mature magnificence not often matched elsewhere." writes *Frank Freidel*, of the Department of History at Harvard. Book-of-the-Month Club has made it the March selection. (To be published on March 4 at \$6.00 — but a prepublication order gets it for \$5.00.)



Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers

(CONT. PAGE 81)

The first full story of Russia's most deadly weapon...

■ No army, no bomb, atomic or hydrogen, can match the potential destructive power of the Soviet educational system. The Soviet Union spends almost twice as much of its total national income on education as does America, and may well lead the world in pure nuclear research within the next decade. This year Soviet schools will graduate many more technicians than American schools.

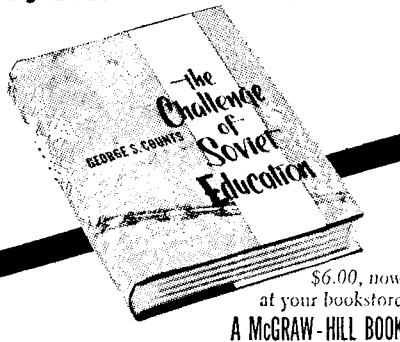
And the danger does not lie in numerical superiority alone. Here is the story of how millions of young Russian men and women are inculcated from infancy with a blind loyalty to dictatorship... how their beliefs are fixed regarding the nature of the universe and the actual changing of the nature of man... the special training given Communist party members... even how political offenders are "re-educated" by the mysterious and barbaric system called katorga.

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CHALLENGE OF SOVIET EDUCATION

By GEORGE S. COUNTS



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BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



"I ALWAYS wanted to be historical, from almost a baby on," wrote the late Gertrude Stein; and she confuted the moralists who say that those whose goal is glory are doomed to be disillusioned with its fruits. When fame finally came to her in her late fifties, she never ceased to revel in it. "I always like," she said, "to be a lion."

An Englishwoman, Elizabeth Sprigge, has given us the first full-dress biography of Miss Stein: *Gertrude Stein: Her Life and Work* (Harper, \$5.00). The author never met her subject, but she has canvassed just about everyone who has anything to tell about Miss Stein; and her book draws on a large number of hitherto unpublished letters. In Miss Sprigge's own interpretations, there is on the whole rather more admiration than penetration. She has, however, presented the facts and conflicting opinions about Miss Stein with a valuable impartiality. Her biography is admirably documented, ably written, and continuously interesting.

At a minimal estimate, Miss Stein's endowments were considerable: a quick intelligence coupled with genuinely original vision; a vitality and magnetism which made many people find her enchanting company; an imaginative spirit of experiment which, though it led her into no end of pretentious wordmongering, did break new ground and produced some writing of exhilarating freshness. At her best she achieved what might be called the shock of simplicity, and its effects were often very funny. She said of Ezra Pound that he was "a village explainer, excellent if you were a village, but if you were not, not"; and of another writer, "He has a certain syrup, but it does not pour."

The trouble with Miss Stein — it stands out even in this sympathetic biography — was that the dominant force in her life was megalomania. In what Katherine Anne Porter has called "the long drone and mutter and stammer of her lifetime monologue," the all-embracing theme is the Ego and I. Her ruling needs were to possess, to dominate, to bask in glory.

The man who reads dictionaries



CLIFTON FADIMAN,
author of *Party of One* and editor of
The American Treasury, says:

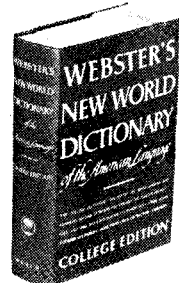
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Her interest in people, in modern art, in literary experiment was inflexibly bound up with her elephantine egotism. Talented visitors to the famous salon who did not show themselves sufficiently impressed with Gertrude Stein were given a chilly brush-off in her autobiography. It annoyed her to hear Joyce praised — she dismissed him as “the end of a series,” not a real creator like herself; it annoyed her to learn that Picasso was writing poetry — “things belonged to you and writing belongs to me.” Friends who forgot that certain things and people belonged to Gertrude Stein were almost invariably banished to the company of those with whom she had “a history of having for a long time not continued to be friends.”

Convinced — or rather, determined to be convinced — that “in English literature in her time [she was] the only one,” she created for herself, with the help of a private income and the infinite solicitude of Alice B. Toklas, a private world impenetrably armored against anything that might damage her self-esteem. This need to remain beyond the reach of criticism was surely, as Edmund Wilson has argued, one source of her obscurity. A good deal of what is zany or impenetrable in her work can also readily be traced to the infantilism that underlies megalomania. When she died at seventy-two, she was still playing the role of wonder child. But in her last years, she fell in love with something other than herself — the GIs in the American Army. And in the final chapter of her life she cuts a figure which is touching and rather endearing.

A singular genius

Joseph Conrad was born one hundred years ago, and his centenary is commemorated by what will probably remain for quite some time to come the definitive Conrad biography: *The Sea Dreamer* (Doubleday, \$4.50) by **Gérard Jean-Aubry** (translated into English by Helen Sebba). M. Jean-Aubry, the French translator of many of Conrad's books, was a close friend of Conrad and his wife. He had bequeathed to him the novelist's private papers, and he has been engaged for more than twenty years in the preparation of this biography.

Among the great masters of the novel, there are few whose lives stir the imagination as does that of Joseph Conrad, né Teodor Józef Konrad Korzeniowski. There were three cru-

The Peripatetic Advertiser

(CONT.)

Another PA swing — two-thirds of a circle — along the fiction shelf. The lazy shimmering silence of a Maine island, the held-breath quiet of a burgled apartment in Mayfair, the placid pious hush of a Shaker settlement, the absence of all sound in an African town on the edge of a little, deadly war — these are the images in four novels, all in their greatly different ways, worth exploration.

Charles Braceen Flood won a Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship award, four years ago, with a novel *Love is A Bridge*, that was accepted with instant and happy conviction by critics who said, “One of the best novels so far published this year . . . He has the blessed good sense . . . to know that his function is to create interesting people and involve them in interesting situations.” — *Orville Prescott, N. Y. Times* and readers — who made it a national bestseller immediately. He has written a second novel of the world he is at home in — the world of Harvard in the Korean age, of Manhattan and the coast of Maine, of a generation that moves toward diploma and simultaneously a garrison cap. **A Distant Drum** (\$4.50)



Contrary to all of your reasonable assumptions burglary is not always infallibly easy, even for the fine artist among burglars. **Donald MacKenzie** has served several prison sentences, presumably because of momentary lapses in technique, but he writes *Manhunt* (\$3.50) without a faltering step. If you can be careless of your blood pressure read for example the scene in which his adroit protagonist moves into an unconventionally chosen apartment. There are many useful tips — a hideout is most comfortable when its legitimate occupants are vacationing abroad, a Yale lock yields — in time — to the strip of celluloid in able hands, best not to leave one's picklocks on the doorstep no matter what the provocation. A thriller — an extraordinary one.



Janice Holt Giles has written several novels of the breed of people who made their own the lush and savage country of Kentucky. In her new novel *The Believers* (\$3.75) she moves on a generation to the fruits of pioneering, the profits of settlement and the new threats to the spiritual life of an isolated community.

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The Rapids (\$3.50) by **Basil Davidson** suggested “A Passage to India” to two of its earliest readers here. It is quite memorably the story of a man, secure in his old fashioned colonialism, who must meet the tragic onslaught of a harsh and newly articulate adversary in Central Africa. “Most profound, moving and memorable . . . this is one of the fairest and finest novels yet written about racial problems in Africa.” — *Birmingham Post* “. . . is abundantly worth reading . . . it affords an exceptional insight into the human problems thrown up by the rising stress of modern Africa.” — *Tribune*

You're not off to basic training, you have a legal right to your front door key, you are not a member of a celibate community, your daughter does not propose to marry a man of another color, but there are people and motives and destinies that you will recognize very fully in any of these books.



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cial turning points in his life, and in each instance what we find it convenient to call chance appears to have played a fateful role in determining the course he took. If Poland had had a seacoast when Conrad was a youth, he would almost certainly have gone to sea in Polish ships and not become an exile. But for a venture into gun-running, whose disastrous outcome was linked with the end of a romantic love affair, he might not have been prompted to leave France for England, where, at twenty-one, he had to begin teaching himself a new language. And if a journey to the Congo had not left him permanently burdened with ill health, he would probably have continued for years to sail the seas rather than devote himself to writing.

When Conrad was five, his father — a Polish gentleman of letters active in his country's struggle for independence — was arrested by the Tsarist police and sent into confinement in Russia. Conrad shared his father's exile, and at eleven he was an orphan. The avid reading in which he found a refuge from the somberness of his childhood aroused in him a longing for adventure, which crystallized into a compulsion to go to sea — an astonishing vocation for a young man of distinguished family. At seventeen he finally overcame the resistance of his kindly guardians and traveled to Marseilles, where he signed up as apprentice on a French sailing ship.

Conrad's sailing career — he obtained his master's certificate at twenty-nine — lasted twenty years; and it took him to the West Indies, Africa, Australia, and especially the Orient. It is profoundly ironic that a man who, critics agree, was so very much an artist should have turned to literature so late and so casually. Conrad had never taken a note, had never seriously entertained the ambition of becoming an author, when he started at thirty-two, with no plan in his head, to write the novel that was published six years later as *Almayer's Folly*. It was well received critically and Conrad rapidly achieved, as he put it, "a certain — literary — reputation." But it was not until the publication of *Chance* in 1914 that he won wide popularity and fame.

M. Jean-Aubry has wisely not weighted his book with critical reappraisal. The greatness of Conrad has been celebrated by judges as exacting as Henry James, Virginia Woolf, and more recently, F. R. Leavis; and there

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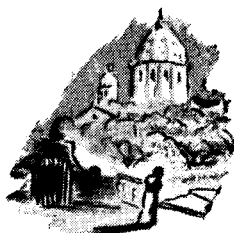
is relatively little acute controversy about his work. About the man himself — strong, melancholy, complex, and strangely attractive — there has always been, despite his autobiography, a certain mystery; and M. Jean-Aubry has appreciably diminished it. There is one curious and apparently deliberate omission in *The Sea Dreamer*: it says very little about Conrad's wife and his relationship with her.

Prejudice: past and present

Oscar Handlin, Professor of History at Harvard and winner of a Pulitzer Prize, is a scholar in whose vision and style there is a distinct touch of the poet. At a time when much historical writing displays an inordinate veneration for the sheer accumulation of detail, Mr. Handlin — while he certainly gives hard facts the primary place which is their due — refreshingly demonstrates that scholarship can be well served by documentary selectivity; and that there are more telling ways of interpreting the past than by cautiously piling fact upon fact. He recognizes that the imagination has a creative role to play in the historian's task, and he writes with a grace and verve that are rare among American scholars. In his latest book, *Race and Nationality in American Life* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.00), he has produced a study of prejudice and bigotry in our history that is level-headed, illuminating, and readable.

Mr. Handlin's point of departure is the origins of Negro slavery and the subsequent condition of the Negro. His second section discusses the emergence of racist doctrines in nineteenth-century science and their impact on American life, especially in regard to immigrants. It shows, with devastating precision, the workings of prejudice in the false assertions and shameless distortions of fact that run through the 1910 report of the Immigration Commission — a report whose eventual result was the Johnson Act and the national-origins quota system currently in force. The third part of Mr. Handlin's book charts the improvement which has gradually taken place in the status of American minorities since the late nineteen-thirties, and analyzes the factors responsible for the decline of prejudice and racism. The concluding section surveys the present situation, and finds hopeful potentialities in the ascendant.

While the appeal to prejudice and racism, Mr. Handlin notes, has fre-



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Son of Dust

by H. F. M. PRESCOTT

quently been used for purposes of economic exploitation, he punctures the Marxist view which attributes these ills to exploitation alone. He diagnoses them as a psychological problem, intimately bound up, of course, with the condition of society. My chief criticism of Handlin's book is that his analysis of the sources of prejudice deserved to be more fully developed, and that its specific applications to the American scene should have been given more emphasis. The most rewarding passages are those in which Handlin does single out particular conditions in American history which created the insecurities and tensions conducive to prejudice and discrimination. These passages make it readily understandable why, contrary to what our official mythology would lead one to suppose, American experience has at various times proved a fertile breeding ground for prejudice.

The Outsider

The Fall (Knopf, \$3.00) by Albert Camus, a much-discussed best seller in France, is his first work of fiction since *The Plague* (1948); it comes to us in an excellent translation by Justin O'Brien. Having always felt that Camus's potentialities were greater as an artist than as a philosopher — he is surely the most gifted, artistically, of the writers who emerged as Paris Mandarins after the war — I was disappointed to find that *The Fall* is essentially a philosophic treatise dressed up in fictional trappings. The artist, to be sure, has done his share on the job with enormous effectiveness: he has shaped a series of monologues, the most monotonous of literary forms, into a story of philosophical suspense that is brilliantly written and continuously intriguing. However, the flesh and blood of the book are ideas which are not dramatized but expounded, and which, for the most part, left me with a sense of *déjà vu*.

The narrator — a Frenchman named Clamence who is forcing his personal history on a compatriot, buttonholed in an underworld bar in Amsterdam — is that now familiar type, the Outsider. A few years earlier, Clamence relates, he was a Parisian lawyer well known for specializing in "noble cases" — a success in every department of life, including philandering, and a man in harmony with his conscience. One night he heard laughter behind his back — but no one was there; and presently he began to feel



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that it was the world which was laughing at him. The experiences he proceeds to describe reflect the classic crisis of the Outsider: the gradual awakening to self-knowledge and to lucid confrontation of the human condition, which brings with it a shattering awareness of self-deceptions and guilt. Clamence was especially haunted by the memory, previously suppressed, that he did not go to the rescue of a girl who threw herself into the Seine. He became obsessed with the notion that "people hasten to judge in order not to be judged themselves," and he concluded that, since no man is innocent, judgments made from the standpoint of righteousness are a fraud.

To live "in the realm of truth," Clamence discovered, was intolerable. The "solution" he finally found was to become what he calls a "judge-penitent." He has regained his sense of superiority and is able to indulge his need to dominate by going around confessing that he is the lowest of low, thereby provoking his listeners into judging and abasing themselves. The denouement is full of paradox, and its meanings are not altogether clear. One of the morals of the fable would seem to be that modern man, when he sees through his comforting illusions, cannot recapture "the holy innocence of those who forgive themselves"; he can only reconcile himself to life by wallowing in the knowledge that guilt is universal and by perpetually reminding himself that all man-made judgments are arbitrary and absurd.

The Fall mordantly expresses Camus's aversion for hypocrisy and self-righteousness, and to that extent its thought is exhilarating. But in the supposed tough-mindedness of Camus and of the Paris Existentialists, there is an irritating streak of sentimentality in reverse: a sort of philosophic *nostalgie de la boue* which leads them, at times, to mistake for lucidity the compulsion to believe that only that which is unbearable can be true.

Fiction chronicle

A Legacy (Simon & Schuster, \$3.50) by Sybille Bedford wears on its dust jacket a brilliant posy of tributes from half-a-dozen well-known men and women of letters. An accolade of this kind usually owes something to friendship, but unquestionably the book is an original and attractive period piece; it has—the word imposes itself—more "class"



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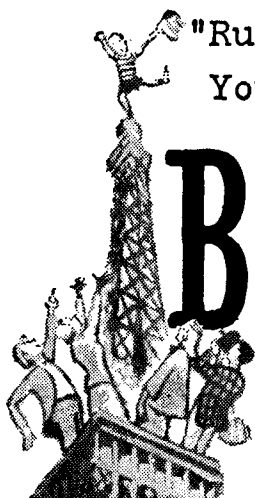
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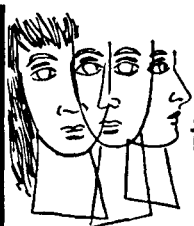
than any other work of fiction that has come my way in quite some time. Aldous Huxley's summation could hardly be improved upon: "An interesting, odd, unclassifiable book, at once historical novel and study of character, a collection of brilliantly objective portraits."

The narrative, which spans the half century before the First World War, is the saga of two prominent German families, one Jewish, one Catholic — the Merzes, who have grown immensely rich through banking and trade; and the von Feldens, who belong to the old nobility. These clans are brought together by a surprising marriage. Julius von Felden — a handsome dandy, seductive to women; an idler whose passions are animals and bric-a-brac, and whose gentle remoteness conceals a rock-ribbed egotism — marries the lovely and sheltered Melanie Merz and takes her to his beloved Spain. In the gloomy solitude of her life there, she withers and soon dies of consumption. But the destinies of the Merzes and the von Feldens remain lastingly and intimately linked.

Miss Bedford's story, which covers the lives of the numerous members of both families, is narrated by Julius's daughter by his second wife. Although she was only nine years old when the saga she is chronicling came to an end, she unfolds it from the vantage point of the omniscient observer — an old-fashioned trick which becomes obtrusive only when the narrator offers flimsy explanations of how she came about her knowledge.

The novel's distinctions are its style, which is elegant, witty, and always deliciously poised; its portraiture, so sharply defined and so richly individual; and above all, the vividness, the bravura, the freedom from the glaze of nostalgia, with which Miss Bedford re-creates the whole way of life of a privileged society. The opulent comfort and the (to us) appalling discomforts; the stuffiness and glitter; the blessings and the penalties resulting from the strength of family feeling; the boredom of wives while husbands played; the lush flowering of eccentricity — everything is presented with cool objectivity, and assumes before the reader's eye a wonderfully solid reality.

In her new novel, *A Small Fire* (Dial, \$3.50), Gladys Schmitt portrays with insight and compassion a not uncommon type who is outwardly insufferable and who has usually been



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treated in fiction simply as a monster: the man of flawed talent who protects his self-esteem by adopting an arrogant and contemptuous aloofness.

The man in question is Arthur Sanes, a bachelor of around forty, who has just become a piano teacher in a second-string college of liberal arts. He arrives with a reputation which is small but to his colleagues glamorous, since it keeps alive the promise, no longer left to them, of a musical career. Very soon his icy unsociability, his insulting sarcasm, and his flaunting of his superiority earn him a dislike which he appears deliberately to cultivate. The only person to whom he behaves halfway decently is the narrator of the story, Frieda Hartmann, a spinster of thirty-six who teaches singing. An awkward, erratic friendship develops between them and presently Frieda falls in love with Sanes, only to encounter a succession of bitter disillusionments. A New York recital by Sanes brings the novel to a climax in which his pretensions are shattered, pathetically if temporarily, and Frieda discovers the flaw and the shame against which he has armored himself in aggressive pride.

There is one psychological point that troubled me. Frieda is portrayed as a lonely but on the whole normal and keenly perceptive woman; and it is hard to believe that anyone but an out-and-out masochist would fall in love with a man who shows, as glaringly as Sanes does, that he is compulsively driven to wound others. With this reservation, I found the characterization convincing and the story moving. Miss Schmitt's writing, her plotting, and her handling of the academic background are excellent. And her great virtue is that she seeks consistently to understand; she does not create characters simply for the fun of despising them.

The Dark of Summer (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.95) by Eric Linklater, who has some fine books to his credit, is rather lacking in point; its saving graces are that Linklater is a superb storyteller and a richly stylish writer. The ingredients are a startlingly mixed lot — a love affair; a wartime drama of espionage in the Faeroe and Shetland Islands; a murder mystery dating back two centuries; fighting in North Africa, Italy, and Korea; and a touch of the supernatural. Mr. Linklater has ingeniously fused these elements into a singular tale in the romantic tradition. It may signify little, but it weaves a spell.



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Albert Camus THE FALL

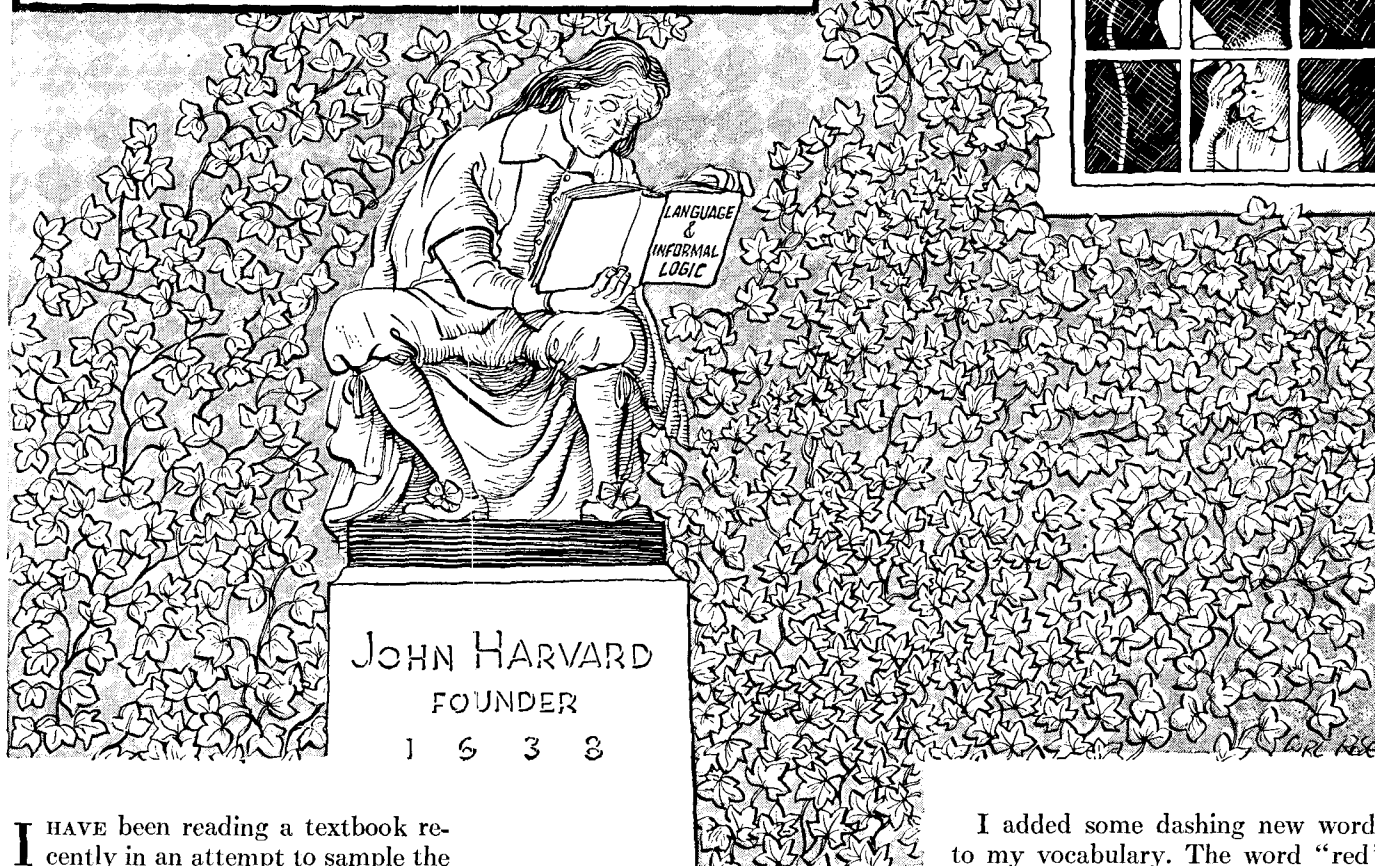
A new and major work of fiction by the man who, since the death of Thomas Mann, is in our opinion Europe's greatest living writer. Camus, in his first novel since *The Plague*, has chosen a subject worthy of his supreme gifts: the conscience of modern man in the face of evil. Masterful in style and form, *The Fall* is elegant, mordant, brilliant with aphorism and paradox. *Translated by Justin O'Brien. \$3.00*

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ACCENT ON LIVING



I HAVE been reading a textbook recently in an attempt to sample the General Education A course which is obligatory at Harvard for most of the freshman class. *Language and Informal Logic*, so the book is titled, and of its purpose the authors, Robert T. Harris and James L. Jarrett, assert: —

“The authors have tried to give a simple but accurate picture of what languages are and do, and to discuss various kinds of meaning and the linguistic vehicles that convey them. It is not their intention to teach composition, rhetoric, or speech but rather to forward learning in those subjects by a general discussion of language and informal logic.

“We have made abundant use,” they continue, “of studies in many fields: linguistics, anthropology, sociology, psychology, and physiology; logic, semantics, and communication theory; lexicography and grammar; speech, rhetoric, composition, poetry, and literary criticism.”

My reading of what they gleaned from so many diverse subjects was rewarded by much that was novel to

me — so much, in fact, that I should like to share with the *Atlantic* reader some of the more unexpected items. I had not gone far when I found *Signs, Language and Behavior*, by Charles Morris, recurring in several of the authors’ chapter lists under the heading “Sources and Advanced Reading.” I recalled that Charles Morris, in the glossary which he supplied to assist readers of his book, had defined an “ambiguous sign” as “a sign-vehicle that is not unambiguous,” and although I found nothing quite so piquant as this in *Language and Informal Logic*, there were many other ideas for me to cogitate.

On page 19 I read: “Despite Longfellow’s lines,

Learned of every bird its language
Learned their names and all their secrets
Talked with them whene’er he met them . . .

Hiawatha learned only pre-lingual sign behavior from the animals.”

I added some dashing new words to my vocabulary. The word “red” is a “plurisituational” word because it can describe a number of different objects that are red. “Plurisituationality” — another of my new words — is not necessarily the same in all languages, and I learned that to the Russians the “hot” of hot coffee is not the “hot” of hot weather. No plurisituationists they. I picked up many facts about iconic signs and their iconicity. The authors tell us: “‘Bow-wow’ is iconic; but it is also in part conventional; the French and German equivalents, ‘Gnaf, gnaf,’ and ‘Wau-Wau,’ are more poignantly onomatopoeic.” I was impressed, also, by the possibility that psychological, as hyphenated by Count Korzybski, means something different from psychological without the hyphen. To discover the difference between categorematic and syncategorematic words was a delight, even though both groups seem to have been lurking among the old-fashioned parts of speech under a worn-out system of nomenclature.

Many changes in nomenclature —

all for the better, so the authors seem to feel — are remarked in *Language and Informal Logic*. In a further reference to Charles Morris, I read: —

“Charles Morris, who uses the word ‘signifies’ instead of ‘means,’ helps us understand the function of signifying by distinguishing four *modes*. Two of them correspond, roughly, with what Russell called the ‘indicative’ and the ‘imperative.’ Morris’ names are: the *designative* mode and the *prescriptive* mode. Another mode is the *appraisive*, and a fourth, the *formative*, about which we will say only that it has to do with what in Chapter IV were called the syncategorematic expressions, words which help order discourse.”

The book abounds in definitions of all sorts. Considerable attention is given to “meaning,” or rather to what “meaning” means. (One supposes that in the language of Charles Morris this becomes what signification signifies.)

Continuing their explanation of

Charles Morris’ terms, the authors tell us: —

“A homely dialogue will help us understand these ways of meaning. Suppose that a tourist is quizzing a service station operator:

“T. Where’s a good place to eat around here?

“O. ‘The Greasy Spoon’ is about the best place in this town.

“T. Where is it?

“O. Across the street and down two blocks. Tell the manager I sent you.

“The two questions may be taken as prescriptive: they are demands for information, they prescribe a verbal response. The first answer is clearly appraisive: ‘The Greasy Spoon’ is given a clean bill of health. The restaurant is located for the tourist, and this is a designative matter. And the parting shot is prescriptive in suggesting an action.

“This brief analysis indicates that meaning or signifying is in its broadest sense a matter of the various functionings of signs or more particu-

larly of language. A given use of language has meaning when it is a relatively successful *means* for the end of communication. A person means; he means through his words, so words subordinately mean; his words have meaning for somebody, the person communicated to; and they mean something: they mean in the sense of designating or indicating, or they mean in the sense of appraising or evaluating or expressing desire or preference, or they mean in the sense of recommending or suggesting or demanding a certain action.”

I am not altogether sure what the final sentence in the authors’ preface means — or signifies. It comes after they have mentioned by name and expressed their gratitude to several individuals who helped them in writing the book. “All made helpful criticisms and suggestions,” the preface concludes. “The latter four read the entire, or nearly the entire, manuscript.”

CHARLES W. MORTON

BUTTONS ARE AN EXTRA

by MICHAEL JACKSON

MICHAEL JACKSON lives at Laguna Beach, California, where he is the editor of a weekly newspaper. He is the author of two novels and has written for the films and radio.

BUSINESS journals report that Detroit is overloaded with new automobiles. Sales are way down. The men’s clothing business, on the other hand, is booming. A readjustment in industry is inevitable. The way I see it, auto dealers will simply move into the men’s wear field. Soon the typical transaction will go like this: —

Man, viewing television commercial, calls excitedly to wife: “Cynthia! It’s the opportunity of a lifetime! Friendly Frank, the Merry Men’s Wear Dealer, is offering suits, complete with buttonholes, for a down payment of only two dollars and twenty-eight cents.”

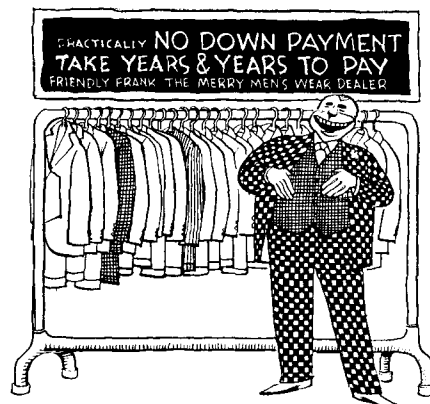
Cynthia rushes into the room to throw her arms about her husband. “Oh, Winthrop!” she exclaims. “That is a truly amazing offer, one that no budget-minded family can afford to miss!”

“Not in these days of soaring prices,” Winthrop agrees. “What’s

more, Friendly Frank says to come on down right now, while he can still make this astounding offer. Friendly Frank is losing on every deal.”

“Then won’t Friendly Frank go bankrupt?”

“He must sell fifty suits by Sunday to reach his quota. Cynthia, let’s be realistic about this. What is Friendly Frank’s loss is our gain. He says to



rush to his convenient location immediately, just as we are.”

“In this old Dior?”

“Yes. At Friendly Frank’s they are all Just Folks. You are always welcome to stop by and say howdy and introduce yourself.”

“Then let us hurry before this truly fabulous offer is withdrawn.”

They run to their car and speed toward Friendly Frank’s.

“Think of it, Cynthia,” says Winthrop. “For the cost of no more than a pack of Sen Sen a day, I will be able to move up from a two-button suit to a three-button Super Style Ivy League Executive model, lapels optional.”

“Oh, it’s the prestige model of the year,” Cynthia agrees. “Pricewise, it’s economical, too. Tests prove that the charcoal gray high-style three-button Ivy Leaguer can be worn to an average of fifteen teas, five cocktail parties, or two sales conventions without requiring cleaning or pressing.”

Their laughter turns to solemn quiet. All the suits might be sold before their arrival. But Cynthia and Winthrop are in luck. Friendly Frank’s is brightly lighted, and there are many new suits on the racks. Winthrop, a shrewd number, kicks one of the suits, then walks around it, an expression of disdain on his face. A salesman says, “Howdy, folks.”

“Howdy, folk,” replies Winthrop. “I am Winthrop Addington Astoria the Third, polo player, collector of

first editions, member of the Stock Exchange, and popular in the International Set. This is my wife."

The salesman takes their trade-in suit. "Oh, I can see you are folks all right, and you got yourself a deal. Sign here. Payments start the thirty-first."

"How long do the payments last?"

"Now don't you fret your head about that none," the salesman assures them. "Before you know it, your children will be able to take over the payments. After that, your grandchildren can make the payments. Why, those little rascals will be grown up before you know it. It's the American way."

"Well, how much am I allowed for my trade-in suit?"

"Nobody's wearing pin-stripes today," the salesman says. "I can't give them away. But I'll allow you four dollars for it anyway, and take it out of my commission."

"But Friendly Frank said on television I could get up to ninety dollars."

"Oh, not when you buy the Super Style Ivy Leaguer. I can give you ninety dollars against one of our one-legged pants suits, but you don't want no one-legged suit. That's only for a one-legged man with a small family. Tell you what I'll do, though. I'll allow you four dollars and fifty cents, and give up eating lunches for a week."

The salesman takes the new suit from the rack. On the back, in silver-chrome thread, are stitched the words: *Ivy League Super Style*. In the breast pocket is a handkerchief



with *Friendly Frank, The Merry Suit Dealer* sewn in black.

"You get the handkerchief free," the salesman explains. "You got yourself a real good suit here, a nice three-buttonhole job. What you ought to get is some buttons. A coat looks better with buttons. Besides, they'll

come in handy when you want to button your coat. Buttons are fifty cents apiece. We can let you have some small buttons for the cuffs at ten cents apiece, labor extra. Now, unless you want to take a chance of tripping in dangerous wet weather, my advice is that you get those pants shortened. I can give you an estimate on that right now. With flaps on the pockets and notches in the lapels, plus center vent, the whole suit won't come to much more than one hundred and thirty-eight, ninety-nine, plus interest."

Cynthia and Winthrop are perplexed. "This is more than I had expected," Winthrop says weakly. "Perhaps we'd better think this over."

"You signed the contract," the salesman says. "Soon as you take it off the rack it's a used suit. Tell you



what I'll do, though. I'll take it back on a trade-in against a six-button, peak lapel, double-breasted Chairman of the Board Pin-stripe that will cost you no more than the price of a chicken dinner a day."

"No," says Winthrop. "I'll wear the Ivy Leaguer till the Fifty-Eights come out."

"Okay, then. And that will be five dollars extra for the synchromeshmatic zipper on the fly. If you don't put your pants on slow the first five hundred times, we do not guarantee the zipper." The salesman walks to the door with them. "Sure been nice dealing with you folks. Here at Friendly Frank's we are always glad to carry your suit out to your car. Carrying charges are only 6 per cent, so you might as well enjoy this friendly service. Hurry back, now."

THE ANALYST'S LAMENT

by M. PHILIP STERN

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood
When deep introspection presents them to view!
How joyous the paths in the deep-tangled wild wood
Of symbols, repressions my infancy knew!

The orchard, the meadow, the wide-spreading pond
(A substitute earth-mother of whom I was fond),
The bridge where I stood and the rock that I threw
(At the waterfall father, and the sibling all new).
The symbols are clear, the meanings all jell
Except for a *bucket* that hung in the well.

The well-water bubbled (for boyhood purity)
To wash off the dirt on my face (insecurity),
And the dream of the river, the mill wheel awhirl,
Told me I knew Pa had wanted a girl.
The patterned rejection was easy to tell
But what was that *bucket* that hung in the well?

The day I was whipped, dramatic, traumatic,
Is why all my symptoms are psychosomatic —
Yes, marked by resistance and written in dream,
The things of my childhood are more than they seem
. . . Except for that one thing, that last citadel,
That slippery *bucket* that hung in the well.

Now far removed from the loved habitation
I see my regressions and projected hell
When fancy reverts to my father's frustration
And brings on the symptoms I know oh so well.

But what *is* that *bucket*, that old *oaken* bucket,
That *iron-bound* bucket, that *moss-covered* bucket
That *hung* there, that *hung there*, that *hung in the well*?



THE DUSENBERG PLACE

by ALEX ATKINSON

ALEX ATKINSON lives in London, has written several plays and three novels; his shorter work appears frequently in *Punch* and other periodicals.

I DON'T want anyone to think I go to the cinema simply for entertainment. I'm a shrewd man with a serious turn of mind. I like to find out about *people*; and after half a lifetime of watching American films, I have been able to build up a vivid mental picture of the typical American family — the Dusenbergs.

The Dusenberg place is a handsome, colonial-style, brownstone, pre-fabricated, weatherboard house designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. It has a porch, and the ground floor consists of one room, combining living room, bar, dinette, and kitchen, on account of the shortage of doors in the U.S. During the hot weather everybody sleeps on the roof. Here too the family gathers each year when the floods carry the house another few miles nearer the Mississippi, or the Potomac, or the Hudson, or wherever it is.

Somewhere around the back of the house there is a kind of barn, where an old character-man is constantly shoeing horses, whittling, spitting, saying "Goldarn it," or teaching the young'uns how to track mountain lion without stepping on a twig. He is Zeke, the handy man, or hand. He is also called Rube, or sometimes Seth, or Cain, or Abel.

Each bedroom has an adjoining bathroom, and people keep coming out of these bathrooms at all hours of the day or night, fresh from the shower, wearing luxurious beach robes if they are male, and transparent negligees if they are not. Then they

either light a Chesterfield and drift downstairs to mix a Martini in a Steuben glass jug, or they light a Lucky and go into a built-in wardrobe to find a frock.

Sometimes they find a body as well, and when the D.A. comes he may have to hold a Dusenberg on suspicion, and pretty soon the colored maid has given her notice, and the brooding silence of night descends on the Dusenberg place.

There is also an attic, where relatives who are fleeing from the F.B.I., the Reds, the Feds, the gorillas, a blonde, or whatever it is they are fleeing from, may hide out until the thing blows over. Here also, in a trunk, there is the ball dress that was worn by an ancestor of Mrs. Dusenberg on the night the Civil War broke out. Every time Mrs. Dusenberg creeps up to get it out and fondle it, she hears violins playing "Dixie."

Mrs. Dusenberg is getting on in years now (rising thirty-eight). She has honey-colored hair, like everybody else, bust 37, waist 24, hips 34. She can sing, swim, play the piano, make coffee, ride horses, hold a gun the right way round, and see without glasses. Her name is Virginia.

Her daughter is Gail, aged eighteen (honey-colored hair, bust 37, waist 24, hips 34). She can do everything Mom can do, and several other things, like working up such a lather in her bath that an onlooker would never know whether she had on a swim suit or not.

Mr. Dusenberg (Ed) is an executive who never has anything on his desk but framed photographs; and whenever he comes home worn out from the office, something terrible has happened. Sometimes escaped convicts are dozing in the living room with prices on their heads and their feet up on the hi-fi equipment. Sometimes the place is surrounded by mutation ants eight feet tall. Sometimes Dwight, the son, is toying with the idea of becoming a liberal. Whatever it is, Ed gets it sorted out before long, but it doesn't help his ulcers.

One way and another, the Dusenbergs live a pretty full life. They go to their summer place in the Adirondacks in the fall, and one match is all they need to set fire to the logs in the grate. Ed spends a good deal of his time in Chicago, wearing a comical hat with a tassel on it for the sake of convention, and watching naked call girls pop up out of cakes but not meaning any harm. When he isn't

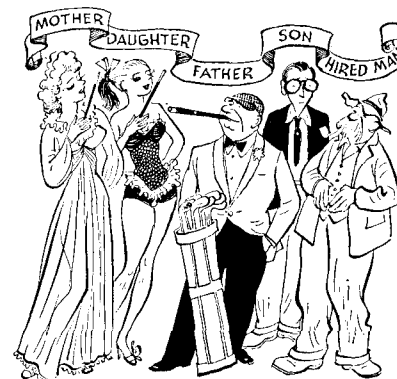
there you'll find him chewing gum in a bowling alley, eating nuts at a ball game, being sworn in as a deputy in Wyoming Territory, being pushed off a cliff by Virginia and her no-good boy friend for the sake of the insurance, or wrestling on a girder with some Commies, with the plans in his pocket and Virginia down below wringing her hands.

Gail is usually winning a beauty contest. At other times she is courted by a mortician with a crew cut who keeps taking her to the Stork Club in a Yellow Cab; kidnaped by men with eyes like slits who keep squabbling among themselves about which of them is going to give her a great big kiss; or chosen to play the lead in a Big Musical because she hasn't any experience.

I know it all sounds idyllic, but there are snags and hazards. For one thing, the telephone wires are tapped the whole time. For another thing, it's not too easy to get to sleep at night, what with the wail of sirens, and the television, and the Mardi Gras.

Sometimes I wonder how the Dusenbergs have managed to put up with it all these years, but I suppose there are compensations. They can go on a picnic with two thousand other people to get away from it all, and maybe pull somebody's shirt off. They can be psychoanalyzed. They can be married in the small hours by doddery reverends in their dressing gowns. They can go to college and major in tap dancing. They can get on a committee at the drop of a hat, or in the movies at the hitch of a skirt. If the worst comes to the worst, they can spend ten days in Europe and realize how fortunate they are to have a refrigerator, two cars, and a sheriff who can't be bribed.

The point is, I know them as well as I know the people next door, and I don't want Hollywood to think I'm not grateful for the knowledge.





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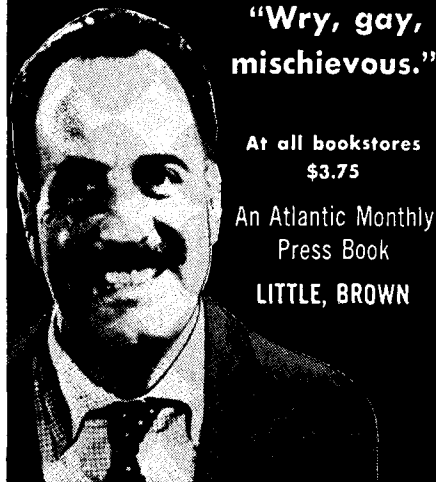
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LITTLE, BROWN



by JOHN M. CONLY

Brahms: Concerto No. 2 (Alexander Uninsky, piano; Willem Van Otterloo conducting Hague Philharmonic Orchestra; Epic LC-3303: 12"). For no very good reason, Van Otterloo protracts his opening measures to the point of languor, and very deceptively. The rest of the performance is motile and vital. In fact, though it is in no way perfect, I think it is the best version around, better in sound than the old London-Backhaus and in nearly all respects than any other since the vintage Horowitz-Toscanini. Uninsky, not always graceful, still cleaves faithfully to the music's intent, and Otterloo gives a big, brave, beautiful reading. Recommended.

Bruckner: Symphony No. 4, "Romantic" (William Steinberg conducting Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra; Capitol P-8352: 12"). At the risk of revealing myself as a very imperfect Brucknerite, I shall state a preference for this over the Viennese versions by Knappertsbusch (London) and Klemperer (Vox). They play it like Wagner, massive and murky; Steinberg brightens and clarifies. This discloses Bruckner's dramatic discontinuity, but capitalizes on his artistry as an orchestrator. My sole complaint is that the Pittsburgh Orchestra, brilliantly delineated here, sometimes sounds too small.

Charpentier: Louise (Jean Fournet conducting Berthe Monmart, André Laroze, Solange Michel, other soloists; Chorus and Orchestra of the Paris Opéra-Comique; Epic SC-6018: three 12"). I have been trying to figure out why *Louise* should always, as it does, put me in mind of *Seventh Heaven*. I suppose it is because it is, so to speak, ash-can drama elevated by sweet and uninhibited sentiment, and because it is extremely Parisian. Here, in any case, you can have it at its very and most Parisian best. Even the voices of the singers, nearly all unknown to me heretofore, are unmistakably Parisian, with a little touch of street call in them. (I do hope the poet treated the girl right, after her

father threw her out, and so will you. Listen and see.)

Dvořák: Cello Concerto with **Tchaikovsky: Variations on a Roccoco Theme** (Gaspar Cassado, cello; Jonel Perlea conducting Pro Musica Orchestra of Vienna; Vox PL-9360: 12"). In his third microgroove recording of the Dvořák, Cassado finally is paired with a conductor who can get along with his four-square style and help him slam the concerto across. The joint product is very honest and vigorous, and strong in sound. It hasn't, however, the subtlety and high finish of the Nelsova-Krips performance for London. How do you like your Dvořák served?

Handel: Solomon (Sir Thomas Beecham conducting soloists; Beecham Choral Society; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Angel 3546-B: two 12"). Most of *Solomon* is unfamiliar to most of us, and most of it is here — though Sir Thomas has edited it liberally and reorchestrated it as well. It sounds amply authentic, however, and certainly is effective. Don't expect another *Messiah*. *Solomon* does not seize and enthrall the attention throughout, but it repays the generous listener. And some portions, for instance the "Nightingale Chorus," are irresistible in the widest Handelian sense of the word. A beautiful package and beautifully recorded.

Orff: Die Kluge (Wolfgang Sawalisch conducting Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Marcel Cordes, other soloists; Philharmonia Orchestra; Angel 3551-B: two 12"). Perhaps astutely, American listeners have decided that an Orff work is genuinely Orffian in the degree that it resembles *Carmina Burana*, his first big success piece here. By this standard, *Die Kluge* (The Wise Woman) will rate high, since it has all the piquant ribaldry and percussive rhythm that put *Carmina Burana* across. It is a setting of a fairy tale about a peasant seeress who outpoints a king given to lethal quiz games. Its philosophical byplay, incidentally, may lay at rest gossip about Orff's putative sub-Nazism, for it seems to me to incorporate the purest



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Fabian Socialist dialogue I have heard
in some time. Very enjoyable.

Pepusch-Gay-Austin: *The Beggar's Opera* (Sir Malcolm Sargent
conducting singers; Pro Arte Chorus
and Orchestra, with actors of the Old
Vic company; RCA Victor LM-6048:
two 12"). Probably everyone knows
the delightful tale of how John Gay,
revolted by the courtly opera of early
Georgian times, brewed against it a
satirical musical play peopled by
thieves and cutthroats singing candid,
earthy verses to traditional English
tunes. It was deemed cleverly hilari-
ous then, and it must have been, for
it still is now. Of the original sixty-
nine episodes, thirty-seven have been
preserved in this edition by Frederic
Austin—just about the right num-
ber, for they sustain the continuity
and also the high, wicked humor.
The presentation is admirable in all
ways.

Verdi: Selections, assembled un-
der the title *Verdi and Toscanini*
(Arturo Toscanini conducting NBC
Symphony Orchestra, with Zinka Mi-
lanov, Vivian Della Chiesa, Nan Mer-
riman, Jan Peerce, Leonard Warren,
Nicola Moscona; the Westminster
Choir; RCA Victor LM-6041: two
12"). The selection, both tasteful and
enlightening, was made by RCA Vic-
tor mostly from transcriptions of pro-
grams between 1942 and 1948. In-
cluded are the whole fourth act of
Rigoletto, performed as written (Tos-
canini, remember, played in opera or-
chestras conducted by Verdi); the
overtures to *I Vespri Siciliani*, *Luisa
Miller*, and *La Forza del Destino*; the
Hymn of the Nations (from the OWI
film sound track); arias and ensemble
scenes from *Nabucco*, *I Lombardi*,
Luisa Miller, and *Otello*. Not a great
deal can be said about these record-
ings, except that no one who cares
very much about either Toscanini or
Verdi can possibly abstain from their
purchase and that the sound, con-
sidering the vintage of the transcrip-
tions, is astonishingly good through-
out. It can be noted that Jan Peerce,
as the Duke in *Rigoletto*, was not al-
lowed the customary indulgence in a
high B at the end of *La donna è mo-
bile*, but that isn't important. What
is important is the fire that always
came alight when Toscanini played
Verdi.



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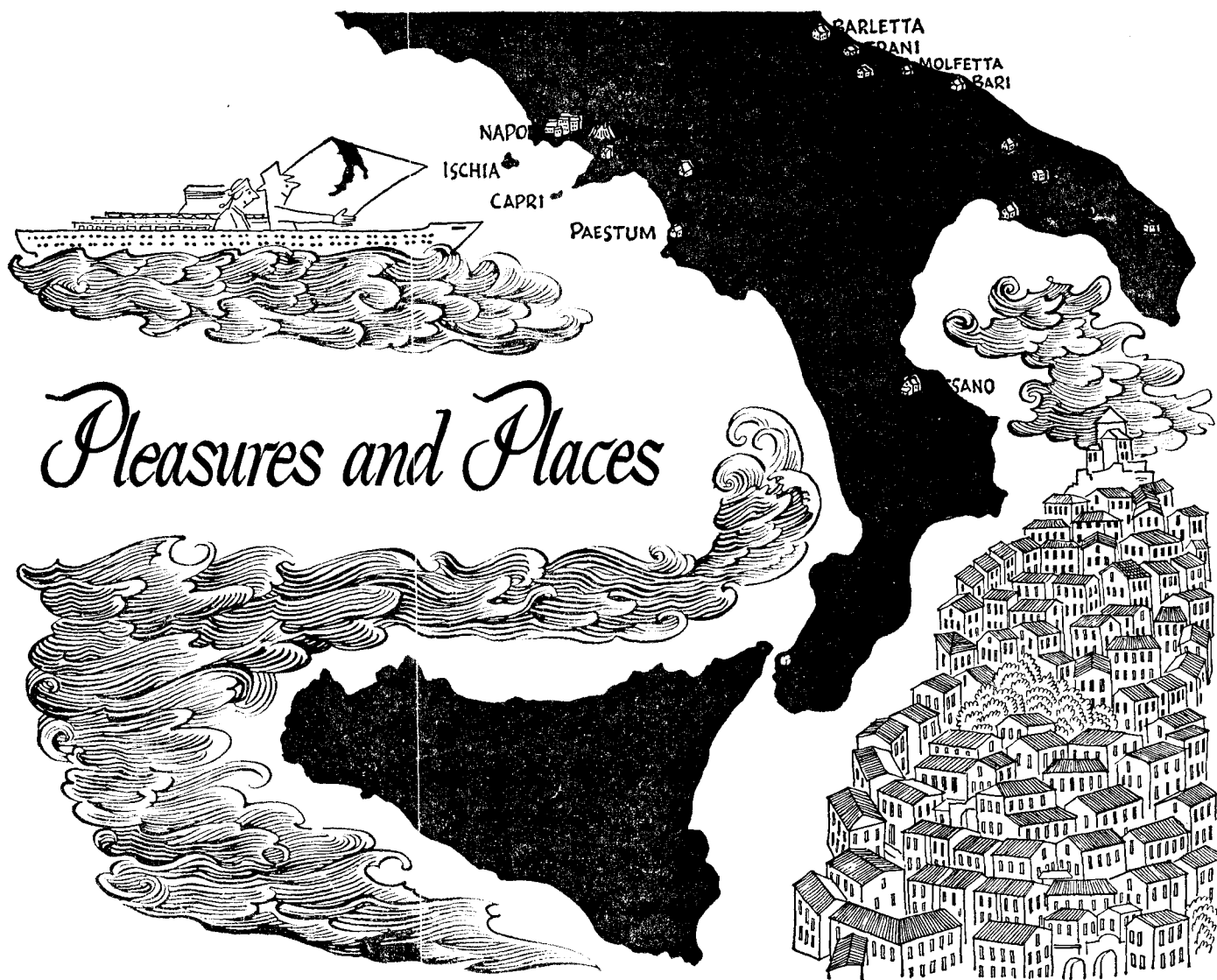
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SOUTH OF NAPLES

NOBODY travels south of Naples, according to the old saying — but that is the best reason for going there. The flocks of tourists in Venice, Florence, and Rome, and the type of Italian that preys on them, have not yet discovered the foot of Italy. The few who venture below Naples are welcomed with a handshake and not an open palm; for, though the Southerners may be poor, they are seldom dishonest. Southern Italy is virtually a separate nation, more backward and more lackadaisical than its northern neighbor. It has all the attractions of primitive countries like Spain and Greece. New roads and new hotels have made them accessible, without — so far — drawing such a flood of visitors as to mar them.

The Southerners seem to have all day to stop and talk. They quickly show themselves to be the most en-

gaging people in Europe. You meet gnarled peasants plodding to work on overburdened donkeys; barefoot, roguish fishermen on the quays making eyes at the girls as they make knots in their nets; saucy, underfed brats, more inquisitive than acquisitive, who want their photo taken; loud unemployed schoolmasters in loud double-breasted suits, delivering a stock harangue on Suez and starvation to all comers. It is worth a few weeks' study to be able to talk to them in Italian, but, thanks to our invasion, English is widely spoken.

It is not only the people that make the South preferable to the North. It has a savage, desolate, mountainous countryside, with remote and picturesque hill towns perched on crags among twisting vines and olives scorched by sun or blighted by frost. The west coast is rocky and precipi-

tous, with crumbling old castles and churches that recall the invasion of Byzantines or Saracens, Normans or Spaniards. Down the east coast lies the more fertile Apulian plain, whose architectural treasures are as impressive as anything in the rest of Italy.

Festive months

All round the southern coast are deserted bathing beaches, and submarine grottoes waiting to be explored with goggles and harpoon. The water is warm even outside the two baking months of July and August, so you lose nothing by going in the off season to avoid excessive heat. But do not overdo it, as wind and snow make prospects uncertain from November to March. Easter is the best time, for then the demonstrative Southerners love to show, with pagan pageantry, what religious people they are.

Most *feste* are held at Easter or at the grape harvest at the end of September. Masses and beauty con-

tests, bacchanals and fairs, are all part of the celebrations. Most famous of all is the *festa* of San Gennaro, the patron saint of Naples. Every year, on September 19, the cathedral is packed with cheering crowds who come to see his solid blood go liquid.

Other dates to watch are August 11, when the men of Positano dress up and act the Saracens' invasion, and September 7, when Neapolitan songs echo through the ruins of Tiberius's villa up on a 900-foot cliff in Capri.

Transport

To avoid being held up on the way by Europe's other temptations, take the South Atlantic route from New York to Naples, by the American Export or Italian Line ships, which take ten days and charge \$255 tourist class in the high season. The Israeli lines (ZIM) are cheaper at \$215 but less frequent. For the man in a hurry, the normal air fare from New York to Rome is \$360.

But it is a mistake to hurry when you get there, and in any case it is impossible. Communications are leisurely, a reminder that the Old World is indeed old. Enjoy the jog trot of the horse cabs in the streets of Naples, Cosenza, Lecce, or Bari, and ask the driver to take you round the sights. The trains, too, are sometimes a quaint survival, but the lively conversation of your fellow passengers is enough to make you forget the wooden seats. Fortunately not all trains are as slow and comfortless as the ironically named *accelerati*. Each line has a crack train — a *rapido* — once or twice a day, and often several other expresses. Fares are among the cheapest in Europe; if you are traveling far and frequently, it saves trouble to get a season ticket good for any train in Italy, but it must be bought in the U.S.A.

Most places can be reached by train and bus, but it is quicker to hire a car if you want to see a lot in a short time. Find a small *autonoleggio* in Naples, where a Fiat 1400 can be got for about \$7 a day, and a driver for another \$2 if wanted. A big saving can be made on gas by getting discount coupons from the Italian Automobile Club. Roads are winding and hilly, but usually well-surfaced, thanks to government public works programs for the unemployed.

Bed and board

In its attempt to open up the South, the Italian government has

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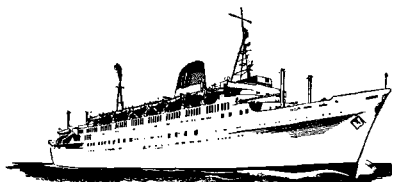


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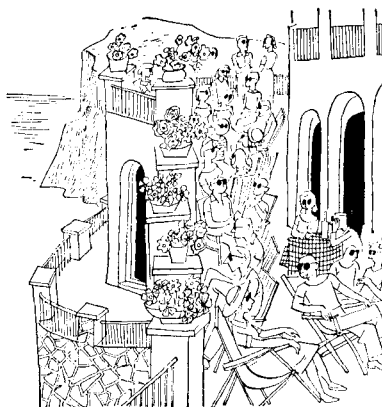
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helped to finance improvements to old hotels and the building of startlingly comfortable new ones. There is a chain of sixteen new "Jolly Hotels," built by a Milanese industrialist called Marzotto, in southern towns likely to attract tourists. Any one will give you a map showing where the others are, and by basing yourself on them you can observe life in the raw without also having to live it. They charge around \$2.50 for single room with shower, and \$1.50 for a succulent dinner. By southern standards, this is very expensive.

Most of the other hotels lack baths and other comforts, but they are nearly always clean and cheap. They do not generally serve meals, but good restaurants can easily be found by asking a policeman. Experiment in choosing dishes, because spaghetti and veal, the stock Italian diet, can become monotonous. On the coast there are rich and varied catches of seafood; the most renowned fish restaurant in the area is the Pesce Fritto at Taranto, which looks out onto a small inland sea that supplies ninety-three varieties of fish, many unknown elsewhere. A good cheap dish is the Neapolitan pizza or cheese and tomato pie, which you can see being cooked on a shovel thrust into a vast oven.

Wine: the Italians don't take as much trouble over it as the French. The rule is to ask for the local variety and hope for the best. The white wine of Capri and the *Lacrima Christi* ("tear of Christ") grown on the slopes of Vesuvius are two of the most re-

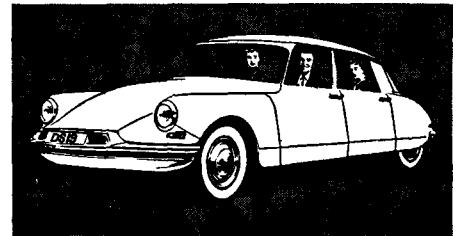


liable. If you are at a loose end in the evening, find a *cantina* and sample a few of the enormous barrels piled up behind the counter.

In and around Naples

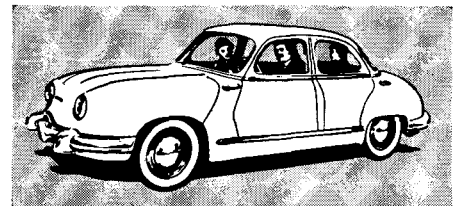
Naples is the point of departure for anywhere in the South. For anyone not allergic to yells and smells, its

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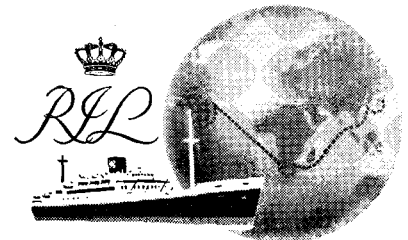


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slums are the most colorful in the world. In between the festoons of washing that hang across the narrow alleyways like flags for a coronation, you may glimpse the grass-covered



dome of a decaying baroque church or a florid obelisk honoring some Counter Reformation saint. The people sit outside their doorways selling anything from bank notes to floor polish, but they still enjoy talking even if you don't want to do business. The great Neapolitan entertainment is the opera at San Carlo, the only rival to Milan's La Scala; the singers may not be as accomplished but the audience is twice as appreciative, and when a local soprano makes her debut no one can keep count of the encores.

For a marvelous view of the Bay of Naples, take a steamer to the islands, with Vesuvius and the humpy Sorrento mountains on one side and the broken-backed outline of Capri ahead. Capri is so remarkable that no amount of tourists can ever do much to it, which is why they keep on coming. Ischia is quieter, but then it isn't Capri. It all depends on whether you like going where your friends have been or where they haven't been.

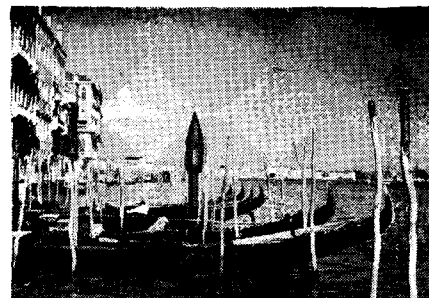
Calabria and Lucania

When you move south from Naples, the golden rule is: follow the coast. There is a main road and a main-line railway along it, and all the most interesting old towns are accessible from it if not actually on it. The best-known resorts on the west coast are Positano and Amalfi, both with excellent hotels perched on mountainsides that plunge down into the sea, but there are many cheaper and less-frequented places farther down, in Calabria; Diamante, Tropea, and Scilla are the most historic.

Then go down and round the toe of Calabria, and back up the east coast, striking inland to little towns floating like castles in the air, with a pano-

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ramic view of the jagged mountains and the hazy blue Ionian Sea. First Gerace, a dead town where a vast Byzantine basilica dominates the demoted palaces of departed barons; to Stilo, full of talkative peasants who potter about a maze of steep streets sown with churches; to Santa Severina, Rossano, or Serra S. Bruno.

Coming round the Ionian coast, you pass into Lucania, Italy's forgotten province, whose villages, set on hills in a rolling brown landscape, are so little visited that any tourist is surrounded by a welcoming crowd. The priest will gladly show his church and the castle left by some Aragonese war lord. If there is no hotel or restaurant, he will take you to some family which looks after strangers — and a day spent in such surroundings is more revealing than weeks of pre-planned comfort. The most accessible of these villages are Montescaglioso and Miglionico, near Matera, but it is amusing to pick one at random and see what you find there.

Matera itself is the one "must" on any tour of the South. Most of its people live, with their horses and goats and hens, in dark, dank caves hewn out of the face of a ravine.

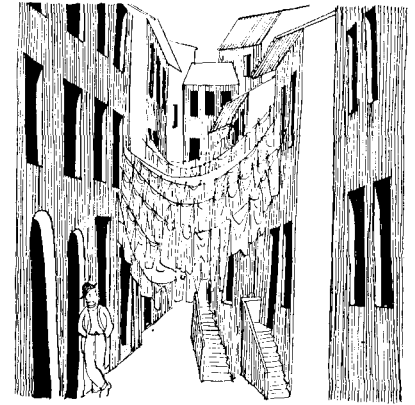
Twisting staircases lead down to them from the new town through gloomy tunnels that gape like the mouths of Hell. Among the caves are rock churches crudely painted with medieval saints. This picturesque scene of Oriental squalor may not last, for many of the cave dwellers are being rehoused in dazzling new flats and model villages outside the city.

Apulia

Returning from Matera to the coast, make for Taranto and Lecce, an isolated gem of baroque art whose churches teem with the most riotous and pagan carvings of plump cherubs, obscene monsters, and jungles of luxuriant leaves and flowers twining up twisted barley-sugar pillars. Above it all, stone saints stand transfixed in ecstatic poses, their arms outstretched as in a melodrama. In few places did baroque ever become quite so exuberant, and nowhere is so much exuberance so closely packed into a small space.

Most of the Apulian plain can be explored from Bari, its main port but much less lively than Naples. The people here are not so poor and the landscape is not so savage as in

Calabria, but the cathedrals are among the most remarkable in the world. They are in the thirteenth-century romanesque style, with grotesque, forceful sculpted façades, elegant Roman columns down the nave,



and campaniles towering up above the Adriatic. Trani is the masterpiece, but Barletta, Bitetto, Bitonto, Ruvo, and Molfetta are all within half an hour of Bari, which has two enormous churches of its own in the old fishermen's quarter.

Other fascinating expeditions can be made from Bari to Alberobello, a village of little round houses like something out of a science-fiction tale; to Martina Franca, a peaceful town of whitewashed baroque mansions; or to Castellana, whose grottoes, one made of white crystal, are full of stalactites and stalagmites worn by a weird chance into arresting human and animal shapes.

Information

The Compagnia Italiana Turismo (CIT) has offices in Naples, while in each provincial capital there is an Ente Provinciale per il Turismo, but a guidebook is essential, as official handouts are scrappy and incomplete. Get one which devotes a separate volume to the South; or better still, try to pick up the Italian Touring Club guides in Naples. They are out of print and written in Italian, but there is no substitute for them (Badeker missed a lot by seldom leaving the railway). Norman Douglas's *Old Calabria* and *Siren Land* are both scholarly and entertaining on the people and their customs and legends. *Christ Stopped at Eboli* by Carlo Levi is a black picture of life in bleakest Lucania. Newest and most complete is Sean O'Faolain's *South to Sicily*. For advance information, contact the Italian State Tourist Office, 21 East 51st St., New York 22.

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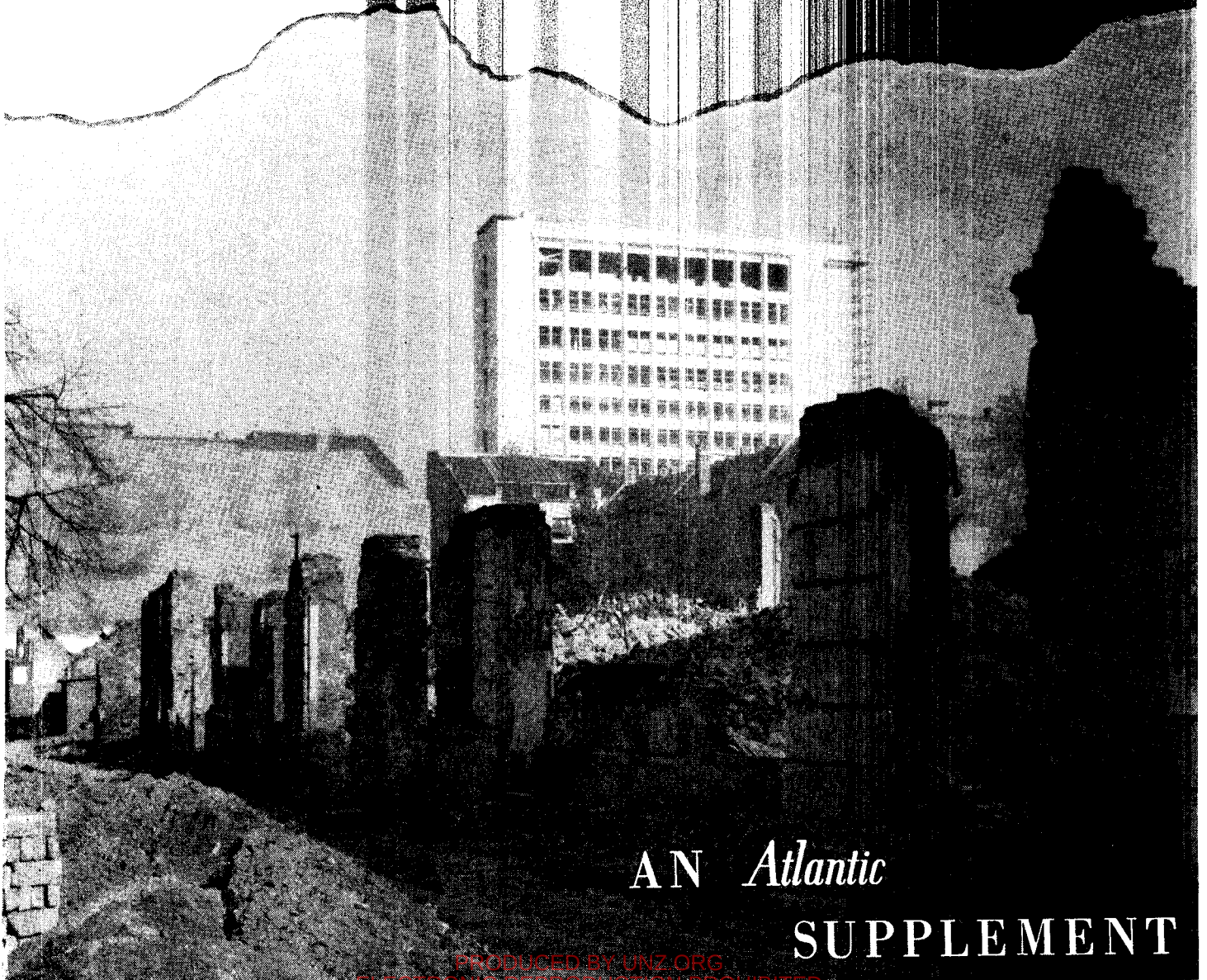
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THE NEW GERMANY

This supplement is the eighth in a series which is being published at intervals by *The Atlantic Monthly* to bring to readers in the United States a representative sampling of the literary and artistic achievements of other cultures and other countries. Previous supplements in this series have been devoted to India, Holland and Belgium, Japan, Greece, Brazil, Indonesia, and the Arab World. A *Perspective of Burma* is now being prepared for future publication.

Like its predecessors, this supplement has been assembled, in co-operation with the *Atlantic* editorial staff, by Intercultural Publications Inc., a non-profit corporation which, since 1952, has been assisted by The Ford Foundation in promoting the exchange of cultural materials among the nations of the modern world. This represents one aspect of the Foundation's extensive international program which seeks, through support of a variety of projects, to increase mutual understanding among the free nations and thus to strengthen the bases of world peace.

To achieve these ends, Intercultural Publications has conducted a number of other projects, among them the publication of *Perspectives USA*, a quarterly magazine produced in four languages and distributed in more than sixty countries. *Perspectives USA* has provided foreign readers with a continuing anthology of American arts and letters, and thus has served as a counterpart to the *Atlantic* supplements.

The editors of the *Atlantic* and the directors of Intercultural Publications hope that these exchanges will encourage the growth of the moral community which extends beyond the barriers of language and which must be the premise to a peaceful world.

The Atlantic Monthly

*“Und wie der Mensch nur sagen kann: Hier bin ich!
Dass Freunde seiner schonend sich erfreuen,
So kann ich auch nur sagen: Nimm es hin!”*

GOETHE: Tasso

The best a nation can give to its friends throughout the world are the works of its poets and philosophers, its artists, composers, and scientists. There, in pride and humility, are revealed truth and dream, beauty and hope, as they have matured in its heart and soul.

HEINZ L. KREKELER
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PERSPECTIVE OF GERMANY

AN *Atlantic* SUPPLEMENT

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Cover photograph, "West Berlin Rebuilds," by DPA

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EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

by Walter Hasenclever

IN NAMING this issue *Perspective of Germany*, the editor cannot have an entirely clear conscience. The truth is that politically and economically there is at present no Germany as an entity. There exists a German Federal Republic with three quarters of the population, a democratic constitution, a duly elected Parliament, a free press, a free culture, and a free economy. Sealed off from it lies the Soviet-occupied zone of Germany, which styles itself the German Democratic Republic, surrounding Berlin, the brave and indomitable island in a sea of red. And there are finally the territories east of the Oder-Neisse Rivers, presently under Polish administration. Their fate can only be decided in a peace treaty as envisaged by the Potsdam Conference agreement of August 2, 1945.

Perspective of Germany can attempt to deal only with the Federal Republic. This part of Germany is in all phases of its life oriented toward the West and can be described in terms comprehensible to the Free World. The other Germany will not be entirely excluded from this issue: it will speak with the tortured and truculent voice of Bert Brecht; it will peer through the Iron Curtain in divided Berlin; and it will be referred to again and again with grief and longing.

The tourist in the booming Federal Republic will hardly be aware of this tragic aspect. He will notice the signs of miraculous recovery which Germany has staged since the days of her collapse. The contrast to the picture of 1945 is so enormous that the former G.I. who remembers the shoddy, gray-skinned, scrawny figures picking their plodding path through the rubble will be tempted to disbelieve his memory. Life is energetic and purposeful in Western Germany; it has reached a high standard of economic wealth, social security, and technological comfort. Thus it would appear to the uninitiated onlooker as if the so-called "German Miracle" were complete. But is it not in some ways a miracle without grace or cheer?

It will probably strike the readers of this issue that all the articles treating various aspects of German life begin with a shuddering reminiscence of the time of collapse. When the Germans were able to shake off the daze which had been left not only by war and defeat, but by the entire bloody and brutal nightmare of the Hitler era, they began to realize their loss. It is amazing to an observer who was intimately familiar with the German scene before the Nazi regime how utterly and irrevocably a whole tradition can be eradicated in only twelve years. The great books of the pre-Hitler period had been burned or banned, the great works of art had been exiled as "degenerate," and

modern music was expelled from the concert halls.

The new freedom after the war did not bring an immediate surge of creativeness: the spirit had been broken and the tools had been lost. While the economic recovery was going on at a hectic pace the cultural life stagnated. Moreover, the loss in ethical substance brought about by the Hitler period was not easily overcome. The repressed sense of guilt — seldom admitted, but keenly felt — has left many Germans shy of displaying emotions or of showing interest in their fellow men. Wealth and technological progress did not immediately bring about a richer life or new cultural and ethical impulses.

And yet there are many signs which indicate another, more hopeful direction. Today, twelve years after the cataclysm, one can point to promising attempts of young German artists and writers to express themselves in their own idiom. They have no traditions to sustain them and they lack the center of inspiration and criticism which was formerly furnished by Berlin. But as this publication may prove, they have achieved a will and a style of their own.

Another hopeful sign, though not always a pure blessing, is a young generation which is skeptical, irreverent, and fiercely independent. It is not at all sure of its values, but it has at any rate thrown overboard all remnants of nationalism, romanticism, and above all militarism. Rearmament will have to overcome the determined resistance of the young generation.

There is hope for the political future of German democracy. Though there may be some grumbling National Socialists left, Fascism as a political fact or force is as dead as its leader. It is Germany's good fortune that all her makers and media of public opinion are keeping a constant and hawk-eyed watch over the institutions of the new democracy. And the political leaders and statesmen of the Federal Republic are internationally known to be persons of integrity.

There is hope for the German conscience. It seems that the German people are finally getting ready to face their past. Albrecht Goes's book *The Burnt Offering*, which describes the faces and fates of the Jews in Stuttgart during the Nazi time in a language of Biblical simplicity and impact, has been a best seller for over a year, and the stage play *The Diary of Anne Frank* was performed simultaneously in eleven German theaters before silent and profoundly stirred audiences. Furthermore, two gigantic church conventions of the two Christian faiths have proved that the German people are still — or again? — capable of acts of love, charity, and human kindness.

GERMAN CHARACTER AND HISTORY

by THEODOR HEUSS

President of the Federal Republic of Germany

1

IN THE fall of 1946 an American commission consisting of government officials, educators, and scientists toured Germany. (I have a particularly vivid memory of the striking personality of Reinhold Niebuhr, the theologian, who was a member of the group.) The object of these men and women was to survey the German intellectual scene in general, and the status of educational institutions in particular. They hoped to learn what these institutions had been in the past, what Nazism had done to them, and what lasting effects had resulted from the stern or benevolent attempts of U.S. education officers to instill new vitality into German pedagogy. I took part in the candid conversations between the Americans and their German opposite numbers, and thought that the talks had certainly served a useful purpose. For the oversimplifications of political propaganda had created on both sides misunderstandings which could be at least partly cleared up by personal meetings.

Several weeks later the detailed report appeared, and copies of it were made available to German educators — I was at that time Minister of Education for Baden-Württemberg. In the introduction

I came across a sentence which stated in effect: "After the Greeks and Romans, the Germans historically have 'lavished' [this was the very expression used] their talents most liberally for the benefit of the intellectual life of other nations." It struck me as an extremely generous comment — for we must remember when this was written, what diabolical horrors had taken place in the recent past, and what "psychological warfare" had done to people's minds.

At the time I was rather moved by this statement. Not that I was pluming myself on its justice; but I was gladdened by the handsome impartiality of the members of the American commission, who were after all addressing their own countrymen. Yet I also wondered how true it was, and how my people would take it. I could imagine them saying: "You see, even the Americans appreciate us now." Another consideration added to my uneasiness: that praise of others might stimulate the natural vanity which is by no means peculiar to the Germans. How often the Germans have quoted the epithet coined by young Lord Bulwer who was so impressed by German classical literature and German idealistic philosophy that he called the Germans "the people of poets and thinkers." Even bad poets and lame thinkers have taken this judgment as sanction for their efforts.

Why do I cite these comments by way of preface to a consideration of the "German mentality"? They are intended to mark limits beyond which it is not possible to go in defining the German mentality as a perennial historical phenomenon, or in interpreting its contemporary expressions. In such matters no valid formulas exist. To be sure, history recognizes a few cases of nations which manifest themselves as intellectual and spiritual unities. But

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few who really know America, for example, are satisfied with attempts to portray a definitive type of "the American," in spite of the more consistent rhythm that may be observed in that country as the result of 450 years of opening up a continent, settling it, and developing it at a tremendous pace. The situation is inevitably the same for the Germans. Those same Germans who were once epitomized as "poets and thinkers" (the phrase dates from 1837) were noted a few decades later as chemists and physicists whose scientific achievements quickly brought practical benefits (Liebig, Bunsen, Siemens, Röntgen, etc.). In 1864, 1866, and 1870-71 the same people won several wars with speed and éclat, and promptly became fascinated with military glory as nations are so apt to do. In the minds of the rest of the world the Germans became *the* bellicose nation — a reputation formerly, in the ages of Louis XIV and Napoleon I, accorded to the French.

"The German," assuming for the present that he exists, appears more complex and inexplicable to himself and to other nations because his history is more complicated than that of other nations. This is especially true of its political aspects. The complexities do not so much lie in differences among the various "stocks," which in spite of different dialects have had to develop a sense of linguistic and political unity. However, the various regional and tribal traditions could be preserved and, if they appeared threatened, could be cherished. Similar situations exist in other European nation-states: in England we have the Scotsman and Kentish man, in France the Breton and Provençal, in Italy the Piedmontese and Sicilian, in Spain the Basque and the Catalán, each with his own special atmosphere. Of course the same is true when we say: the Saxon and the Bavarian, the Pomeranian and the Swabian. But in Germany there is another element: the internal territorial divisions have lingered longer than anywhere else.

2

THE comparison has often been drawn between the unifications of Italy and Germany. Both became programs of action and were carried to success in the period between 1848 and 1871; both transformed the face of Europe. But despite the superficial parallels, their results differed in the extreme. "Nationalism," a concept invented during the French Revolution's defensive struggles, and swiftly perverted into an ideological camouflage for "imperialism," took profound hold upon the minds of the Italian people. This was all the more so since some of the petty states had little reason for being, and some were under foreign rule. In the course of German history, too, some of the smaller sovereign states were absorbed by Prussia, thereby assuring Prussian hegemony. But Cavour had found in

Garibaldi (troublesome as this popular military hero and romantic spirit was to him at times) the man who could make unification an exploit to stir the imagination. Bismarck had no such symbolic figure, and if a German Garibaldi had knocked at his door, he would probably have had him arrested.

The outcome was that the German Reich founded in 1870-71 was set up as a league of sovereign princes, supplemented by several long-established republican city-states. In Italy, on the other hand, the House of Piedmont-Savoy won dominion over a unified state, and all the other ruling families or sovereign political units (like the onetime Papal States) withered away.

We may consider this retention of local autonomies in Germany, some quite large and some very small, as of secondary importance. For the tremendous internal migration resulting from rapid industrialization threw together the peoples of different origins and regions. But the dynasties remained, with their peculiar sets of emotional values. They had their courts which carried on certain established traditions (to this day the stability and decentralization of Germany's musical and theatrical life derives from this heritage). Differences in tone persisted in the various bureaucracies, in the municipal governments.

But of greater significance was the total diversity of the fundamental political structure, as reflected in the various electoral laws. In planning for the Reich he was building, Bismarck in 1866-67 had followed the example of Napoleon III in introducing or permitting universal, equal, secret, and direct suffrage. This was conceived as a weapon against the multinational Hapsburg Monarchy, which necessarily viewed democratic suffrage as a threat to the feudal order and an invitation to nationalistic separatist movements. But the Prussian State legislature, the Landtag, was still elected under a suffrage law imposed by decree of 1849. Who had the right to vote was determined on the basis of taxation, and the vote was both public and indirect. The masses of the people and the lower middle class had no representation. These state legislatures, moreover, were dominant in the spheres of finance, police power, justice, and education. During the years 1917 and 1918, when the government had already recognized the signs of the times, the Prussian agrarian conservatives and some shortsighted and selfish industrialists fought passionately, like ghosts out of the past, against the democratization of political institutions. By so doing they only fed the fires of the revolutionary temper antagonistic to the state.

These intricacies are not easy to grasp. The idea that the "German Emperor" was also "King of Prussia" could not but be confusing. If the foreign observer looked to the German political theorists for enlightenment, he would find himself unable to decide what aspects of their own state they themselves

preferred to stress. Did they favor the rational efficiency of administration which characterized the "spirit of the Prussian State"? Or did they believe in the "idea of the German Empire," which contained a fine congeries of notions: the rather antiquated medieval romanticism of the "Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation"; a dose of the liberal-democratic principles of the bourgeoisie; and, with the growth of prosperity and population density, a yearning for "imperialist" expansion?

Both these elements played their part in political discussion. A good many Germans, especially some worthy professors, tended to attach too high a significance to the undeniable excellence of Germany's well-trained civil service. They saw chiefly the technical functioning of the apparatus as an end in itself, and overlooked the people's psychological reaction to it — did the people approve this apparatus, did they merely endure it, or did they resent it? History has since taught us that rigid perfectionism of unerring bureaucratic government can become a force for disintegration when the psychological basis for it has given way from overstrain.

A further psychological complication for the Germans was the moralizing tone that the world took toward German "imperialism" — that is to say, Germany's sudden appearance at places outside her Central European territory. In the eighties and nineties of the last century Germans raised their flag in Africa, in the Pacific, finally in Tsingtao. Today we realize that it was an extremely belated historical experiment, as well as being out of line with the underlying aims of Bismarckian policy. But was it, from the viewpoint of past centuries, such a sin? Except for Scandinavia and the Hapsburg Monarchy, all the countries of Europe, including Russia, had established settlements or made more or less lasting conquests on distant continents. The Germans, who had hitherto paid little attention to "global" policy, were now branded as upstarts, outsiders, disturbers of the peace, irrespective of the skill or clumsiness with which they undertook their economic, cultural, or religious missions. As individuals they might profit by breathing a cosmopolitan atmosphere and assuming broader responsibilities. And objectively speaking, their colonizing activity was about as good as that of nations which boasted long experience in these matters. But they had the bad luck to provide the rest of the world with rather welcome evidence of a "German peril," not so much by their actions as by their inept public relations. For like people everywhere in the world, they covered up their sense of insecurity and weakness by loud words. The "Pan-German League" was never anything more than a small, bad-tempered, and strident group; but both before and after 1914 its idiocies supplied the rest of the world with reasons for being on guard against Germany.

The disharmonies in German historical develop-

ment have led a French writer to speak of *incertitudes allemandes* as a constitutional element in the German character. One source of these disharmonies may be found in the depth of the religious controversies that racked Germany, and which shaped her political destinies for a long time. England and France also suffered from such conflicts, but in each case they were terminated by an unequivocal military solution (Cromwell, Richelieu). For thirty years — 1618 to 1648 — Germany was the battleground for a virtually all-European war. During the struggle, the original religious causes of the war gradually lost their significance. At the end, Germany emerged exhausted and politically unbalanced. From her ruins a patchwork of separate states that were divided spiritually as well as legally sprang up. In the politically most important sections patriotic loyalty to the Reich shrank into fidelity to princes and particularistic principalities. Thereafter, an emotional consciousness of Germany as a whole reappeared only on rare occasions — when Vienna was threatened by the Turks and toward the end of the Napoleonic era.

3

HISTORY, then, had denied the Germans the opportunity to shape their own political destiny democratically. This was not due to any basic trait in the "German nature." The Germans, too, "fought for freedom" — in the peasant wars of the Reformation and in the civic uprisings of 1848, to name the most prominent examples. But theirs was a history of defeats which did not lend themselves to legends of glory. After the military collapse of 1918 and the abdication of all the dynastic sovereigns, a democratic constitution was set up as the sole possible basis for a legitimate government. But this democracy was not a prize won in hard struggle; it was simply seized upon in desperation. There was no glamor in it, and a sentimental monarchism lingered on. Then came the "licensed" democracy after 1945 — differently interpreted by the four Occupation Powers and quickly perverted by the Russians into a red instead of a brown police state.

It would be absurd to go into the polemics which were played as accompaniment to two world wars. Their oversimplifications are notorious. Hegel's alleged deification of the state, Nietzsche's cult of power, product of a brilliant mind weakened by neurasthenia, Spengler's skeptical distrust of his own age — all these were "exposed" as specifically German modes of thought. On the other hand, the hard spiritual and moral core of men like Lessing, Kant, Schiller, and Stein was overlooked. Equally overlooked were the Latin or Anglo-Saxon counterparts of the German theoreticians of power, such as Machiavelli or Hobbes. It is time to discontinue the practice of considering individuals as necessarily representative of national character. The Germans

would love to say simply: "Our Goethe!" But they might hear, from a good many quarters, a responding echo: "Your Hitler!"

We cannot bow that man Hitler out of the German consciousness. We must not even want to. For his memory remains for the Germans a warning of the excesses which follow if amorality, immorality, becomes established as the law of the land. Only it is unfair to proclaim him an exponent of the German character. In the technique of power Hitler was a disciple of Mussolini, as Mussolini was a follower of Lenin. The differences, it seems to me, derive from the fact that Mussolini was content with a political legend, that of the Roman imperium, and strained its hypnotic force to the limit in shaping his state; whereas Lenin clothed his revolutionary will to power in the trappings of "historical materialism." Hitler, however, with the abominable consistency of the half-educated, chose as his guiding principle a form of biological naturalism — the annihilation of the Jew.

These horrors do not characterize "the nature of the Germans," but their historical situation: military defeat whose imminence the leading generals concealed as they probably do everywhere; the shattering of social traditions, especially by the inflation, which destroyed the moral fiber of the middle classes; the tentativeness and uncertainty of a new parliamentary democracy which lacked a native tradition and was caught in the middle between meeting the conditions imposed by the victorious Allies and the rising expectations of the populace. (Not one of the statesmen and ministers of the Weimar Republic had ever reckoned on the possibility of facing such tasks.) Finally, a number of writers resurrected a variety of literary romanticism opposed to the apparently simple formulas for a decent democratic political and social order. Men like Moeller van den Bruck, Spengler, Jünger, and Stapel called for a type of society based on something they held to be a specifically German, or at any rate contemporary, ideology. Armed with considerable literary gifts, these men exerted a strong influence, especially on academic circles. A number of them certainly prepared the soil for National Socialism; afterward they were aghast at the mischief their brand of poetic political philosophy had wrought. They had failed to realize that the age demanded restraint and sobriety in the exercise of both patriotic fervor and humanitarian sentiments.

The Germans are still in the stage of evolving their political life. Because in the past century and a half they have witnessed both at home and abroad — or endured — such varied conditions of power and have been offered such heterogeneous political and social ideologies, they have been inclined to overrate the importance of theory. In the political sphere, consequently, they have long tended to be "doctrinaires." But since this epithet once served as the actual title of a parliamentary group in the

France of Louis Philippe, it is evident that doctrinairism is not a psychological monopoly of the Germans. The reason for it is relatively simple: namely, the weakness of representative government in Germany. After the Congress of Vienna legislatures became, at different times and with widely varying powers, participants in the governments of the various German states. In the era of Bismarck representative government was extended to the Reich as a whole. But these elected bodies had only limited legislative powers. They had nothing to say in the selection of cabinet ministers or in the decisions of the monarch, or monarchs. In other words, they lingered in the vestibule of power; they lacked training in direct responsibility, could not test their theories in practice. As a result, they developed an ideological dogmatism far more rigid than that of political groups in other countries. A significant example is the big Social Democratic Party which from 1847 (the date of the *Communist Manifesto*) to 1914 could not free itself from Karl Marx's supposedly "scientific" prophecies about the inevitable course of history. At last, under pressure of the necessity for making decisions, it broke out of this strait jacket and after 1918, having undergone a process of "reorientation," courageously faced the realities of practical government.

4

IT MAY be thought that an element of pedantry underlies this rigid adherence to dogma, no matter whether it springs from naïve personal credulity or from the conviction that power accrues from an unbending stand. Foreigners tend to see such dogmatism as peculiarly German in contrast to Latin, Anglo-Saxon, and Slavic attitudes. Even Germans take this view — some irritably maintaining that doctrinairism expresses the humorlessness of underlings, others pridefully reminding us that, after all, Germany is a land where "order reigns" — even in party politics. This widely credited legend of the German sense of order or "talent for organization" reflects the simple fact that the average German is hard-working because traditionally he had to be; there has been no other way for him to earn his living in a country so restricted in area. And yet, the historical complexities of German public life show what an empty slogan this is. Organizational perfectionism in matters of detail may sometimes have smothered creative initiative. But over-organization seems often to accompany deep changes in social structure.

While, on the one hand, the German is supposed to be a pedant obsessed with accuracy, on the other hand he is pictured as a wildly imaginative romantic, in both philosophy and politics, allegedly more given to shattering patterns than to shaping or consolidating them. Naturally such a type does exist among the Germans (as, incidentally, from Ger-

many's point of view, both types occur in foreign nations). Much depends on the moment we select from which to observe the flow of a nation's history.

The Germans of this generation labor under a burden of ill fate: proclaiming that they were the bringers of salvation, they have actually brought a curse upon the world. In the enormities that were committed, the "demonism" of power-madness was combined with personal brutality and the pedantry of the totalitarian. They have no right to excuse themselves by crying their own woes or pointing to the injustice of "others." But it is permissible to recall that world-wide condemnation, such as the Germans have now brought upon themselves, was applied 150 years ago to the French people. They were then charged with being eternal troublemakers. And, historically, the "imperialism" of the Spaniards, the British, the French, the Russians, and even the Swedes was actually of a greater order of magnitude, in terms of territory. Here again, then, we are not dealing with a peculiar feature of the German constitution. Rather, such excesses are judged more harshly today because the extension of international law and the codification of civil liberties have rendered man's conscience more sensitive.

There remains the difficult question of whether a peculiar faculty for abstraction inheres in the German character as such, expressed in realms other than political and social history. To my mind, romanticism is no evidence for it. To be sure, romanticism had its German precursor in Herder, whose publication of the *Voices of the Peoples in Song* constituted discovery of the independent realm of folklore, remote from *raison d'état* and existing apart from the universalist literature of the educated classes. But romanticism as an attitude and profession of faith was born in England. Compared to Byron and Shelley, almost all the German romanticists (except such figures as E. T. A. Hoffmann and Clemens Brentano) were good sober citizens. And the anti-revolutionary Whig Edmund Burke in all probability did more to stamp his character on the age than the romanticist *littérateurs* who surrounded Metternich.

But now we confront the peculiar dichotomy of the century from 1750 to 1850 — these dates being intended merely as rough limits. It was the age of classical poetry, of the great thinkers (Lessing, Kant, Schiller, Fichte, Hegel, Schelling, Schopenhauer), and of a tremendous wave of great music. (The German art of this period has given pleasure to the Germans of various regions, but has never attracted much interest in the outside world.)

Oddly enough, the thinkers of that period who are considered representative of the "German spirit" and the writers who liberated literature from provinciality were either Protestants by religion or came from Protestant localities. The musicians, on the other hand, and the creators of the magnificent German baroque architecture sprang from

Catholic areas (with very few, though important, exceptions) or depended upon Catholic patrons, such as the Dresden court. We must not carry this idea too far; great musicians like Heinrich Schütz, Johann Sebastian Bach, and Handel had also emerged from the Protestant sphere. But except for Handel, they had been virtually forgotten. The question is whether Lutheranism (not Luther himself, who as we know was a man of earthy sensibility) has caused the development of intellectual abstraction, which subsequently expanded into system-building speculation. But let us not labor the point. For if we add another century, any such thesis could easily be proved by some examples, disproved by others. The question is nevertheless worth considering, it seems to me, in order for us to grasp the alleged peculiarities of some of the domestic and foreign influences of German thought.

5

LET me venture to couple the names of two Germans who in themselves are certainly not comparable, but whose like are not to be found in the intellectual history of other nations, rich as such nations may be in powerful original thinkers and men of action. They are Martin Luther and Karl Marx. Each operated in a different sphere, that of the one being religious transcendence and the other materialist immanence; yet they had this in common: that their highly personal and individual power of abstraction affected world history. I say this without attempting to "evaluate" the work of either man. Each of them represents a spiritual force, flowing from pure thought, which reshaped the souls of men, a force which possessed a profounder power than, say, Rousseau's optimistic constructs of a *Social Contract* based upon natural law. No matter what view we take of Luther's theology, or of his importance to ecclesiastical history and his responsibility for the rise of many denominations, no matter whether we think of him as a revolutionary, or as a reformer concerned with the purity of the church — his appearance on the stage of history, with all its bright and dark consequences, was a tremendous act of liberation. That may not have been what he wished, but that was his effect. Marx's vision of science and reality belongs wholly to the era of early industrialism. Both its intellectual basis and its elementary factuality have been disproved by the course of events. Nevertheless, it has retained its virulence because it contained, along with flounderings toward the certitude of philosophical logic, a dynamic element of extremely earthbound agitation for the coming of the millennial kingdom. History, to be sure, has corrupted Marx's doctrine of salvation into a brutal and banal system of rule by force, and his mode of thought into a branch of political tactics.

Perhaps the German has a special talent for

"ideological" thinking; perhaps he is peculiarly susceptible to its appeal. At times this gift may seem to surround him with a handsome aureole; at other times it produces general distrust, and he is seen as a decidedly equivocal fellow, whose intellectual and spiritual life cannot be plumbed. Some Germans are aware of the disadvantages of being so unpredictable — other peoples with a history full of vicissitudes are also familiar with this problem. When the German takes refuge in self-praise — sometimes a manifestation of a sense of weakness — he speaks of his "profundity."

Nowadays he has little time for such attitudes. He must try once more to get a grip on the world from which he was shut off for so long, and which was presented to him only in distorted fashion — just as his own image had changed in the eyes of the world: a fact he was naïvely astonished to learn. He has come to realize (except for those who like to cultivate a sense of grievance) that such misconceptions must be cleared up.

6

THE German has never been aloof from the world. To the extent that he is "provincial," he is no more so than other peoples. To be sure, Germans did not participate during the centuries in which old Europe was opening up the New World; they did not become colonial masters or settlers. They did not, like the Spanish, the Portuguese, the French, and the English, stamp their language, their culture, their own peculiar coloration, upon distant territories, but as individuals Germans have been impelled to wander over the wide world. Groups of Germans, including a good many religious sects, established tight-knit communities abroad. For a long time they cultivated their native heritage, even where they had meanwhile become loyal citizens of their host country.

Innumerable ordinary Germans had relatives or friends on all continents — and this was so before the forced emigrations that followed Hitler's accession to power. But there is another fact of even greater importance: that Germany, if I am not mistaken, was and still is, or is once again, the country producing the greatest number of translations. And this applies not only to the "great" works of literature, which sooner or later find their way into all major languages; literary and scientific works of even average quality have always found a market in Germany. A good many powerful writers in the languages of small nations have begun their triumphal march into world literature by way of Germany, as, for instance, Ibsen and Knut Hamsun. There are fools in Germany who have criticized this receptiveness toward foreign writers as a sign of wavering patriotism (whereas foreigners are always charging the Germans with excessive nationalism). In fact, it is a sign of active curiosity about the

world and of a desire for intellectual enrichment.

The present situation is by no means clarified. It exhibits a number of paradoxical features. Right after the end of the war in 1945 the Germans were showered with the films and literary productions of the Western world, while heaps of their own books, stocked up in publishing houses, became so much waste paper, discredited by their very "timeliness." The Germans were slow to find their tongues again, and there still remains an undecided question: Should the writer come to grips with recent political, social, and moral history; should he attempt to represent and master it in art, as far as that is possible — an effort in which some have succeeded? Or should he, will he, can he escape ("enough of these horrors!") into a world of detachment, of idylls, of romanticism, of frivolity?

In the visual arts we find similar paradoxical features. The Germans have always felt somewhat aggrieved that "the world" has paid less attention to their modern painting, drawing, and sculpture than they thought it deserved. After all, they themselves had so many good English, French, and Italian eighteenth and nineteenth century works in their galleries, in addition to sizable collections of the early Italians and Dutch. They were disappointed to find scarcely any German graphic or plastic art in London or Paris — German music, of course, could be heard everywhere.

In this respect, Hitler's low-grade barbarism introduced a change. In the first place he drove out into the world men whose erudition and deepest interests were intimately bound up with the development of modern German art; naturally these men, though in new lands, continued to pursue the things they loved dearly. In the second place, this frustrated art student banned exhibition of works he did not like; galleries were cleared of "degenerate" art and these works were thrown onto the international market. The result of his evil intentions was a curious good: he opened the world's doors to modern German art. Not that foreign collectors suddenly decided that certain works were beautiful because Hitler thought them bad. But their attention was attracted, and the result was that the near monopoly of Paris was broken. The reputation of French art was not impaired, but it came to be recognized that to the epoch-making artistic symphony of the past fifty or sixty years German art had contributed a clear, strong note of its own. Modern German painting is now much more fully represented in foreign museums than ever before. And judging by the interest aroused by various retrospective shows in the United States and England, it seems to me that curiosity about Germany's special achievements in this field, and a readiness to be moved by them, is beginning to extend to works of the past.

These refined intellectual matters may seem beside the point to those who are troubled by far more

immediate concerns, such as: Will peace last? Will humanity grasp the opportunities offered to it, by the rapid progress of civilizing technology, to raise the standard of living of all mankind? Or will this great potentiality be thrown away by men who desire to cling to a historical position, or to gain new power; will it be sacrificed on the altar of an "ideology" — whether a devout or an evil one — to make that ideology victorious in shaping the world? We shall not go into this matter more deeply here — indeed we can scarcely do so, for these are times in which the morning's surprises rob last night's certainties of their meaning.

In this precarious situation the reshaping of the German national consciousness, of the Germans' intellectual and political attitudes, is taking place, must take place. Economic recovery, it seems, has been accomplished with remarkable speed. There were two prerequisites. The first was the realization that many of the edicts and instructions conceived by the Allies in an atmosphere of wartime passions were foolish in practice, and had to be scrapped step by step. The stringency of these decrees inflicted painful wounds upon individuals, and nasty personal scars still remain. The second was the Marshall Plan which resulted from Herbert Hoover's mission of inspection in February 1947. As I have told a good many American visitors, this was Germany's salvation because it provided the hard-working Germans with an opportunity to be meaningfully hard-working. The phrase "German Miracle," which was coined to explain the appearance of decent German goods on the world markets, the rise of new factories, and the reconstruction of endless rows of wrecked buildings, is a phrase distinctly off-key. For there was no miracle. And the visiting travelers who were justifiably amazed at such enormous productivity after such a disaster overlooked one vital factor: misery, especially the distress of the heart, cannot be put on display.

Most people in the world have not visualized what it has meant to some ten million human beings to be forced to leave their homelands on short notice, or on the other hand what it meant to a smashed country to provide food, housing, and work for these displaced members of their own nation. In practice such an imposed historical task can only be met imperfectly; emotionally, no solution to it is ever possible. (We never conceal the fact that Hitler provided the model for such mass deportations and for robbing people of their homelands; but his ruthlessness ought not to be regarded as an example or a justification.) Moreover, when, with Germany plainly on the verge of total defeat, the Allies met at Teheran and Yalta and set up four zones of occupation, they did so under the pretext

of establishing a democratic order. The military governments were intended both to command and to help the Germans, to meet distress, chaos, and possibly resistance. In practice everything turned out quite differently. Germany became a deployment area for contending political and socio-economic ideologies. These ideologies had seemed of little importance so long as it was necessary to win the war that Hitler's criminal recklessness had unleashed. But now they operated to separate the eastern part of Germany, the Soviet zone, from the western part. And this was done not only in a physical sense, for the Russians also attempted to set up a spiritual partition. Basically, this cannot succeed, for a nation's life proceeds out of its own spiritual heritage, though with varied colorations. Here, however, we find the root cause for the tension that keeps Europe on edge. *Querelles allemandes?* More is at stake. We are aware that the world grows weary of being reminded of the mistakes of Yalta and Potsdam — the word "coexistence" was coined as an expression of this weariness. The word implies that differences in both political and socio-economic systems are of minor importance. Faced with the problem of elementary human rights, however, even the believers in "coexistentialism" feel uneasy. The question remains: Can the arguments for the coexistence of two radically different systems make any sense when a single nation is involved? And can any just claim be made for such coexistence when its starting point was a state of total defeat and total collapse?

These are the underlying questions which affect the minds and souls as well as the politics of the Germans. A strange and still obscure process of psychological change is going forward in Germany. It remains to be seen whether and how new characteristic attitudes and a new intellectual style will develop. There are now communities and districts in Germany which contain up to forty per cent of "new citizens" from territories long settled by Germans in the East and Southeast. In some cases friendships and mixed marriages are formed, in other cases discontents and hostilities arise because traditions are being upset. Even while spiritual and economic fusion is taking place in certain areas, we can also see all manner of efforts to preserve and cherish the values which are, especially for the rural and small-town populace, bound up with the native soil in which their forefathers rest. *Heimweh*, that almost untranslatable word, expresses "homesickness" in a way peculiar to the German language.

Such are some of the questions Germans have in mind when they look to the future, questions of a people's rebirth and destiny.

Translated by Richard and Clara Winston

GERMANY TODAY AND TOMORROW

by KONRAD ADENAUER

Chancellor of the Federal Republic of Germany

1

TWELVE years after the most complete collapse in their history the Germans — those who are living in freedom — have laid the foundations of their material existence anew. At the same time they have completed the restoration of a democratic state based upon law — a state which is aware of its obligations to its citizens and to other states.

Twice within three decades Germany has experienced the catastrophe of military defeat. For twelve years her people lived in totalitarian bondage. They have felt the consequences of this bondage in all their gravity and have learned from bitter experience to appreciate the value of freedom, justice, and peace as the highest good. But seventeen million Germans in the Soviet-occupied zone of our nation still lack the blessings of personal freedom and a state based upon civil liberty.

These few recollections of the recent German past make it clear why there exists no extremism whatsoever in the Federal Republic of Germany, be it from the right or from the left. German labor has shown an extraordinary maturity even in days of distress — and we really knew distress in the first postwar years. Then, as today, labor clearly and decisively rejected all enticements of

Bolshevism. Radicalism from the right as well, as it is embodied in an exaggerated nationalism, is dead in the Federal Republic. This has been demonstrated by all our elections since the war.

Fragmentation of political parties — one of the reasons for the demise of the Weimar Republic — presents no actual danger in the Federal Republic. This state of affairs, largely attributable to the structure of our constitution, has resulted in a stability which has characterized our political activity to the present day. It is my contention that we have known how to exploit this stability. A consolidated domestic policy gave us an opportunity to integrate the Federal Republic into the community of free nations systematically and in line with the existing possibilities. Today the Federal Republic is a partner with equal rights in this community. The road we have had to take was long and often beset with difficulties. However, we have succeeded in reaching important goals.

When, on September 15, 1949, I was first elected Federal Chancellor by the Parliament, I stated, "Franco-German relations are the pivotal point of any European unification. I supported this view as early as twenty-five years ago." With the coming into force of the Paris Treaties, with the admission of the Federal Republic into the Western European Union and into NATO, we have become allies of France. This demonstrates how much Franco-German relations have changed since the founding of the Federal Republic. With the signing of the Saar Treaty, the last existing controversial issue between France and Germany has been eliminated. Thus, what I had hoped for seven years ago in our own self-interest and in the interest of Europe and of the whole Free World, and what I have tried to achieve since, has become a reality.

KONRAD ADENAUER has just celebrated his 81st birthday. As leader of the Christian Democratic Party and Chancellor of the Federal Republic of Germany since its founding, he has led his country from the ruins of defeat to a recovery based on an optimistic young democracy and partnership in the Western alliance. Dr. Adenauer, a Rhinelander born and bred, was Lord Mayor of Cologne from 1917 until 1933. After a forced retirement during the Nazi period, Dr. Adenauer was elected to the Bundestag, became the first Chancellor of the Federal Republic in 1949, and was re-elected with an overwhelming majority in 1953.

As a member of NATO the Federal Republic has assumed the obligation to share in the defense of the Free World. We stand by our word. We were faced with the task of setting up in a relatively short time a modern and efficient army after eleven years of being completely unarmed. Therefore we had to start from scratch. Furthermore, the armament policy of all nations is undergoing a process of revolutionary change owing to the breathtaking speed of the development of nuclear weapons and the continuous perfecting of conventional arms. These two factors could not fail to have a certain influence on the planning of the federal government. As was to be expected, we had to face purely technical as well as psychological difficulties. The build-up of armed forces could not reach, in all phases, the originally planned goals. But the meaning of such delays must be properly evaluated. The Federal Republic does not by any means intend to evade those obligations it assumed upon entering NATO. In arriving at pertinent decisions we are fully aware that the setting up of a combat-ready, efficient armed force as early as possible increases, above all, our own security. Only through complete solidarity with the other members of NATO can we effectively protect the freedom without which life would be intolerable.

2

OUR contribution to the defense of the Free World would rest upon weak foundations, however, had it not been possible to consolidate the economic and social structure of the Federal Republic as well. The achievement in these fields can be properly evaluated only if one recalls the conditions under which we had to reconstruct our economy after the war. We were compelled to start reconstruction in a state of complete devastation and with a productive capacity largely destroyed through the effects of war. We found ourselves isolated from the world economy and had a largely useless currency. Gratefully we remember the aid we received in those difficult times from those countries which only shortly before had been our enemies. Among them the United States took a leading position. Without this help it is very likely that we would not have been able to prevent total chaos. Then came the Marshall Plan. It gave us the chance to close many gaps which the war had left in our productive plant and to get the productive process under way again. But primary credit must be given to the initiative of German management and the unflagging assiduity of German labor; it was because of their efforts that the stimuli given by Marshall aid could be fully utilized.

Another important factor in our economic recovery was the currency reform of 1948. And the "social market economy" — the policy which has determined economic decisions of the federal gov-

ernment since its founding in 1949 — played a major part in our rapid recovery, in that it opened the way for free enterprise. It proved possible to normalize the labor situation in a relatively short time, even though millions of people expelled from German territories behind the Oder-Neisse Line and from eastern and southeastern Europe poured into the Federal Republic. At present there is full employment in West Germany.

This far-reaching economic and financial recovery made it possible for us to tackle urgent social problems resulting from the war and to proceed with their solution. It was necessary — to mention only the most important problems — to provide relief for the disabled, the widows, and the orphans. Many millions of dwellings had been either destroyed or heavily damaged. To mitigate the pressing housing shortage, especially in the cities, the fields of rubble had to be cleared as quickly as possible to make way for new construction. This would not have been feasible without extensive public assistance. It was also imperative to create a new existence for the ten million expelled and refugees from the East. These unfortunate people had for the most part lost everything but their lives. Through programs of "Immediate Aid" and "Equalization of Burdens," we tried to compensate for at least a part of the property losses they had suffered. Priority aid was given to the most needy. Finally, West Berlin — separated from its natural hinterland and from its major marketing areas because of its isolated position within the Soviet-occupied zone — had to be granted assistance in order to enable the courageous population of this island surrounded by Communist totalitarianism to fight for the preservation of its freedom.

The Federal Republic fulfilled these tasks to the full extent of its means. It is true that we have not yet been able to remove the last vestiges of destruction wrought by the war — this would have exceeded our capabilities — but our policies have succeeded in removing the social and political tensions, the misery and want, which were bound to result from war, to such a degree that the fabric of society and the structure of the state have remained essentially intact. Today the federal government is continuing to realize its social program, which aims at relieving all insecurity arising from old age, sickness, and disablement. Major parts of this program have already been approved by Parliament.

Only a few years ago there were widespread fears that the Federal Republic might be an element of unrest and a source of permanent concern within the Free World, in that the forces of domestic stability might be found inadequate. Today it is clear that these fears were unfounded. The Federal Republic now holds a position in Europe and in the Free World which enables it itself to be a factor of stability within this community.

We still face a number of unsolved problems of momentous import. Whether and how it will be possible to settle them will determine the position of the Federal Republic in Europe and in the Free World in the near future.

First of all, from the time of its establishment in 1949 we have always been aware, and we will continue to face the fact, that our state is only provisional. The Federal Republic is that part of Germany in which the people, with a guarantee of civil liberties, are in a position to express their political will through free elections. Therefore, the Federal Republic claims the right to represent politically the whole German people. The Free World has acknowledged this right. However, we cannot forget that in the Soviet-occupied zone of Germany seventeen million Germans have been denied all freedom. The preservation of our freedom and the re-establishment of German unity in peace and liberty is the supreme goal of our policy. Only reunification will secure stability for all Europe. We are striving for reunification in freedom. This implies that free elections in the whole of Germany are the first step in the process of reunification and that the all-German Parliament chosen by these elections can then freely decide the future constitutional and international status of our country. On these points we cannot make concessions; to do so would be to give up the principle of reunification in freedom.

In the first half of the twentieth century the German people twice experienced the horrors of war. We know that a third World War would jeopardize the survival of Germany and of Europe as well. This knowledge makes us realize the necessity of contributing in every possible way to the maintenance of peace. Therefore, a reunified Germany will not become a threat to anyone, for it will respect the security needs of all its neighbors, including those of the East European nations.

While in Moscow in September 1955, I declared, "Peace, whose preservation is the concern of all Germans, is the highest good. Therefore, you will find no one in Germany, neither among responsible politicians nor throughout the entire community, who even trifles with the idea that any of the great political problems awaiting solution can be solved by war." My view of that time continues to be the guiding principle of our foreign policy.

Besides the reunification of Germany we consider the unity of Europe one of the basic principles of our policy. The rise of the nation-state was one of the main causes for the fragmentation which has characterized the development of the European political structure during the past hundred years. We must supersede the concept of the nation-state if Europe is to become again an organic whole and to exert the political influence it deserves in the light of its history, traditions, and achievements. For that reason we have gladly accepted the pro-

posals made by other countries for the integration of Europe and have done whatever we could toward their realization. This is especially true for the Coal and Steel Community and for the European Defense Community. In both cases the intention was to take the first steps toward broader European co-operation. EDC was to be developed into a European political community, the Coal and Steel Community into an over-all economic union. In both cases we were convinced that the number of participating countries would have to be increased. Then the European Defense Community was replaced by the Western European Union (WEU) — an expansion of the international organization set up under the Brussels Treaty of 1948 — and by the direct incorporation of the Federal Republic into NATO. Only recently we have been making special efforts to extend the activities of the Coal and Steel Community through proposals to include more types of goods in the common market among the signatory states. We heartily welcome the indicated readiness of Great Britain to join such a common market by setting up a free-trade area.

Postwar developments and political changes compel us to regard the integration of Europe not only in its intra-European but also in its world-wide political and economic ramifications. The political and economic hegemony of Europe is a thing of the past. European civilization will maintain its position only if we activate it so as to meet prevailing conditions and if we are ready to defend it.

The realization of European integration must not be hindered by excessive perfectionism. We must not proceed too rigidly, but with the utmost flexibility. The institutions to be created within the framework of European co-operation need not necessarily, in every single case, have a supranational character. These institutions must be so shaped that they do not deter any nation from participation. Nor should the number of member states in such a European federation be limited. Its field of activities should be as comprehensive as possible. Initial goals should not be too ambitious, however, for this could so complicate the proceedings as to jeopardize our efforts. Such a European federation will have no negative impact upon NATO, which is more than a European federation. NATO is intended to protect certain Atlantic interests, not merely common European interests.

I am convinced that our goals are essentially identical with those of the United States. John Foster Dulles as early as 1948 declared it necessary that Europe unite and develop a strength of its own. That is also our goal. I hope from the bottom of my heart that the Germany of tomorrow will be a unified and free Germany, able to perform important functions within the European union and making its full contribution to the peace and welfare of the whole world.

Translated by Rudolf Ernst

THE WEIGHING MACHINE

A Story

by HEINRICH BÖLL

1

IN THE village where my grandfather had his home most of the people earned their living in the flax mills. For five generations they had been inhaling the dust which comes out of the broken stalks and which slowly killed them — these patient, cheerful people who ate goats' cheese and potatoes and sometimes killed a rabbit for their dinner. In the evening they spun and knitted in their living rooms, sang, drank mint tea, and were happy. All day long they broke up the flax in their old-fashioned machines, defenseless against the dust and the heat that streamed from the drying kilns. In their living room was a large box bed reserved for the parents. The children slept on benches round the room. In the mornings the living room was filled with the smell of hot soup. On Sundays there was oxtail, and the children's faces flushed with pleasure when on some special feast day their mother smilingly poured milk into the coffee pot and the black acorn coffee grew lighter and lighter until at last it was as blond as one of the girls' pigtails.

The parents went early to work and the children took over the household duties. They swept out the living room, cleared up and washed the crockery, and peeled potatoes — costly, yellow roots, whose thin skins they had to produce in order to dispel any suspicion of wastefulness or carelessness.

Three novels by HEINRICH BÖLL have been published in translation in New York: Acquainted with the Night, Adam, Where Art Thou? and The Train Was on Time. Born in 1917 in Cologne, BÖLL did not take up writing as a career until he was thirty; he had been a soldier in the German army for eight years, a bookstore clerk, and a laborer. In recent years he has won several important literary prizes and is at present living in Ireland.

As soon as the children came out of school they had to go into the woods and gather mushrooms and various plants according to the season of the year — woodruff and thyme, caraway and mint, foxglove, too, and in summer when they had carried the hay from their meager fields they used to pick the herbs. They received a pfennig for a kilo of herbs which was later sold by the apothecaries in the town for twenty pfennigs to nervous ladies. Mushrooms were remunerative. The children got twenty pfennigs a kilo for them and the greengrocers in the town sold them to their clients for one mark twenty. In autumn when the mushrooms grew quickly in the damp earth, the children penetrated deep into the woods and almost every family had its own private hunting ground, the secret of which was passed on in whispers to succeeding generations.

The woods belonged to the Baleks, as did the flax mills, and in my grandfather's village they had a castle, in which there was a little room near the dairy, where the mistress of the house used to weigh the mushrooms, plants, and herbs and pay for them. On the table in that little room stood the Baleks' great weighing machine, an old-fashioned highly ornamented affair with a coating of gold paint, before which the grandparents of my grandfather had stood anxiously watching the baskets full of mushrooms, and the paper bags containing herbs, being weighed and seeing how many weights Frau Balek had to put on the scales before the pendulum rod was steady on the black line — that thin line of justice, which had to be drawn afresh every year. Then Frau Balek would take the great leather-backed book, enter the weights, and pay out the money in pfennigs or groschen, and seldom, very seldom, a mark. And when my grandfather was a child there used to be a tall glass with some lollipops

in it — the sort that cost a mark for a kilo, and if Frau Balek was in a good humor she picked out a few of them and gave one to each of the children and their faces flushed with pleasure just as they did when their mother poured milk into their acorn coffee on special feast days.

One of the laws which the Baleks had imposed on the village was that no one was allowed to have a weighing machine in his house. This law was so old that no one thought about it or its origin any more, but it was and had to be respected. Anyone who infringed this law was dismissed from the flax mill and no more mushrooms or thyme were bought from this family, and the power of the Baleks reached so far that the delinquent couldn't even find work in the neighboring villages nor sell his woodland plants there. Ever since the grandparents of my grandfather had gathered mushrooms as small children and handed them in so that they might season the roast meat in the kitchens of the rich in Prague or be baked in little pies — since those days nobody had thought of breaking this law. There were dry measures for flour, eggs were counted, spun flax was measured by the ell; moreover the old-fashioned, ornamented, gold-painted weighing machine of the Baleks looked incapable of inaccuracy and five successive generations had implicitly entrusted to the black pointer the treasures they had collected with childish zeal in the woods.

It is true that among these quiet villagers there were some occasional lawbreakers — poachers, for instance, anxious to make in a single night more than they could earn by a month's hard work in the mill — but even among these no one seemed to have had the idea of buying or rigging up a weighing machine. My grandfather was the first person who had the courage to put the Baleks' honesty to the test — and it needed courage to challenge the rich people, who lived in the castle, owned two coaches, paid for the education of a village lad as a theological student in the College at Prague, invited the parson to come and play *Tarock* at the *Schloss* every Wednesday, were visited at the New Year by the Police Commandant of the district, driving in a carriage bearing the imperial arms, and who, finally, were promoted to the nobility by Kaiser Franz Josef on January 1, 1900.

2

MY GRANDFATHER was a clever, hard-working boy. He ventured farther into the woods than any of his forebears had done when they were children. He even penetrated into a certain thicket, which was supposed to be haunted by the giant Bilgan, the guardian of Baldur's hoard. But my little grandfather was not at all afraid of Bilgan. He pressed forward right into the heart of the thicket and there collected a harvest of mushrooms. He even

found truffles, which Frau Balek priced at thirty pfennigs the kilo. My grandfather entered everything which he delivered to the Baleks on the blank sheet of a calendar. Every kilo of mushrooms, every gram of thyme, and to the right of the entry he wrote in his childish hand what he had received for it. He scribbled down every pfennig which he had received, from his seventh till his twelfth year, and he was twelve in the year 1900, when the Baleks, to celebrate their new title, presented every family in the village with an eighth of a kilo of real Brazilian coffee. There was also free beer and tobacco for the men, and there were great junketings at the castle and scores of carriages were standing in the poplar avenue leading from the great gate to the *Schloss*.

On the day before the festivities the coffee was distributed in the little room in which the Baleks' weighing machine had been standing for something like a hundred years. The Baleks were now called Balek von Bilgan because, according to the legend, the giant Bilgan had formerly had a great castle where the Baleks' castle now stands.

My grandfather has often told me how he went there after class to fetch the coffee for four families, the Cechs, the Beitlers, the Vohlas, and for his own people, the Brüchers — it was the afternoon of St. Sylvester's Day. The living rooms had to be decorated, cakes must be baked, and the children were wanted to help with the different preparations for the New Year celebration. It would have been a waste to send four boys separately to the castle to collect an eighth of a kilo of coffee each. So Grandfather went for the lot of them.

And there he sat on the narrow wooden bench in the little room, while Gertrude, the maid, counted out the four packets of coffee, weighing an eighth of a kilo each. As she did so, he noticed the half-kilo weight lying on the left-hand tray of the weighing machine. Frau Balek von Bilgan was not there. She was busy with the preparations for her party. Gertrude was just going to pick up the glass bowl to give one of the sour lollipops to my grandfather, when she perceived that it was empty. It was refilled once every year with a kilo of bonbons costing a mark. Gertrude laughed and said, "Wait, I'll go and fetch the new ones," and my grandfather remained, with the four eighth-kilo packets, which had been packed and sealed up at the warehouse, standing in front of the weighing machine on which someone had left the half-kilo weight. And then my grandfather took the four packets of coffee and placed them on the empty scale and his heart beat violently as he saw how the black pointer stopped just to the left of the line and, while the half-kilo weight remained firmly in position on the scale, the half kilo of coffee hung in the air at some height above it. Grandfather's heart was beating faster than when he had crawled into Bilgan's thicket and was lying behind a thorn bush waiting for the

giant to appear. Then he fished out of his pocket some pebbles which he always carried with him as bullets for his slingshot when he wanted to knock down the sparrows that used to prey on his mother's cabbages. He had to lay three, four, five pebbles alongside the packets of coffee before the pointer was at last directly on the black line. My grandfather took the packets of coffee from the scales and rolled the pebbles back into the cloth bag in which he kept them. When Gertrude came back with a big paper bag containing a kilo of sour lollipops which had to last for the next year and sent them rattling into the glass bowl, she found the pale-faced boy still standing there and nothing seemed to have changed. But then my grandfather took only three of the packets, and Gertrude looked with astonishment and horror when the white-faced child threw the sour bonbon on the floor and trod on it, saying, "I want to speak to Frau Balek."

"Balek von Bilgan, please," said Gertrude.

"All right, Frau Balek von Bilgan."

But Gertrude laughed at him and he went back through the darkness to the village and handed in their packets of coffee to the Cechs, the Beitzlers, and the Vohlas. Then he announced that he had to go to the parson.

But, in fact, he went off into the dark night carrying his five pebbles in their cloth bag. He had to go far before he could find anyone who had a weighing machine or who ought to have one. He knew that there was no one in Blangau or Bernau who had one, and he strode through the two villages without stopping and finally after marching for two hours he reached the little town of Dielheim where Honig, the apothecary, lived. A good smell of freshly baked pancakes streamed out of Honig's house when he opened the door to the freezing boy, and there was already a flavor of punch on his breath. He had a wet cigar stub between his narrow lips as he held the boy's icy hands firmly in his own for a moment and said, "Well . . . are your father's lungs worse?"

"No," said the boy, "I haven't come for medicine, I wanted . . ." and he pulled open the string of his cloth bag, took out the five pebbles, and held them out to Honig, saying, "I want to have these weighed." He looked nervously into Honig's face, but when Honig said nothing, was not cross, and asked no questions, my grandfather said, "That's the difference between what the weighing machine says and the proper weight." And now, when he came into the warm room, he felt how wet his feet were. The snow had soaked through his leaky shoes and as he came through the wood it had fallen on him from the branches and was now melting. He was tired and hungry and suddenly he began to cry when he thought of the countless mushrooms, plants, and herbs which had been weighed on the Baleks' scales and been given short weight to the amount of his five pebbles. And when Honig, shak-

ing his head and holding the five pebbles in his hand, called to his wife, my grandfather thought of the generations of his parents and grandparents, whose mushrooms and herbs had been weighed on the same scales, and he felt as if he were drowning in a great wave of injustice, and began to weep more bitterly. He sat down without being invited, in a chair at the table, didn't notice the pancakes and the cup of hot coffee which kindly, fat Frau Honig set before him, and only ceased to weep when Honig himself came out of the shop and, rattling the pebbles in his hand, said quietly to his wife, "Exactly fifty-five grams."

My grandfather got home after tramping through the woods for two hours and received a thrashing for his pains. When they asked him about the coffee, he would not say a word, and spent the whole evening doing sums on the piece of paper on which he had entered all the deliveries he had made to the present Frau Balek. At last midnight struck and a salvo was heard from the little cannon in the castle. The village was full of joyful cries and the clatter of rattles, and when the whole family had kissed and embraced, Grandfather said in the silence that followed the coming of the New Year, "The Baleks owe me eighteen marks and thirty-two pfennigs." And he thought once more of the scores of children in the village, of his brother Fritz, who had gathered so many mushrooms, and his sister Ludmilla, and of all the hundreds of children in the past who had collected mushrooms, herbs, and plants for the Baleks — and this time he did not weep but told his parents and brothers and sisters about his discovery.

3

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY when the Baleks von Bilgan went to Mass in the village church with their new coat of arms, a giant squatting under a spruce, already emblazoned in blue and gold on their carriage, they found themselves before a multitude of pale, hard, unfriendly faces, all staring at them curiously. They had expected to be received with garlands in the village, serenades at dawn, and cheers and acclamation as they drove through. But the village seemed to be dead, and in the church the eyes of the pale-faced villagers were fixed on them with dumb and hostile concentration. When the vicar walked to the chancel steps to deliver his New Year's sermon, he noticed the bleak expression on the faces of his usually peaceful and gentle flock and, after stumbling laboriously through his address, he returned dripping with sweat to the altar. And when the Baleks left the church after Mass they found the aisle lined by silent, pale-faced villagers. Young Frau Balek von Bilgan stopped when she came to the children's pews and looked about her till she caught sight of my grandfather, the little, white-faced Franz Brücher, and asked

him, though it was in church, "Why didn't you take the coffee for your mother?" And my grandfather stood up and said, "Because you still owe me enough money to buy five kilos of coffee." And he took the five pebbles from his pocket and held them out to the young woman and said, "Here's the difference, fifty-five grams on each half kilo, between your weight and the true weight." And before Frau Balek could say anything, all the men and women in the church started singing:

"Gerechtigkeit der Erden, O Herr, hat Dich getötet. . ."

While the Baleks were in church, Wilhelm Vohla, the poacher, had gone into the little room and stolen the weighing machine and the great leather ledger in which every kilo of mushrooms, every kilo of herbs, had been entered, as well as everything else which the Baleks had bought from the villagers. The men of the village sat the whole afternoon in my great-grandparents' room going through the accounts and adding a tenth to everything that had been bought. They made out that many thousands of marks were owed, but they had not finished their calculations when the gendarmes came in from police headquarters, shooting and stabbing, and seized the scales and the account book by force. My grandfather's sister, little Ludmilla, was killed in the tumult; a few men were wounded and one of the gendarmes was stabbed by Vohla.

The uproar was not confined to our village: it spread to Blangau and Bernau, and for nearly a

¹ "The justice of the world, Oh Lord, hath slain thee."

week the flax mills were idle. But then a lot of gendarmes came and the men and women were threatened with prison and the Baleks compelled the vicar to display the weighing machine in the school and to give a demonstration proving that the weights it showed were exact. The men and women went back to the mills, but no one went to the school to see the parson's demonstration. Poor man, he stood there, helpless and miserable, with his weights, the scales, and the bags of coffee.

The children began once more to gather mushrooms, thyme, herbs, and foxglove, but every Sunday in church as soon as the Baleks came in, the congregation started singing:

"Gerechtigkeit der Erden, O Herr, hat Dich getötet . . ." until at last the Police Commandant sent a drummer round the villages to announce that this song was forbidden.

My grandfather's parents had to leave the village and the fresh grave of their little daughter. They became basket-makers moving from place to place, because it pained them to see how the scales of justice were everywhere loaded against the poor. Behind their caravan, which crawled slowly over the country roads, was tied their skinny goat. Passers-by often heard them singing, *"Gerechtigkeit der Erden."*

And they were ready to relate the story of the Baleks von Bilgan, who fell short of righteousness by one tenth, to anyone who wanted to hear them. But almost nobody did.

Translated by Richard Graves

AFTER THE SECOND FLOOD

by Wilhelm Lehmann

Waters and earth once more are parted,
But no bow's token overhead.
Roads choke on sands and stony deserts,
Since what was human time has fled.

From Nowhere rose a Here — the strophes
The yellowhammer drops are weak.
By human voices overwearied,
Silence prefers this way to speak.

Where bombs once tumbled, iron is rusting,
With mindless grass the place is flooded.
Like dragontails the breezes flicker,
No dragon guards this kind of hoard.

The heavens glow, the stones are trembling,
The yellowhammer still sings on.
The second flood has for survivor
Not Pyrrha, not Deukalion.

Translated by Babette Deutsch

DIVIDED CITY

A Portrait of the Two Berlins

by HANS WALLENBERG

1

IN BERLIN, the chief reality of life today remains the barrier which splits the city in two. To be sure, much has been accomplished in the Western sector in the ten years since the war. West Berlin is once again a bright, gay metropolis, colorful and clean, a city like the wonderful Berlin of other years that captured the heart of the world. It's a miracle, in a way. The crushed buildings, the grotesque monuments of rubble, are gone; sometimes the West Berliner catches himself wide-eyed in surprise. But then, to remind himself of what he has been through, he needs only look eastward, across the barrier, to the bleak image that refuses to disappear.

What is it like over there in East Berlin? A city somehow gone to seed. The people's clothes are shabby; even the well-dressed ones wear ill-fitting, cheap coats and suits. The buildings have a look of gloom about them — no decorations, no ornaments. Much of the war damage remains, huge scars ripped through the city's fabric, becoming now worn and accustomed like a habitual grimace. The fact is, East Berlin has changed its face only slightly since the end of the war. True, there has been a little rebuilding and some replacement of the enormous industrial stock which was sent to the Soviet Union as reparations. And, as East Berlin officials tirelessly point out, there is Stalin Allee, the somberly pompous housing project which was

erected six years ago to replace the ruins of the old Frankfurter Allee. But Stalin Allee is only a facade; a block behind it is desolation. The visitor's impression is one of unrelieved drabness; even where the city is clean it looks dirty. A hard background for human life, and the great numbers who have fled to West Berlin must have thought so too. The city has witnessed the arrival of more than a million refugees from the Eastern zone of Germany, a steady stream of victims of tragedy, many of whom had suffered beyond endurance.

Only in the cultural field does East Berlin offer some relief from the daily tedium. The Communists have emphasized theater and opera, and within the rather narrow limits enforced by their doctrinal view of the arts, they have done a good job. This emphasis on the arts is intended, of course, to please East Berliners, but it has another purpose too: to impress some in the West who might think that a good basso or a fine symphony orchestra is an indication of democratic freedom or at least a substitute for it. One remembers that there was excellent theater and music under the Nazis also. But, fortunately, cultural institutions have a way of defeating the intentions of those who use them for propaganda. The multitudes of Berliners who listened to Furtwängler's orchestra during the Nazi period did so to escape for a moment the ugly realities of a police state and to regain some semblance of human dignity and beauty; the same thing happens in East Berlin today. Even Soviet art keeps alive sentiments which find no other outlet in an oppressed society.

But theater and opera on the Western side are as good, and the shops, the boulevards, the restaurants, the houses, the fashions, the newspapers, the automobiles, are far better. The travel folders

HANS WALLENBERG, *journalist and editor, was born in Berlin in 1907, emigrated to New York in 1938, and joined the United States Army in 1942. He rose from private to major, participated in campaigns in North Africa, Italy, and France, and was subsequently assigned to be editor of Die Neue Zeitung, the newspaper sponsored by the American government. He is now in business in New York.*

speak in lustrous terms of West Berlin, and they are not wrong. The West Berliner lives in half a city, the fine half, where he can smile each day at his good fortune and where the tourists come each season to enjoy his good things and add to his income. The other half lives on the Eastern side of the barrier, and neither side is able to forget the other for long. Berliners are reminded in many ways that the division in their city, though painfully apparent, is recent and artificial; it is, so to speak, only skin deep.

The municipal subway and railroad system — one system for both sectors — stands as a kind of symbol. It is under Soviet direction because the main technical installations happen to be in the East. But trains pass uninterruptedly across the line and thus serve as the symbolic arteries which circulate through the whole organism of Berlin. However, these trains offer a danger too: a West Berliner who falls asleep on a train is likely to wake up in an East Berlin police station. Consequently, West and East Berliners alike have taken to waking up sleepers, especially those who look fairly well fed and well clothed, before their train reaches the border; this gives the Westerners time to get off in safety. This basic unity has been demonstrated in many other, more dramatic ways. But let me go back in time for a moment.

2

AS A RESULT of Soviet delaying tactics, after the city's fall to Russian troops early in May 1945, British, French, and American forces entered Berlin only at the beginning of July. The Soviets had used the two months of their exclusive dominion to establish a local government for Greater Berlin which was nothing more than a Communist city regime, subservient in every detail to Soviet occupation authorities. A condition for Western Allied "admission" to Berlin was that the British, French, and Americans should supply their sectors with food, transporting it through the hundreds of miles of Soviet-occupied territory by which Berlin was — and, of course, still is — entirely surrounded.

The Allies were given the use of only one highway and one railroad upon which to transport provisions for their own military personnel and for the civilian populations of their sectors. Thus, at the very beginning the groundwork was laid for the alternating threats of starvation and tempting promises of food which the Soviet officials would use as levers of "moral persuasion" to intimidate Berliners.

On October 20, 1946, the first and last city-wide council elections after the war were held. Two main parties appeared on the ballot, the Social Democratic Party (SPD) and the Socialist Unity Party (SED). The SED enjoyed strong Soviet backing, and its propaganda was artfully reinforced

by promises of Russian food to relieve the near starvation which had been caused in the first place by Soviet interference with the movement of Allied transport. Yet when the votes were counted, the SPD had won a sweeping victory. Thus, the people of Berlin, East and West, showed that they were strongly united in their opposition to Communism, even — or especially — after more than a year of Soviet occupation and propaganda.

The Soviet response was a cold war of attrition against Berlin's unity as a city, fought by means of arrests and abductions of countless civilians, hindrance of duly elected officials, and organized mob violence in the city parliament which, at that time, was still housed in the old Rathaus located in the Soviet sector. Finally, of course, the city council was forced to give way to these crude pressures. It moved to the Schöneberg Rathaus in the American sector. The next election, held on December 5, 1948, was restricted to the Western sectors; already the Soviets had promoted an arbitrary Communist government in their half of the city. The division became a fact; the barriers were erected.

The supreme expression of Russian determination to subjugate Berlin had come earlier in the same year. The blockade, a stoppage of all rail and motor traffic to and from the city, had begun in earnest in June. The result, as we all know, was the Allied airlift. A year later, in May 1949, the blockade was lifted after a complete failure. The Soviets had expected the blockade to succeed in a few weeks, and they had been ready with plans for the creation of an East German Republic. The airlift, certainly one of the most exciting and spectacular accomplishments of modern history, completely upset the Russians' calculations.

Since then, the cold war has waxed and waned and waxed again, but very little outward change has occurred in Berlin's perilous situation. In the West sector, there has been rapid progress toward economic stabilization and recovery. The city government has functioned freely and on the whole wisely. In the East sector, all the apparatus of Communist officialdom was set in motion. Berlin was the administrative center for the whole Soviet zone, and the Eastern sector seemed sometimes so crowded with uniformed personnel that ordinary citizens virtually disappeared from the scene.

But the signs of the Berliners' essential unity have continued. Even today, men and women from the East still slip over the border into free territory, asking asylum and bringing with them assurances that the Germans of the East zone still cherish the hope of freedom. Perhaps the most compelling demonstration of this occurred in June 1953, when striking workers at the steel mill in Henningsdorf, near Berlin, marched into the Eastern sector of the city to protest against their steadily deteriorating living conditions. It was a spontaneous uprising. Young men and women who had been organized in

Communist youth groups spoke up for freedom. A truck driver climbed the Brandenburg Gate and tore down the red flag, while thousands of hungry people below flooded against Soviet troops and tanks. The soldiers fired, of course, and a few days later there was a somber funeral. But the Henningsdorf workers had spoken in a voice audible throughout the world. So far as we know, this was the first eruption of outraged feelings behind the Iron Curtain, but it was not the last. Poznan followed, then Warsaw, then Budapest. The people of Berlin are confident that eventually their great city will somehow be made whole again in freedom; and what can happen here, they feel, can happen elsewhere too.

3

THE airlift was, of course, the central experience of life in modern Berlin. In retrospect, it has lost none of its drama. The Western sectors, comprising 2,250,000 people in all, were completely cut off from all the necessities. Supplying them solely by air would have been considered utterly out of the question only a few years earlier, and even in 1948 there were many who doubted that it could be done.

At the peak of the airlift, planes were arriving and departing in Berlin at intervals of thirty seconds. General Lucius D. Clay, who commanded the American forces in Berlin, has described it: "My home in Berlin was directly under the approach to Tempelhof, and I learned to sleep well under the steady drone overhead, waking only when there were no planes in the air to wonder at the cause." Millions of Berliners shared his experience and were grateful for the noisy sky. When the blockade was lifted, the planes had brought in nearly one and a half million metric tons of food, coal, and other supplies. This was life itself to the citizens of Berlin.

What the Berliners themselves contributed was the maintenance of a spirit of freedom and a will to live in the face of grave dangers. Those were the days when Berliners and Americans discovered a great mutual respect and even affection; the airlift was its most eloquent expression. Friendships became real, close, and cordial. The situation itself appealed to the Berliners, though it frightened them too, and it appealed even more to the Americans. Here was a crisis which called for the utmost ingenuity and courage. It was tremendously attractive to the American character, which, at least as the Europeans understand it, loves to improvise, to act dangerously, forthrightly, and above all quickly.

This rapport between Americans and Germans left its mark on Berlin, as it has on other German cities. For a number of years, Americans were particularly in evidence in West Berlin, and close relationships naturally developed. Today the good taste of American cigarettes still lingers in many a

Berliner's memory, and a remarkable number of its adolescents can speak facile English — in the accents of Brooklyn and Texas — though their vocabularies contain a good many expressions which will not help them in studying English literature. In fact, the whole American manner, modes of dress and movement, of speech and gesticulation, impressed itself on the German sensibility and still influences the customs and aspirations of Berliners.

The truth is that, in some respects, Berlin has a closer cultural and historical affinity with, say, New York than it does with the other capitals of Europe. Paris and London, Madrid and Rome, have been cultural and national centers for centuries, but Berlin, like New York, is a fairly new city. To be sure, a town has existed on the site of Berlin since the beginnings of German civilization, but not until the unification of Germany, in the last century, did it assume the proportions of a metropolis. Only a small minority of Berliners today can trace their ancestry to Berlin's earlier inhabitants; the rest are children of parents who came from other parts of Germany and Europe. Berlin's cultural traditions are old, of course; her music and art derive from the roots of European civilization. But the newness of their city gives Berliners an additional pride, independence, and freshness of spirit which is more characteristically American than European.

Visitors naturally wonder what Berlin was like before 1945. These Berliners who are so eager for freedom today — what were they doing during the Nazi tyranny? What about the torchlight parades, the mass hysteria, the spectacles of Prussian arrogance? The fact is that Berlin was never the stronghold of Nazi sentiment and remained to the very end of Hitlerism a center of opposition. The Nazis knew this and did everything they could to counteract it. But they failed.

Hitler became Chancellor in January 1933. Three months later, in March, the last general free election in the Third Reich was held. Only six out of nineteen Reichstag members elected from Berlin were National Socialists. Five were Social Democrats, two represented center parties, and six were Communists — whose supporters did not so much consider the unholy alliance between right and left (which contributed largely to the fall of the Weimar Republic) as the immediate threat of National Socialism. In other words, less than a third of the people of Berlin supported Hitler, even in those days when bitterness and despondency gripped the nation.

Perhaps this was shown most strikingly in the help and protection which Berliners gave to their Jewish friends. On the long September night in 1937 when I escaped to Prague, I noted in my diary: "Grotesque as it may seem, in Berlin relations between the Jews and the non-Jewish population are good, mostly friendly, and often more than

neighborly, in every case much too close for the government's comfort." Next to this, place the passage in Goebbels' diary which he wrote in 1943 in the midst of the war: "We are now definitely pushing the Jews out of Berlin. They were suddenly rounded up last Saturday, and are to be carted off to the East as quickly as possible. Unfortunately, our better circles, especially the intellectuals, once again have failed to understand our policy toward the Jews and in some cases have even taken their part. As a result, our plans were tipped off prematurely, so that a lot of Jews slipped through our hands."

Berlin was the scene of many such acts of resistance. It was here that Pastor Niemöller gathered his band of uncompromising Protestants, men and women who kept up his struggle for the conscience of man throughout his long imprisonment. Here Prelate Bruno Lichtenberg asked his parishioners to pray for their Jewish brethren, an act which brought him a martyr's death. Here Rabbi Leo Baeck, with unparalleled courage, stood by his Jewish community till the last moment and won the admiration of Berliners throughout the city. In Berlin, Social Democrats like Gustav Dahrendorf and Julius Leber established common ground against the regime with military men like General Beck, and thousands of obscure citizens translated their hatred of the regime into sympathy and help for its victims.

What is life in Berlin like today? Much as it is anywhere, of course. Berliners are joyous and sad, bright and stupid, sick and well. If life in a divided city occasionally offers opportunities for the display of ideological resoluteness, sometimes it merely brings out native cunning. East Berliners invade the Kurfürstendamm, West Berlin's shopping center, to buy shoes, clothing, whatever they can't

get at home, and they will go to extraordinary lengths to bring their purchases safely over the line. Girls from the East will come to the West wearing long coats and very little else besides, so that they can return home fully clothed. In the same way, genuine Malossol caviar and vodka are plentiful in the West, though you do not ask your host where he obtained his supply, and the professor who teaches at the anti-Communist Free University of West Berlin may be grateful for a chance to buy a fine old book cheaply somewhere in the Soviet sector. Men who risk their lives one day to place a "Freedom for Hungary" wreath on the Soviet War Memorial will risk them again the next day to make a few quick marks on smuggled goods.

In Berlin, the mayors of the two cities never meet, and a telephone call from the Eastern sector to a party half a mile across the border usually takes four hours, for it must be placed long-distance, via Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, 55 miles away.

A good barometer of the cold war in Berlin is *Totensonntag*, the day when Germans honor their dead. As it happens, most of Berlin's cemeteries are in the Soviet sector, and each year West Berliners wait anxiously to find out whether international relations will incline the Soviets to let them visit the graves of their loved ones.

Berliners are tough and realistic. When I arrived in the city not long ago, I asked the taxi driver at Tempelhof airport how things were going. "What would you like to hear?" he said. And Berliners are proud. Their definition of a Breslauer is "someone who couldn't find an apartment in Berlin," and they mean it. Berlin, the frontier city of the cold war, forces one to find answers, and the Berliners have found theirs. They have a fine city, a good life, and they will not give up either to the darkness beyond the barrier. This is what they have resolved.

MEMENTO

by Rudolf Hagelstange

By the waters of Babylon
We did not sit and weep.
But the pulse of the plaint lifted there
Let us keep — let us keep.

We did not blow the blast before Jericho
Made walls sunder and spill.
But even under the turf those walls tumbling
Appal us still.

Not by us in Jerusalem's temple
Was one prayer said.
Yet the blood of Seth and of Shem is kneaded
With our daily bread.

Translated by Babette Deutsch

ATOMS WITH HOOKS AND EYES

Thoughts on Humanistic Education, Science, and Western Culture

by WERNER HEISENBERG

1

IT is frequently argued that in our age, governed as it is by science and technology, education should be directed more toward practical ends if it is to serve as a useful preparation for life. This argument raises once more the question of the relationship between humanistic education and contemporary science. I cannot treat this question in any fundamental way, since I am not an educator and have given the matter too little thought. But I can attempt to draw some conclusions from my own experiences, for I myself am a product of a German *Gymnasium*, that stronghold of the classical education.

The advocates of the humanistic ideal rightly point out that our entire cultural life, all our actions, thoughts, and feelings, are rooted in the intellectual substance of the Occident, the beginnings of which are to be found in classical antiquity: in Greek art, Greek poetry, and Greek philosophy. Subsequently transmuted by Christianity, this Greek spirit culminated at the close of the Middle Ages in a magnificent union of Christian faith with the intellectual freedom of antiquity; the world was conceived as God's even as the voyages of discovery and the development of science and technology were thoroughly reshaping it. Thus, in every realm of modern life we necessarily encounter intellectual structures which had their origins in classical an-

tiquity or in Christianity. So it can be urged in favor of humanistic education that it is good to know these structures, even though many of their aspects may not be directly necessary for modern life.

It is secondly stressed that the whole force of our Western culture derives from the close connection between asking questions of principle and taking practical action. In practical action other peoples and other cultural areas have been just as experienced as the Greeks. But Greek thought from the very first was distinguished from that of other peoples by precisely this ability to translate a problem into one of principle, thereby arriving at answers that imposed order upon the colorful multiplicity of experience. Out of this bond between theoretical questions and practical action arose, at the beginning of the Renaissance, modern science and technology. Anyone who studies Greek philosophy encounters at every step of the way this gift for putting questions of principle; reading the Greeks, therefore, enables one to exercise the most powerful intellectual tool that Occidental thought has produced. To this extent we can certainly say that humanistic studies teach us something enormously useful.

Finally, it is rightly maintained that a study of classical antiquity leads us to a standard of value which rates spiritual-intellectual values higher than material values. Here, of course, our contemporaries might argue that modern times prove that forces of matter are stronger than any forces of mind, and that it is therefore anachronistic to attempt to teach our children a greater esteem for intellectual than for material values.

In this connection I recall a conversation I had some thirty years ago in our schoolyard. At that time revolutionary struggles were going on in

Professor WERNER HEISENBERG, who was born in Duisburg in 1901, was awarded the Nobel Prize in Physics in 1932 for his work on the quantum theory. A member of the faculty of the University of Göttingen since 1945, he is Director there of the Max Planck Research Institute. Several of his books have been published in this country, including Physical Principles of the Quantum Theory and Philosophic Problems of Nuclear Science.

Munich; the heart of the city was still occupied by Communists. I was seventeen, and along with my schoolmates was assigned to auxiliary duty with a military unit whose headquarters was in the theological seminary opposite our *Gymnasium*. There was frequent though not particularly violent firing in the street. Every noon we fetched our lunch from a field kitchen in the yard of the seminary. One day we became involved in a discussion with a theology student on the question of whether this struggle in Munich was in truth meaningful. One of our group took the stand that questions of power could not be decided by intellectual means, by speechmaking and writing; the real decision between us and the others could only be determined by force, he declared.

Thereupon the theology student replied that the very question of who "we" and who "the others" were obviously depended upon a purely intellectual decision, and that probably a good deal would be gained if this decision were made somewhat more intelligently than was usually the case. We could find no good reply to this argument. Perhaps it might not be so bad if we were to teach youth not to despise the values of the mind.

But to return to my subject, which is the relationship between science and humanistic education — most schoolboys stumble into the realm of technology by beginning to play with various types of apparatus. Being given a Christmas present of a mechanical nature, playing with other boys, or learning something in school, they become interested in handling and building small machines. During my first five school years I engaged in such play with great eagerness. Probably it would have remained only play and would never have led me to real science if another experience had not intervened. In school we were taught the elements of geometry. At first it seemed to me a thoroughly dry subject; triangles and squares stirred my imagination far less than flowers and verse. But suddenly I saw that general propositions could be stated about these structures, that certain consequences could not only be recognized from the figures, but could also be proved mathematically.

This idea — that mathematics had a relationship to things that could be seen and experienced — struck me as extraordinarily remarkable and exciting. I had one of those rare insights that sometimes come to us in connection with the subjects we learn in school, when a subject which has entered our field of vision suddenly begins to glow with its own light; at first the image is obscure and vague, but it grows steadily brighter until at last the light it radiates fills a larger space in our consciousness, extends to other subjects, and finally becomes an integral part of our own life.

That was what happened to me with the insight that mathematics applies to things in our experience: an insight that, my teachers told me, had

already been perceived by Pythagoras and Euclid. I began trying to find applications for mathematics myself, and found this playing with mathematics and direct observation at least as amusing as other games. Later the field of geometry ceased to satisfy me. Through books I discovered that the science of physics had developed methods for studying mathematically the behavior of the machines I was constantly rigging up. From popular-education books and similar rather elementary texts I began learning the mathematics required to describe physical laws — primarily the differential and integral calculus. The achievements of Newton and his successors seemed to me the direct continuation of the work of Greek mathematicians and philosophers; they were in fact one and the same thing, and it would not have entered my head to view the science and technology of our age as belonging to a fundamentally different world from the philosophy of Pythagoras or Euclid.

2

AT BOTTOM, instinctively and with a schoolboy's ignorance I had stumbled upon a basic trait of Occidental thought: the connection I have already mentioned between practical action and theoretical questions. Mathematics is, as it were, the language in which questions can be asked and answered fundamentally, but the questions themselves have reference to processes in the practical, material world. So, for example, geometry served the purpose of measuring agricultural land.

As a result of this experience, my interest as a student ran more toward mathematics than toward physical science or apparatus; it was only in the two upper forms at school that I turned back to physical science. That, curiously enough, was the result of a chance encounter with modern physics.

At the time we were using a quite commendable physics textbook which, however, naturally treated the most modern developments in physics in a rather gingerly fashion. Nevertheless, the last pages of the book contained some discussion of atoms, and I distinctly remember a diagram which showed a sizable aggregation of atoms. The diagram was intended to represent the state of a gas. There were several groups of atoms, and within the groups the atoms were connected by hooks and eyes which were probably meant to symbolize the chemical affinities. The text also stated that in the view of Greek philosophers atoms constituted the smallest indivisible building blocks of matter.

Every time I saw it, this diagram stirred me to feelings of outrage; I was shocked that anything so stupid could be found between the covers of a textbook of physics. For I thought: If the atoms are such crudely tangible structures as this book pretends, if they have so complicated a form that they even possess hooks and eyes, they cannot

possibly be the smallest indivisible blocks of matter.

A friend who was far more interested in philosophy than I backed me up in this view. This schoolmate, who had read a number of essays on the atomic theory of the classical philosophers, had also encountered a textbook of modern atomic physics (I believe it was Sommerfeld's *Atomic Structure and Spectral Lines*) and had seen graphic drawings of atoms. They had led him to the firm conviction that all of modern atomic physics must be wrong, and he tried to win me to this view. In those days we formed judgments much more quickly and certainly than we do now. I agreed with my friend that graphic representations of atoms must necessarily be wrong, but I held that the fault lay with those who drew the pictures.

In any case, I was left with the desire to become more closely acquainted with the real fundamentals of atomic physics, and here another accident played into my hands. At this time we had just begun reading a Platonic dialogue in school. But instruction was highly irregular because of the unrest in Munich. We boys had very little to do as military auxiliaries; in fact, we were far more in danger of loafing than of overworking ourselves. However, we had to be ready for duty at night.

It was a warm summer, that June of 1919, and in the early mornings especially we had practically no duties. The result was that shortly after dawn I frequently resorted to the roof of the theological seminary to lie in the sun and read, or sit with my feet dangling over the rim of the roof and watch the Ludwigstrasse come to life. On one such occasion I decided to take a volume of Plato up to the roof with me, and to read something beside the dialogues we were studying in class, despite my relatively limited knowledge of Greek. I hit upon the *Timaeus*, and here for the first time I encountered Greek atomic philosophy at first hand. Reading the dialogue, I understood the basic ideas of atomic theory much more clearly than I had before. I thought that I could at least halfway understand the reasons which had prompted Greek philosophers to assume the existence of those smallest indivisible building blocks of matter. The thesis Plato maintained in the *Timaeus*, that atoms are regular bodies, still did not seem altogether sensible to me, but I was pleased to see that at least his atoms had no hooks and eyes. In any case, I became convinced there and then that a scientist could scarcely work in modern atomic physics without a knowledge of Greek natural philosophy, and I reflected that the person who had drawn that picture of the atom should have boned up on his Plato before he set about making drawings.

Thus, without quite knowing how, I had become acquainted with one of the great ideas of Greek natural philosophy, an idea which forms the bridge between antiquity and the modern age, and one whose full power has unfolded only since the

Renaissance. This movement in Greek philosophy, the atomic doctrine of Leucippus and Democritus, is generally referred to as materialism. Historically that is a correct appellation, but one that can easily be misunderstood nowadays because the word *materialism* acquired during the nineteenth century a special connotation which by no means accords with the development of Greek natural philosophy. This misinterpretation of the classical atomic theory can be avoided if we remember that the first modern scholar to revive the atomic theory was the seventeenth-century theologian and philosopher Gassendi. He surely did not intend to place it in opposition to the tenets of Christianity. For Democritus, moreover, atoms were the letters with which the events of the universe were written, but not its content. Nineteenth-century materialism, on the other hand, developed out of ideas of quite a different sort, ideas characteristic of the modern age whose roots are to be found in the post-Cartesian division of the world into material and spiritual realities.

3

THE great river of science and technology which nourishes our epoch consequently springs from two sources, both of which lie within the territory of classical philosophy, and although other tributaries have since enlarged the fructifying stream, the original sources can still be recognized plainly. In this sense science, too, can profit from humanistic education. To be sure, those who urge more practical training for youth may always object that knowledge of the intellectual and spiritual fundamentals is not too essential for practical life. On the contrary, they would say, time is better spent on the subjects of more practical value for modern life: modern languages, technical studies, business administration, and arithmetical skills. These will enable a person to meet the demands of life, while humanistic education is more or less an adornment, a luxury which can be afforded only by those few whom fate has spared the more difficult phases of the struggle for existence.

Perhaps that is true for many people who later in life will engage in purely practical activities and who have no ambition to contribute to shaping the intellectual structure of our era. But anyone who will not be content so to limit himself, anyone who wishes to get to the bottom of things in any subject, be it technology or medicine or what have you, will sooner or later come upon these sources in classical antiquity. And he will find it extremely helpful for his own work if he has learned from the Greeks to think in terms of fundamentals, to ask questions of principles. The work of Max Planck, I believe, clearly reveals the influence and enrichment of a humanistic background. Perhaps I may cite another of my own experiences, which

occurred some three years after the end of my *Gymnasium* days. I was then attending the University of Göttingen, and happened to discuss with a fellow student the problem which had troubled me at secondary school: whether atoms could be represented graphically. This problem was obviously linked with the phenomena of spectroscopy, for which at that time no explanation could be offered. My friend defended the graphic representations and declared that the solution was simple: all we had to do was to construct, with the aid of modern technology, a microscope with enormous powers of resolution — one that operated with gamma rays instead of ordinary light, for example. Then we would be able to see the form of an atom — and that, he thought, would certainly remove my scruples about graphic representations.

This idea disturbed me deeply. I was afraid this imaginary microscope would make visible after all the hooks and eyes of my physics textbook, and I would therefore be forced to ponder the apparent contradiction between this (imaginary) experiment and the basic ideas of Greek philosophy. In this situation the training we had received in school — in thinking in terms of principles — proved a tremendous help to me. It made me resist accepting partial, sham solutions. Moreover, what knowledge I had by then acquired of Greek natural philosophy also came to my rescue.

In discussing the value of humanistic education today, we can scarcely object that the relationship of natural philosophy to modern atomic physics is an exceptional case and that in other respects science, technology, or medicine, rarely touches upon questions of principle. That would be wrong if only because many scientific disciplines are now closely tied to atomic physics and consequently lead back to similar fundamental questions. The structure of chemistry stands upon the foundation of atomic physics; modern astronomy is intimately connected with it and could scarcely make any progress without constant reference to atomic physics; and bridges between biology and atomic physics are already beginning to be built. In the last several decades the connections among the various sciences have become far more evident than they were in the past. At many such nodes the signs of their common origin are recognizable, and that common origin is, ultimately, the thinking of classical antiquity.

In making this remark I have almost returned to my starting point. Western culture began with the close connection between questions of principle and practical action which was the great achievement of the Greeks. And upon that relationship the whole force of our culture rests to this day. Almost all progress can still be derived from it, and in this sense affirmation of humanistic education is also simply an affirmation of the West and its creative cultural forces.

But — have we still the right to make such an affirmation in view of the frightful losses of power and prestige the West has suffered during the past few decades? One might comment that here is no question of right, but solely of desire. The entire activity of the West did not originate from a theoretical conception which provided our forefathers with their justification for acting. Far from it. In the beginning there stood, as there always does in such cases, faith. I do not mean by that only the Christian faith in a God-given meaningful world, but simply the faith in our task in this world. Having faith does not, of course, mean thinking this or that true; having faith always means: This is my choice; on this I will stake my existence! When Columbus set out on his first voyage to the West, he believed that the earth was round and small enough to be circumnavigated. He not only thought this theoretically correct; he staked his existence on it. We may, with Freyer, the historian, revise the old formula, *Credo, ut intellegam* — “I believe in order to understand,” into *Credo, ut agam; ago, ut intellegam* — “I believe in order to act; I act in order to understand.” This formula applies not only to the first circumnavigations of the globe; it applies equally well to all the science of the West, and probably to the whole mission of the West. It embraces humanistic culture and science. And let us not be excessively modest: one half of the contemporary world, the West, has acquired incomparable power by giving utmost weight to one idea of Western culture: the control and exploitation of the forces of nature by science. The other half of the world, the East, is held together by belief in the dogmas of a European philosopher and political economist. No one knows what the future will bring, nor what intellectual forces will govern the world; but we can only begin by believing in something and desiring some outcome.

We want intellectual life to flourish here again. Here in Europe we want to see continuance of the development of ideas that change the face of the world. We are staking our existence upon the faith that even as we recall our origins, and once more find our way back to a harmonious interplay of the various forces on our continent, we shall also be able to shape the external conditions of European life more happily than we have done in the past fifty years. We want our youth, in spite of all outward confusions, to grow up in the intellectual atmosphere of the West, to drink from those sources of strength on which our continent has lived for more than two thousand years. The details of that striving are of secondary importance. Whether we adhere to the traditional humanistic *Gymnasium* or to some other type of schooling is not the decisive factor. What really matters above everything else is our desire to affirm the culture of the West!

Translated by Richard and Clara Winston

FAITHFUL ANTIGONE

A Story

by ELISABETH LANGGÄSSER



THE grave lay among the vegetable gardens on the outskirts of the town. A narrow path ran between them, widening at this point, as a sandy stream will widen its bed where it flows about an island. The wooden cross was already beginning to weather; the letters R.I.P. had been washed away by the rain; the steel helmet was askew, a grin on the face of Death the sentry. The watering can, rake, and trowel lay beside the grave, and the girl called Carola put down the basket of pansies that she planned to plant around it. Then she turned to her companion, a bored young man who watched her while between cupped hands he struck a match with which to light the Camel dangling from the corner of his mouth.

No breeze. Spring, losing its freshness, was turning to hot summer. The lilac was nearly done, its blossoms once purple and mauve were browning at the tips as the fruit replaced the flower; the pink spiraea was a great froth of color, the tall tulips were still each a perfect urn balanced upon its slender stem, and would remain so for today and for tomorrow — after which they too would droop. An ugly old vase and two aluminum cups held the flowers — and now it was to be lilies of the valley, narcissus that recalls sickrooms, and white spiraea which would create a feeling of exuberant profusion that contrasts oddly with the unpleasant smell of its small, short-lived petals.

ELISABETH LANGGÄSSER, a poet, novelist, and short-story writer who died in 1950, was one of the most remarkable literary talents to emerge after the war, when the work she had done but could not publish in the Hitler era was released. Her novel, *Quest*, has been published in translation in this country. Mrs. Langgässer was, for the greater part of her life, a schoolteacher in Berlin.

"Once the pink and white spiraea are over, there's nothing for some time," said Carola. She leaned down, emptied the dirty water out of the cups, and refilled them with fresh. She sighed.

"There're roses," said the boy. "Though not yet awhile. You're right. There's nothing for a bit. Except maybe flowering shrubs. There're pink ones and yellow ones too. The thing is to tear off the branches when you can find them . . ." He glanced rapidly at the girl.

"No," she said quickly.

"Not tear off the branches? No? Then he'll just have to do without, till the roses are in bloom." He gave a harsh, awkward laugh; the girl began to tidy the grave, carefully collecting the petals that had fallen upon it, straightening the sides of the little mound with her trowel and her hands, so that there could be no doubt where the path ended. (He thought: She must have done like that when she was a little girl, cooking up porridge or rice pudding for her dolls on her toy stove. The thought was quickly gone.) He had to laugh again and she looked up at him with distrust. It really was as if the grave, spattered with the white blossoms, had been sprinkled with sugar, as if children, called in from play by their mother, had forgotten to bring their toys in with them.

"Give me the basket with the pansies," said Carola. "I'll plant them now. And the stick, so I can make holes to put them in. Spaced evenly . . ." She was eager, and flushed.

"Get them yourself," said the boy, and ground out his cigarette against a rotten post. "It's silly, what you're doing."

"What I'm doing?"

"Yes, all this fuss about some soldier's grave. You're always coming here. In September and

October it was rowanberries. November and December it was holly and pine branches. Then snowdrops and crocuses. And all for a stranger, a man you don't even know anything about . . ."

"What don't I know?"

"You don't know what sort of a fellow he was."

"He's dead now."

"Maybe he was an SS man."

"Maybe."

"Well, and aren't you ashamed?" the boy said loudly. "Those bastards murdered your own brother in Mauthausen concentration camp. He was probably . . ."

"Shut up!" Her expression was one of despair as she pressed her hands against her ears. He seized her wrists and pulled her hands away from her head. She struggled, panting — their faces were very close together — then suddenly he let her go.

"Do whatever you please. It's all the same to me. But I'm sick of it. So long."

"You're not going?"

"Why shouldn't I? You've got company here, haven't you? I've got to see some people."

"I know," said the girl, bitterly. "Those black-market people."

"So what? The black market isn't any worse than your collection of ghosts. Ghosts like this one here — worms and maggots." He nodded toward the grave. While they had fought, the rake and trowel had fallen across it, giving it a disheveled appearance, a look of lonely destitution.

"Come along," said the boy. "I've got some chocolate for you."

"You can keep it."

"And nylon stockings."

"Why do you lie to me?" asked the girl coldly.

"Well, if you know I'm lying," said the boy calmly, "I might as well stop. Or do you imagine I enjoy telling lies?"

"Then you lie from unhappiness," said Carola.

They fell silent. The afternoon sun blazed down, and the air shimmered as it does only in the summertime — a fleeting blast of light, the muffled scream and sigh of distress of mothering nature. A length of garden fence lay smashed beside the path. As though by agreement, they both sat down, the young man drew Carola toward him, then laid his head in her lap like a stray dog. She sat bolt upright, and stared with wide eyes at the soldier's grave.

"Do you really think that Clemens suffered so terribly?" Carola asked softly. "In the quarry, or . . ."

"I don't know. Let it be. Don't fuss yourself," he murmured, as one talking in his sleep. "For Clemens, it's all over."

"Yes," she repeated mechanically. "For Clemens, it's all over." She nodded her head several times, and then began again. "But I'd still like to know."

"Know . . . what?"

"If he's at peace now," she said and her voice was half-stifled.

"You needn't worry about that. You know what it was he died for."

"Yes, I do know. But, you see, when I was a little girl I couldn't sleep if I'd left my toys out in the yard, my wooden horse, or my doll. Suppose it should start to rain! And my toys all alone down there, and maybe frightened of the dark. Don't you understand?"

He did not answer. Nor did Carola seem to expect any reply; her questions were addressed to some other person altogether.

"Is it hard to die? You can tell me. The moment when the soul tears itself away from all it has ever possessed?"

Now a gentle breeze arose and lifted the outermost tips of the branches of white flowers; the rays of the sun, slanting down, caught the steel helmet, and on its sightless surface kindled a tiny flash of light.

"Are you comfortable?"

The young man's head rolled from side to side in her lap, as in a dream; his drawn face, marked with the lines left by the hard years, relaxed beneath her caressing hands as she tried slowly and gently to smooth back the unruly hair. Then her fingers passed across his forehead, down to his temples, and over his cheeks, touching his lips which sought to catch them in a softly clasping kiss . . . until at last they came to rest in the hollow of his throat, where the living vein pulsed steadily.

"Yes, I'm comfortable." His voice was far away. "I'd like to lie like this forever. Forever . . ." He sighed, and whispered something that Carola could not catch, for as he spoke he pressed his mouth against her hands; she did not ask him what it was that he had said.

After a time the girl said, "I must go now. Mother will be coming home soon. And by the way, before I forget, the curate was asking after you yesterday. There's a great shortage of older acolytes just now, particularly for the High Mass on the great feast days. Perhaps you might . . ."

"No, I won't." The boy's lips tightened.

". . . the children can't remember the texts, they won't learn, and there's no relying on them," she went on steadily and inflexibly. "At the Requiem the other day . . ."

She stopped. Immediately in front of them a brimstone butterfly, testing its new yellow wings, fluttered past and settled, confident and weary, upon the basket containing the plants.

"For my own sake," said the boy. "No, for your sake," he corrected himself. "So that you can be at peace," he added after a moment's pause.

"So that he . . . can be at peace," she said, and reached for her basket.

Translated by Constantine FitzGibbon

ART AS EVIDENCE OF FREEDOM

Contemporary Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture

by ALBERT SCHULZE VELLINGHAUSEN

1

A COUNTRY's art is not an isolated thing; it is the concert of all forces of its spirit. German art as a specific "color" of Western culture materialized in the nascent thirteenth-century Gothic, and ever since, a certain archaic inertia — in line with loyalty to the idea of the Reich — has been contending dialectically against the urge to find new graphic forms. When the latter prevailed, as in the Reformation and in expressionism, German art took forward strides. Time and again, long periods of consumption (but also of genius in putting finishing touches to forms found elsewhere — we need only mention the golden age of the South German baroque!) were overtaken by abrupt advances. There is little steadiness to be observed in German art, but much sudden vigor in stormy departures.

And yet, it was a shockingly radical experience that marked the situation after World War II. This old, civilized country's art was forced one day to make sure of its very existence as a strange gift, and to make a fresh start from a kind of Point Zero: 1945. There was a rubbing of eyes, a mournful rage at the frightening realization of huge losses, and yet there was wonder: the night of terror actually had been survived by some.

There had been iconoclasm in the past — even the Bible talks of breaking the images of neighbor-

ing pagan tribes — while the number of ruined altar paintings cannot even be guessed. But the Nazi fight against "degenerate art" — a term derived from Hitler's personal resentment and applied to all art other than the most commonplace naturalism — had a quality all its own. It was lethally systematic. The despotism was not content to ban and destroy (and to sell abroad for foreign currency, where profit beckoned); it did not rage against the works of art alone. It went right into the studios proscribing professional and even wholly private artistic activities. Organized stool pigeons, recruited from the pseudo-artistic riffraff that is always found in the proletariat of art, served as a kind of "art police," watching and controlling all artists who were aesthetically suspect and thus "injurious to the community." A few individuals with sufficient nerve kept working in secret. Fritz Winter's wartime series "*Triebkräfte der Erde*" ("Driving Forces of the Soil"), a virtual compendium of searching imagination, consists of the smallest rice-paper scraps. The dimensions of Oskar Schlemmer's suite of "window visions," created in an office building in Wuppertal, are similarly minute. Art, in those days, had to be easy to hide.

An oddly paradoxical compliment! Never before had fine art been taken so seriously by the philistine rabble — but then Hitler himself had begun as a painter of *Kitsch*. The authorities had the right idea: human freedom is nowhere as purely manifest as in martyrdom and in the works of fine art. Indeed, we may say it is actually embodied and made tangible in works of art. This suspicion, that art might show the whole system of power in jeopardy, brought the aversion of the mighty to the point of hatred and persecution mania. They felt potentially unmasked by art.

ALBERT SCHULZE VELLINGHAUSEN, born in the Ruhr district in 1905, gave up the study of law for art and literature. He was a bookseller in Cologne before making writing his profession. A regular contributor to the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, one of Germany's leading newspapers, he is now a critic of art, architecture, literature, and drama. He also serves on art juries for a number of museums, both in Germany and abroad.

German art should not be ashamed of this persecution. It did more to maintain standards than if the evil system had pretended to magnanimity, feigning a liberalism it mocked in all other respects. Still, the awakening was difficult. The public had to be prodded into bringing the survivors out of hiding, showing interest in them, making use of them. Who was left to testify about *Die Brücke*, about the *Blaue Reiter*, about the fertile *Bauhaus* period? But let us glance at the past.

Old Emil Nolde, born in 1867, was near eighty, strictly forbidden to paint since 1941, vegetating on his farm near the Danish border. There he guarded the pathos of riotous colors which had made him and Kirchner the foremost masters of *Die Brücke*, forty years since. Kirchner had killed himself in Davos in 1938; his works remained sequestered in Switzerland. Jawlensky of the *Blaue Reiter* group, long paralyzed, had died in Wiesbaden early during the war. He had died in obscurity, although a few initiates held his late, icon-type abstractions (miniatures: half window crossbars, half visions of Christ) in high esteem.

Max Beckmann had emigrated to Amsterdam and been trapped by the German occupation. He had survived with the help of friends and art dealers — chiefly valiant Günther Franke of Munich; but now he was cut off from German life by the all but impassable frontier. Karl Hofer, the brittle classicist and bitter idealist, had survived in Berlin and set out to paint his bombed-out life's work again, from memory; it turned into black visions of terror and torture.

Of the *Bauhaus* group hardly anyone had stayed in the country. Klee, after 1933, had sought refuge in his Swiss homeland and died in Locarno, in 1940. Kandinsky had emigrated to Paris and died there shortly after the liberation, in December 1944. Schlemmer also was dead; he and Willi Baumeister had hidden out in a paint factory. Baumeister, unbroken, took over the Stuttgart Academy of Art and was the first to exert a more than local influence. Itten, the Swiss, taught in Zurich; Feininger, the American, was back in his native New York; George Grosz had emigrated to the United States; Muche kept going at the *Textilschule* in Krefeld. Fritz Winter, one of the younger *Bauhaus* artists, was a prisoner of war in Russia.

To mention sculptors: Mataré, proscribed by the authorities but aided by the farseeing Catholic Church, could now start working in the Lower Rhineland and became the friend and witty adviser of a circle of younger men. Gerhard Marcks, hard hit by the death of his sons, was living somewhere on the Baltic coast, in the Russian zone. Both were custodians of the knowledge of Berlin's great years.

Let us end this roster which cannot lay claim to completeness. It can only indicate how much this state of art resembled a landscape of scattered volcanic craters. There was no center anywhere.

There were few interconnections, no newspapers, no signs of a public opinion. The need for food, clothing, and shelter, and the distress of the refugees came first. Resentments created confusion, adulterating the spontaneous sense of general relief.

The occupying powers, on the other hand — the United States, France, and England — started soon to assist the formation of opinion in this hazy vacuum by exhibitions of great modern art. There were astute men on the cultural staffs of the armies; they realized that the most urgent task was to procure objects of comparison. These exhibitions proved to be virtual "effective quanta," to borrow a term from physics. Germans whose memory went back to the time before the terror could base their stand on them. The reaction was sensational; it was art that brought the first free breeze into the country. The expressionists, Bracque and Picasso, Feininger's transparent lyricism, Paul Klee's universe — all this came before the eyes of an unaccustomed, stunned, delighted, horrified public as on the day of creation. It was "a new world."

2

ALREADY younger, hitherto unknown native figures were appearing. Georg Meistermann (born in 1911) had caught a breath of free air before 1933 as a student at the Düsseldorf Academy, and ecclesiastic backing had since enabled him to devote himself to the design of glass windows; now he came before the public with free, hopeful works. Hubert Berke (born in 1908), a Klee pupil who had taken up commercial art under the despotism, could again link up with the great past. Werner Gilles (born in 1894), a long-time resident of Italy, fascinated people with his abstract visions of southern geology. Ernst Wilhelm Nay (born in 1902), a protégé of Edvard Munch in the bad years, employed metallic hardness for the difficult transition from expressionist remnants to a more absolute color technique.

The work of Henry Moore, presented by the British in a comprehensive exhibit, furnished not only sculptors but painters with daring examples of how to break through more conventional forms of vision. Similar impulses came from Fernand Léger and the German-born Parisian, Hans Hartung.

With economic recovery, art centers again emerged. Stuttgart came to the fore, owing to Willi Baumeister's influence. Baumeister, consistently building up his own non-objective but myth-inspired forms from picture to picture, found a comrade-in-arms in a collector named Domnick. In Berlin, old Karl Hofer could give the academy he headed a vigorous profile by calling on new, younger men. He was especially successful in sculpture: Karl Hartung, the portraitist Bernhard Heiliger, and the metal-former Hans Uhlmann made of the island city of West Berlin a focal point of the search for sculptural forms. As painters, Theodor Werner

(born in 1886) and young Heinz Trökes (born in 1913) lent the charm of their suggestive personalities to the politically awkward Berlin climate.

Munich, as the art center of the Third Reich, was burdened with all sorts of reactionary incrustations. It was fortunate to have art dealers such as Günther Franke and the Stangl Galleries; working hand in hand with such museum directors as Ludwig Grothe (formerly of the *Bauhaus*) and Eberhard Hanfstaengl, they accomplished a relatively rapid clean-up of the ideological rubble. There was no new production of actual interest, however, until Fritz Winter came back from Russian captivity.

Another center, perhaps the decisive one, lies in the Rhenish-Westphalian cities from Cologne to Münster. In this area of heavy industry, precision mechanics, commerce, textile manufacture, and last but not least, capital concentration, art has to contend daily — “existentially,” as it were — with the realities. Cologne, as an ancient Christian metropolis, was always open to metaphysics in art; even in ruins it became a capital of the new trends, with a collector named Haubrich setting the pace. Then, still in the sign of reconstruction, young and old art dealers — the Spiegel, Rusche, and Moeller galleries — managed to gather so many productive individuals around them that an essentially artistic *milieu* of intrigues, competitions, and friendships grew apace. Such recognized artists as Mataré, Marcks, Meistermann, Berke, and the sculptor Ludwig Gies were joined by gifted new faces. Josef Fassbender (born in 1903) embodied the Rhenish inclination to surrealism — Max Ernst was born in a village near Cologne! — in a colorful, imaginative mixture of drawing and painting. Another was Hann Trier (born in 1915) whose bold, extensive “handwriting” was soon to be noticed abroad.

In the textile towns of Krefeld and Wuppertal a thoroughly practical search for textile designing ideas had long since turned the silk manufacturers into avid collectors, chiefly of Klee and Kandinsky. Beside these older cities with their patrician traditions, the Ruhr coal-mining town of Recklinghausen shows a different pattern. Here labor festivals are held by the unions each summer with art shows that confront ancient and modern art and thus exert a great educational attraction on population strata heretofore removed from any art. As seat of the *Junger Westen* society of artists, Recklinghausen has encouraged such promising new talents as Thomas Grochowiak, Emil Schumacher, M. L. Rogister, Hans Werdehausen, and Wilhelm Wessel.

The semi-official German Artists Federation, supported by the federal government, arranges annual shows which considerably illuminate the situation. Furthermore, a word must be said about German art journalism. It is anything but dull, and such papers as the *Neue Zeitung* — which was backed by

the U.S. Department of State until 1955 — have done much to remove misconceptions and to create understanding for the new age. Critics such as Professor Will Grohmann and Werner Haftmann have been invaluable molders of opinion. *Documenta*, the great exhibition in the summer of 1955 in Kassel, must also be cited here; thanks largely to the support of American museums, it was able to show the past half century of modern art comprehensively and emphatically enough to arouse uncommon interest and an enormous echo. As by magic, the power and quality of the objects assembled in Kassel broke the spell of prejudices left over from Nazi times.

3

WHAT, then, is the actual situation today, eleven years after the armistice? Self-confidently German standards have not been able to evolve as yet, for two reasons:

a. Berlin, the formerly unquestioned, even though not universally beloved capital of the Reich, has dropped out for the present, without finding a successor. There is no central “arena” for artists to compete in, as they do in Paris, London, or New York. Attempts on the part of Bonn, the federal capital, to step in are doomed by conservative overcautiousness, in spite of undeniably good will.

b. Art itself has become largely, even though not exclusively, supranational. Except for a few basic structural dispositions — including, among the Germans, a spontaneous inclination to graphic art, a skeptical attitude toward mere *peinture*, and a daemonic love of gestural expressiveness — national traits are now seldom recognizable as determinants of value. We do not say they have disappeared altogether; but they are found in the roots of creation rather than in the physiognomy of the created works. The arts are looking for a supranational language. It is only natural, therefore, to find the “decentralized” German artists of today looking beyond more than within the frontiers of their country for their standards, inspirations, and provocations. And they look not only to Paris but also to Amsterdam, Basle, Milan, and Venice.

From Paris, Hans Hartung frequently comes to Germany; as a compatriot, even though a naturalized Frenchman, he is here highly regarded and indeed invested with a sort of Pythian authority. He communicated the graphic world of the Far East to the Germans: calligraphy toiling over objects of metallic obstinacy, against the blues and greens of Dufy-type backgrounds, and transforming tension into a lightning-like dynamism. From Paris, too, came the subsequently fascinating vogue of another compatriot, the painter Wols (really Wolfgang Schulze, 1913–51). His existential “disruption of matter” has become fashionable in many places under the name “tachism” and is now beginning to

infect the Germans. They rightly sense in it a dangerously "unformal" but nevertheless serviceable means of escaping from the strait jacket of geometrical combinations, and at the same time — no less urgently desirable — from the equally strong magnetism of Picasso, Klee, and Miró.

This compulsion to search individually marks the immediate present of German art. "Why" — the American reader may ask, looking in wonder at the illustrations to this article — "why is German art so overwhelmingly non-figurative?" One answer can be found, I believe, in our recent history.

The directed art of the Nazi dictatorship was exclusively concerned with depicting its objective environment; and consequently, with few exceptions, every non-abstract artistic effort was bound to be discredited along with the despotism. To a majority of artists, liberation was synonymous with liberation from the tyranny of depicting. In the realms of art, aesthetic value has always depended on the degree of "translation" — how much more so in this situation, where terror had dictated "non-translation"!

Aside from this political argument, however, there was another one. German art with its "Nordic" basic inclination to unsensual linearity, its more or less conscious detachment from the canonical ideality of the Mediterranean, has always yielded to a strongly abstract urge in its great and flowering periods. In the art of the German Reformation this shows now as eremitic musing, now as expressive distortion, now as delight in decorative follies — but it is always confessional intemperance trying to capture the infinite pictorially, as the Irish miniaturists had tried to do centuries earlier. In the grandiose graphic curvatures of Baldung Grien, Urs Graf, Altdorfer, Wolf Huber, the long-despised "German flourish" stands for this daring attempt to force even the non-visible world visually into the picture, by the means of "absolute" art.

This attempt with absolute means kept failing for centuries. German painting remained silent. About 1800, Caspar David Friedrich's and Runge's effort to forge a "romantic" cosmic tool from the scant lineament of classicism remained an interlude without an echo. Then, all at once, at the beginning of the present century and following the emphatically "translating" world interpretation of Van Gogh, Gauguin, or Munch, German art felt the approach of its hour. Kandinsky and Jawlensky, Russian aristocrats whose powerful imaginations had not been funneled through Latin traditions, helped the Germans to recall the absolute formal means innate in their own art. They resolved to apply them. The *Die Brücke* painters in Dresden came before the public simultaneously with Picasso's revolutionary *Demoiselles d'Avignon*. In 1911, at last, in the work of the Munich *Blaue Reiter* group, German art appeared for the first time in centuries as an equal in the concert of Western spiritual power. What was

more obvious than to return to the consciousness of these same forces after the painful, terrifying interval of 1933-45? These forces had led from *Die Brücke* to the late Max Beckmann, from the *Blaue Reiter* to the flowering of the Dessau *Bauhaus*. Why should they not be a base for new explorations?

4

WHERE do we stand now? Where, and how, does German art reflect the world of today and the existence of tomorrow? Where, and how, does it interpret and — initially just in the realm of art, of course — shape them in advance? With the death of Willi Baumeister (1889-1955) one of the personal magnetic centers has vanished; but his late works, such as *Wind* (see Plate 1) emit stimuli of undiminished fruitfulness in their lyrical, vegetative rhythms and especially in the "black magic" of their inverted relief shapes (called *Montarù*). A human magnetism of comparable strength — a category that is not quite identical with the final volume of work — now goes out mainly from Fritz Winter. A brilliant and inspired teacher at the Kassel *Werkakademie*, he manages to convey the *Bauhaus* ideas of totality to younger men, and at the same time to display in his pictures (Plate 5) a versatility preparing constantly for new advances. Winter keeps "on the nerve" of time, so to speak, without breaking faith with himself. His most recent paintings — now on view in the United States — pursue a remarkably cheerful illumination of color and relaxation of form.

Beside Winter, other painters of comparable relevance seem rather self-centered hermits. They do not withdraw romantically from the world, but they remain in comparative isolation. A certain agreement on goals is apparent among the German representatives of the new *peinture informelle*: Bernhard Schultze and Platschek of Frankfurt, Emil Schumacher of Hagen, Wilhelm Wessel of Iserlohn. But most of the rest, even if they are active teaching — as Meistermann at the Düsseldorf Academy or Fassbender at the Krefeld *Werkshule* — work by themselves. Meistermann, famous and much sought-after as a glass painter and thus somewhat estranged from free invention, now seeks new color intensity from a reduction of the format. This desirable concentration lends a fascinating power to his tiny *The Tent* (Plate 12).

Ernst Wilhelm Nay, submitting to the severest tests over the decades, now plays with manifold ovals in brilliant suspension, as in *Chromatics Strong and Tender* (Plate 2). Josef Fassbender (Plate 3) expertly masters shrewd effects learned in printmaking, and thence, in many values, steps up the intricate convolution of his wistful labyrinths. The result is cryptical, involving the observer by suggestion. Hann Trier "writes" his sketches of poetic reality with a far-reaching temperament,



1. WILLI BAUMEISTER: *Wind* (1951)

Collection Mrs. Baumeister, Stuttgart



2. ERNST WILHELM NAY: *Chromatics Strong and Tender* (1956)

Collection of the artist, Cologne



3. JOSEF FASSBENDER: *Sisyphus* (1952)

Collection Galerie der Spiegel, Cologne



4. HEINZ TRÖKES: *Parts of the Whole* (1955)

Collection Galerie Springer, Berlin

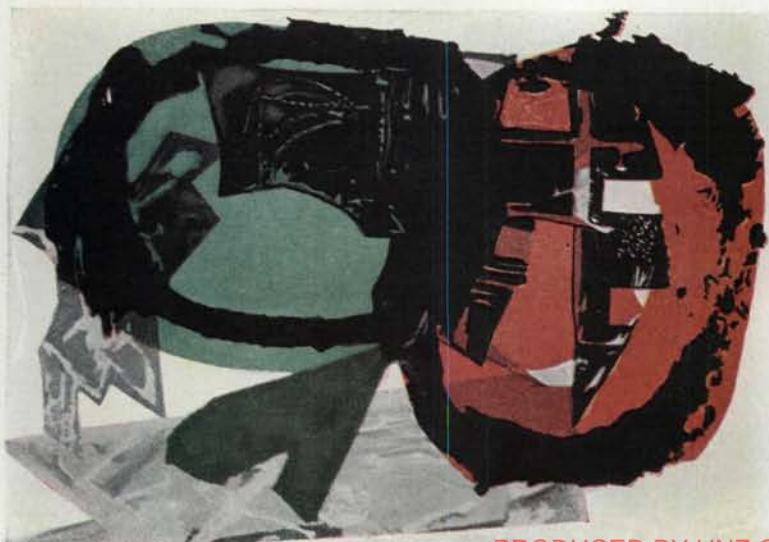
5. FRITZ WINTER: *Trio* (1956)

Collection Kleemann Gallery, New York



6. HANS WERDEHAUSEN: *Two Forms* (1955)

Collection of the artist, Essen



7. HANN TRIER: *Devil on the Wall* (1953)

Collection James Laughlin, New York



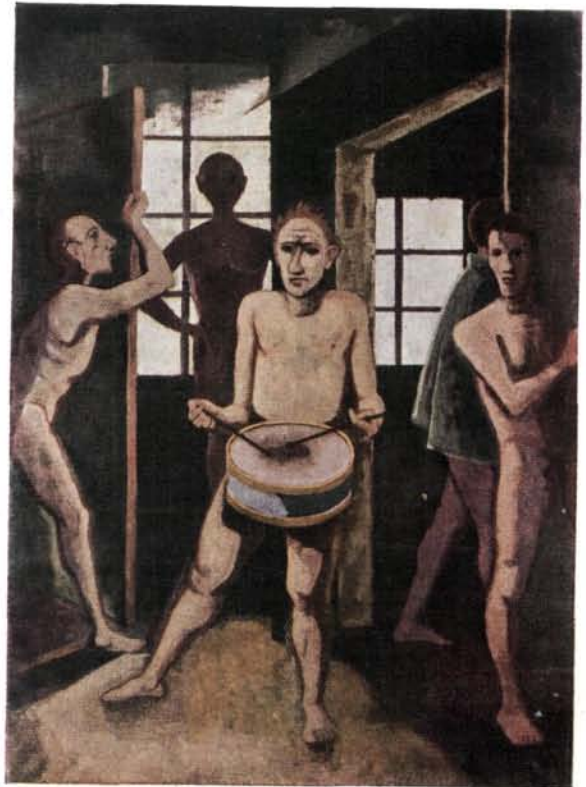
8. MAX BECKMANN: *Self-Portrait* (1917)
Staatsgalerie, Stuttgart



9. THEODOR WERNER: *Abstraction XLVI* (1956)
Collection Galerie Günther Franke, Munich



10. HANS JAENISCH: *Abstraction* (1954)
Collection Dr. and Mrs. Gottfried Bermann-Fischer
Frankfurt am Main



11. KARL HOFER: *The Black Rooms* (1943)

Galerie des 20. Jahrhunderts, Berlin



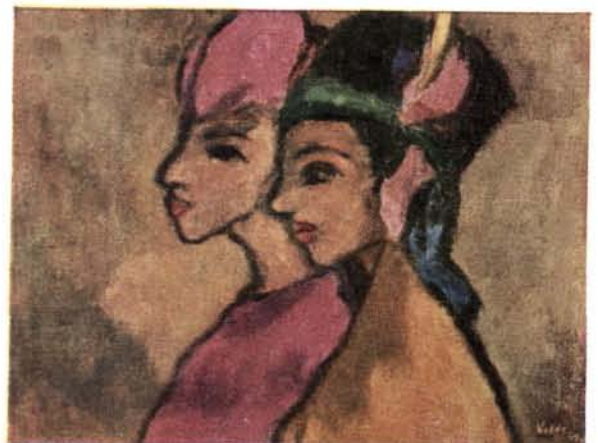
12. GEORG MEISTERMANN: *The Tent* (1956)

Collection Galerie der Spiegel, Cologne



13. KARL SCHMIDT-ROTTLUFF: *Lofthus* (1911)

Kunsthalle, Hamburg



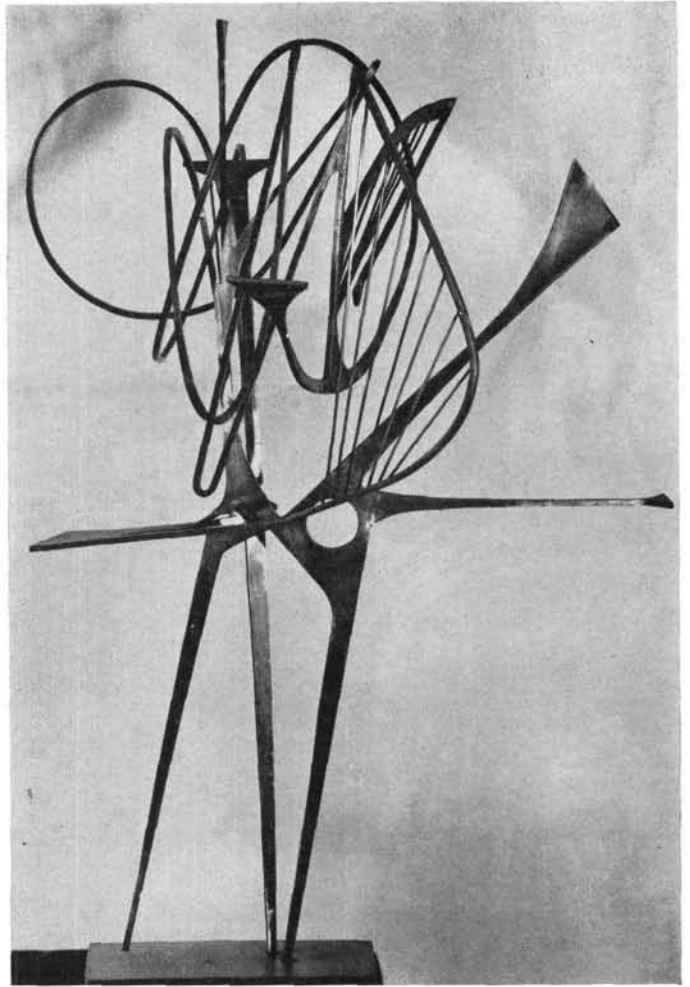
14. EMIL NOLDE: *Girls in the Distance* (1947)

Städtische Kunsthalle, Mannheim



15. BERNHARD HEILIGER: *Ernst Reuter* (1954)

Galerie des 20. Jahrhunderts, Berlin



16. HANS UHLMANN: *Model for Concerto* (1953)
(steel sculpture for the Berlin Conservatory of Music)

Collection Mrs. Gertrud A. Mellon, New York



17. TONI STADLER: *Head of a Boy*

Städtische Kunsthalle, Mannheim



18. HERMANN BLUMENTHAL: *Adam*
(1931)

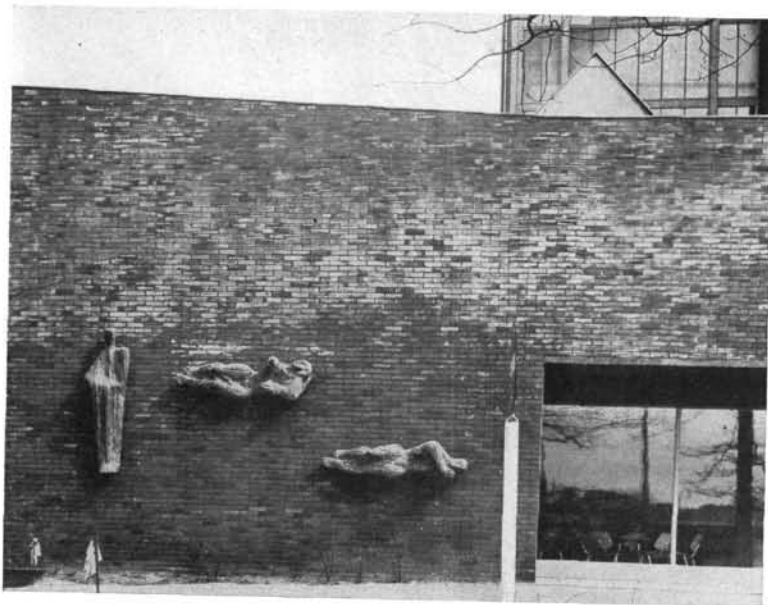
Collection of the artist's estate



19. ROLF NESCH: *Dance* (1944)
(metal print)

Collection of the artist, Aal, Norway

20. KARL HARTUNG: Figures for Hospital at Marl



21. BERNHARD HEILIGER: Model for *Symbol of River Navigation*

22. EWALD MATARÉ: Portals of Cologne Cathedral



23. EWALD MATARÉ: Detail of Cologne Cathedral Portal

25. St. Anne's Church, Düren
Rudolf Schwarz, architect

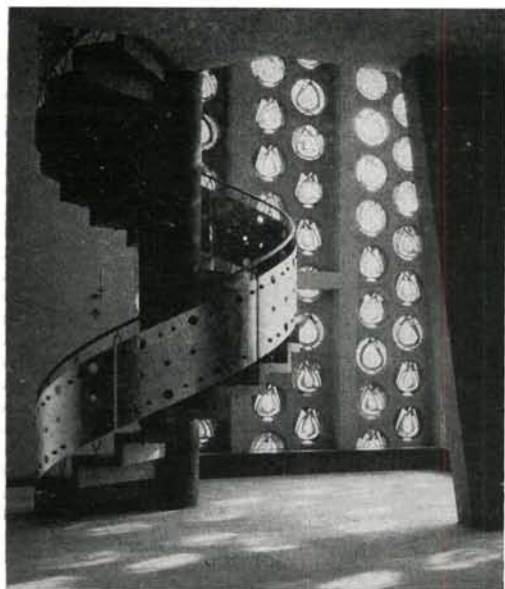


24. GERHARD MARCKS: Memorial to the
Victims of the Bombing of Hamburg
Ohlsdorf

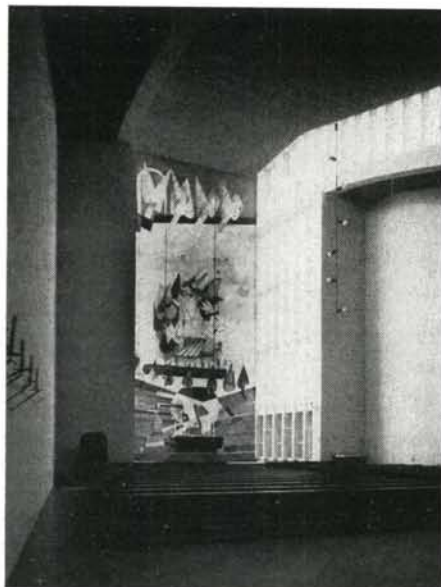
27. St. Kilian's Church, Schweinfurt. Window by Georg
Meistermann. Hans Schädel, architect



26. ERNST BARLACH: *Floating Angel* (1927)
Antoniter Church, Cologne

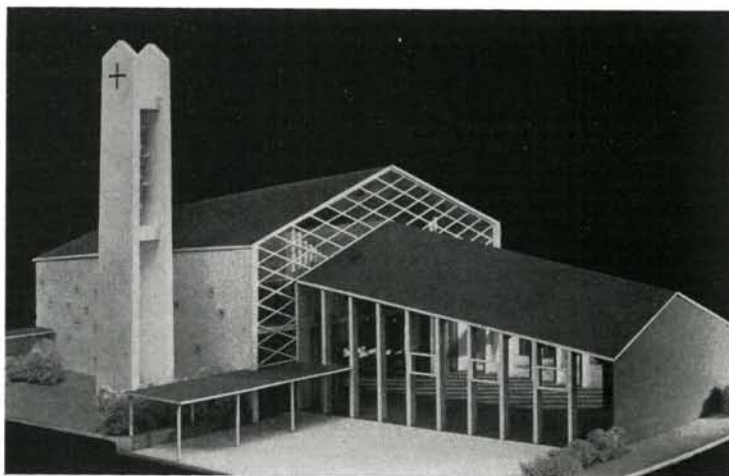


28. Choir Staircase, St. Sebastian's Church
Ludwigshafen
Blaumer & Lochner, architects

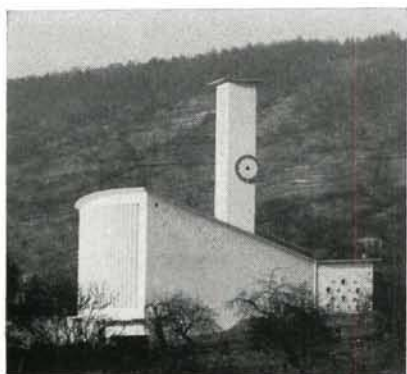


29. St. Alphonse's Church, Würzburg
Choir Painting by Georg Meistermann
Hans Schädel, architect

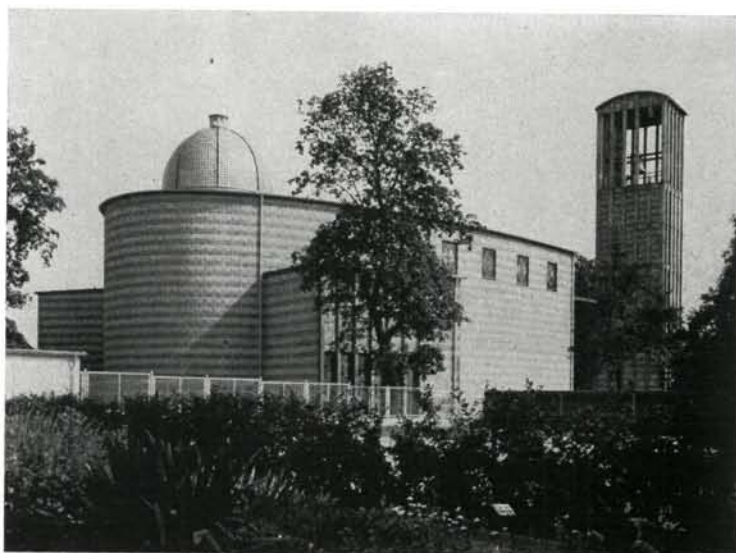
30. Model for Church and Community Center
Velbert
Hentrich & Petschnigg, architects



32. All Saints Church, Frankfurt am Main
Giefer & Mäckler, architects

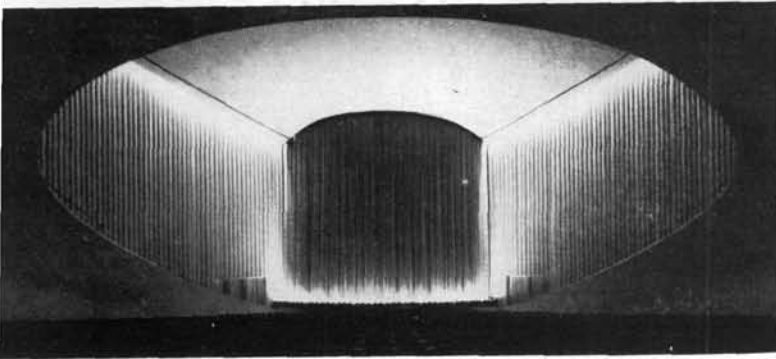


31. Catholic Church, Gmünden
Hans Schädel, architect





33. Municipal Theater, Münster
Group of Münster architects



34. Atlantic Palace Cinema, Nürnberg
Paul Bode, architect



35. The Schiller Theater, Berlin
Völker & Grosse, architects



(at left, above)

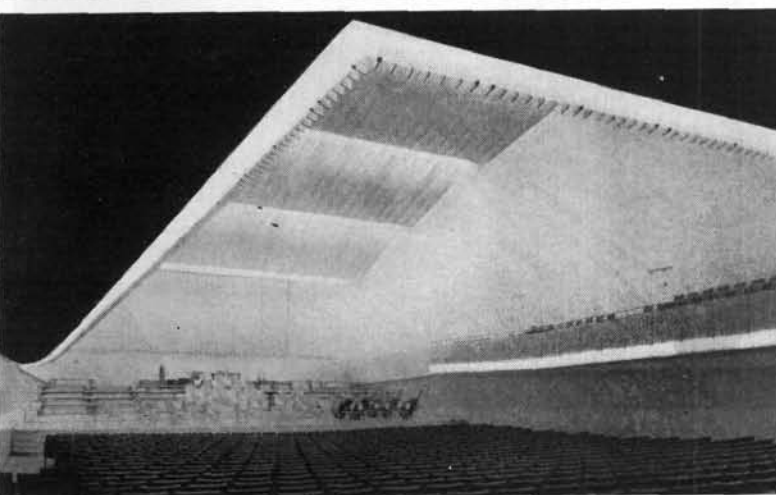
36. Conservatory of Music, Berlin
Paul Baumgarten, architect

(above)

37. Recreation Room in the Conservatory
(steel sculpture by Hans Uhlmann)

(at left)

38. Concert Hall of the Conservatory





39. Physical Training School
Duisburg
P. F. Schneider, architect



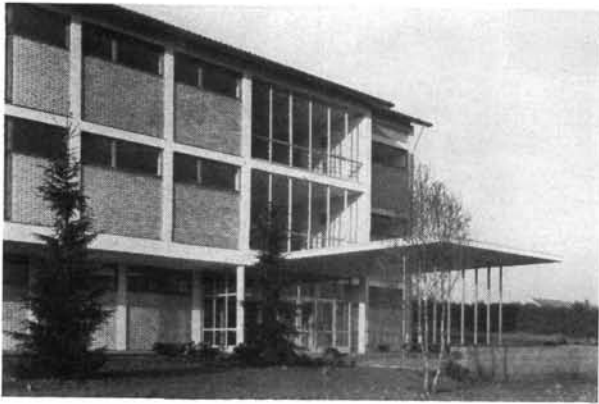
40. Trade School, Leverkusen
Hans Schumacher, architect



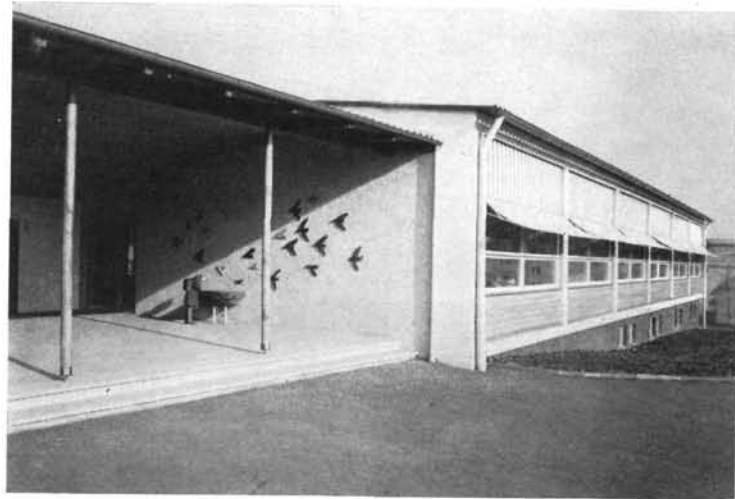
41. Rauchbein School
Schwäbisch-Gmünd
Wolf Irion, architect



42. Biological Institute
Frankfurt University
Ferdinand Kramer, architect



43. Trade School, Buchen
Lange & Mitzlaff, architects



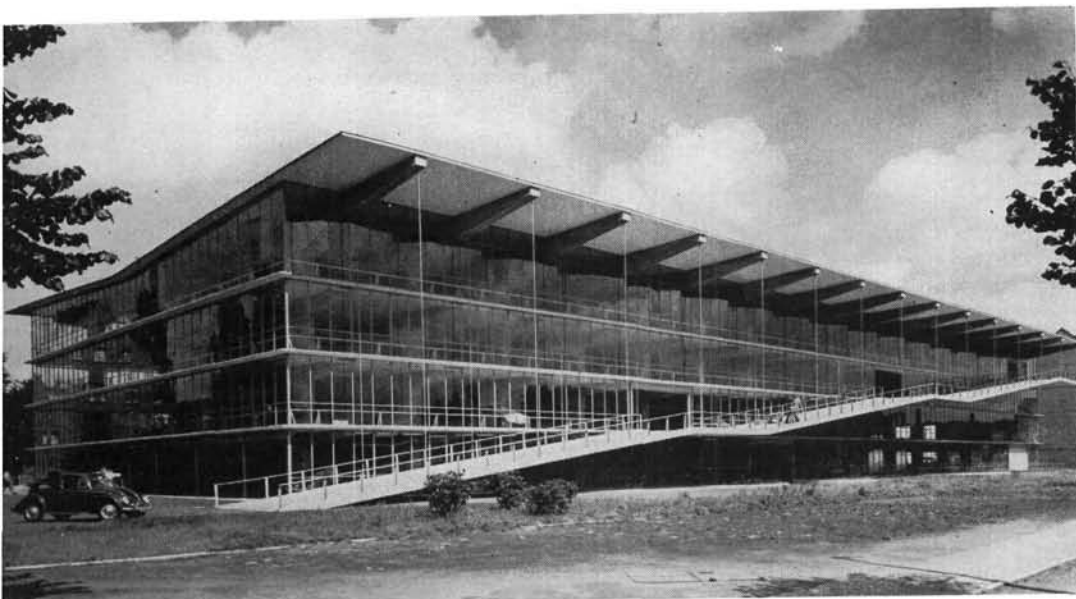
44. Rosenstein School, Stuttgart. Karl Ellsäßer, architect



45. The School of Design, Ulm
Max Bill, architect

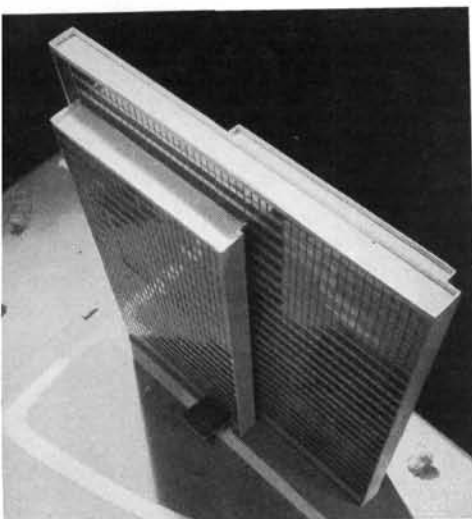


46. The Free University, Berlin. Sobotka & Müller, architects



7. Parking Garage, Düsseldorf. Paul Schneider-Esleben, architect

48. U. S. Shopping Center, Stuttgart. Hans Paul Schmohl, architect



(at left)

49. Model for an Industrial Administration Building, Düsseldorf
Hentrich & Petschnigg, architects



50. Sports Arena, Dortmund
Group of Dortmund architects



51. Market, Frankfurt am Main
Gerhard Weber, architect



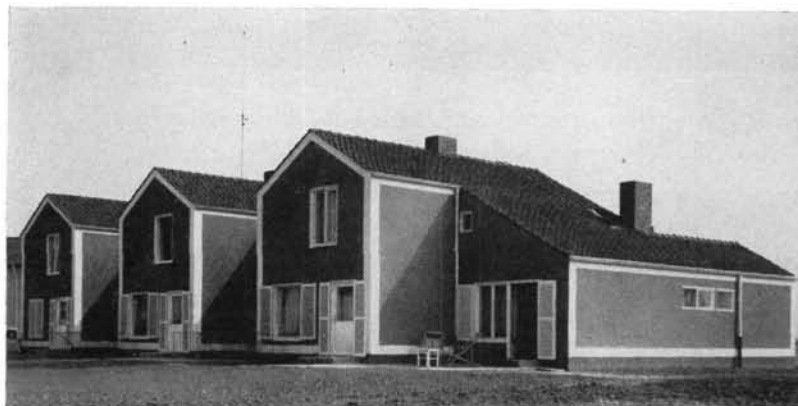
52. Art Gallery, Kassel
Arnold Bode, architect



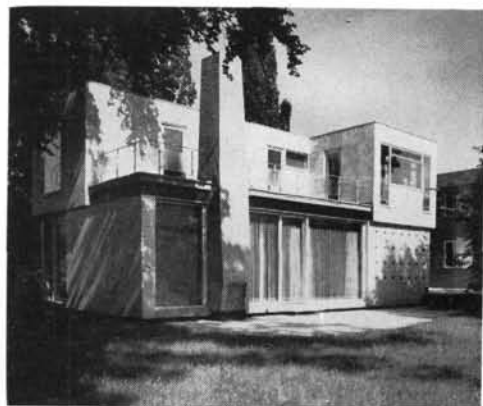
53. Karlsruhe Life Insurance Company Building, Karlsruhe
Theodor Kelter, architect



54. Bienenkorb Office Building
Frankfurt am Main
Johannes Krahn, architect



55. Small Houses, Bad Godesberg. Walter Kratz, architect



56. Architect's House, Frankfurt am Main
Johannes Krahn

57. Small Country House, Kassel. Hermann Mattern, architect



lately chained by subtle reserve (Plate 7). Hans Jaenisch (born in 1907) is capable of showing strength in delicacy (Plate 10) unless he succumbs to fashionable notions. Heinz Trökes, now settled in Hamburg, knits nets of color from originally surrealist ideas — nets so fine and tight that breaks and reflections miraculously enable him to handle spatial dimensions. His pictures such as *Parts of the Whole* (Plate 4) soar like sheet lightning over magical distances.

The young German painters seem to tend more and more to consolidate visionary "views" of the earth into a new landscape. In the case of Harry Kögler of Berlin (born in 1921) this tendency goes back to the montage techniques of the early Bau-meister and the gifted Kurt Schwitters, who died in 1948 as an emigré in Britain; in the case of K. R. H. Sonderborg of Hamburg (born in 1923) it aims at an intimate, all but graphic union of closest proximity and sudden distance; in the case of Hans Werdehausen of Essen (born in 1910) it tries out the dramatic way of merging different views in pathos (Plate 6). But everywhere it shows a purpose, now that the abstract manual of arms has been run through, to use abstraction so as to grasp, unveil, and visualize a new world reality. (This, by the way, is quite in line with the trend in American painting, from Mark Tobey and De Kooning to Sam Francis and Chelmsky.)

The fact that the names mentioned here can do no more than indicate a cross section of the manifold, abundant, dialectically interesting, and frequently contradictory flora of German art will kindly have to be pardoned by the reader, as well as by the unmentioned artists. Full, comprehensive justice cannot be done within the framework of a magazine; that would take a whole book. In closing, we give only one palpable instance of contradictoriness: the two pictures, *Lofthus* (Plate 13) by the mature Schmidt-Rottluff (born in 1884), and *Abstraction XLVI* (Plate 9) by a man only two years younger, Theodor Werner (born in 1886). Here we have two members of the same generation, one realizing a visionary expressionism in non-objectivity, the other a supercharged dynamism.

5

WHAT is the state of German sculpture today? In so far as it tried to present the human body more or less in its own image — i.e. not "too much" deformed — sculpture was the art most exposed to Nazi blandishments. A few great talents were actually seduced; on the other hand, Hermann Blumenthal (Plate 18), the greatest hope, a master of the abstract "construction" of bodies, was killed in the war. When a kind of balance sheet could finally be drawn after the end of the terror, few of the older sculptors proved capable of giving new impulses to a new age.

We have already mentioned Ewald Mataré (born in 1887). Having managed to survive, at least, in the shadow of the Church — not without gratefully deferring to its sacerdotal wishes — he promptly pulled himself together and returned to work, casting sparks in many directions. The greater the challenge, the more original the reply of his imagination. No wonder it was kindled by a task such as the new portals for the southern transept of Cologne Cathedral (Plates 22, 23). Over the four gate niches of the unfortunately Neo-Gothic front he cast a daring net of wholly asymmetrical forms, an expression of strong, purely spiritual autonomy.

Gerhard Mareks (born in 1889) shows extreme sensitivity, especially in painstakingly formed portraits. Now and then — as in his monument for the victims of the bombing of Hamburg (Plate 24) — he achieves a peculiar, oddly magical form by combining classicism with expressionism. Toni Stadler (born in 1888 in Munich and working there now) responds to the Latin South and draws on paraphrases of Mediterranean, mostly Etruscan sculpture for the vigor of his unmistakably personal poetry. From his sculptures such as *Head of a Boy* (Plate 17) a lyrical breath issues without straying into pseudo-idyllies.

The growing formal power which Bernhard Heiliger (born in 1915, and now professor at the Academy in Berlin) acquired over the years in rubbed-stone portraits (Plate 15) has encouraged him to try such great designs as the *Symbol of River Navigation* (Plate 21) for a new bridge over the Neckar. Karl Hartung (born in 1908, and also a professor at the Berlin Academy) has lately reap-proached the problem of the whole figure from the opposite direction: unquestionably the greatest finder of non-objective forms in German sculpture, he wants to use his experience with "free" images for the construction of bodies. The group at the gate wall of the hospital in Marl (Plate 20) circumscribes an "absolute" ensemble by means of seemingly natural bodies. As in recent painting, this road also leads to a new kind of reality. Hans Uhlmann (born in 1900, another professor at the Berlin Academy) realizes brittle and sometimes vibrant metal constructions (Plate 16). Rolf Nesch (born in 1893), an emigré in Norway, has gone from metal printing refinements to a highly original mixture of graphic art and relief sculpture (enamel-inlaid copper; Plate 19).

We come now to German architecture. Under the dictatorship it had the worst time, being most thoroughly harnessed. Every despotism seeks its immediate "expression" in huge, representative and representatively intimidating edifices. Architecture becomes directly enslaved. Thus the elite of German architects were virtually compelled to flee into exile after 1933, among them Walter Gropius, once head of the *Bauhaus*, and Mies van der Rohe, who have remained in America ever since.

THE "NEW BAUHAUS" OF ULM

by CLEMENS FIEDLER

ONE of the most encouraging aspects of Germany's rebirth since the war is the way in which German artists, in spite of great difficulties, are embracing the opportunity to lead their country back into the main line of European cultural development, and for observers of the cultural scene perhaps the most reassuring single instance of this resurgence has been the establishment of the new School of Design at Ulm. Why? Precisely because the new school is an explicit return to the artistic precepts which, in the era before 1933, gave Germany a pre-eminent place in the realms of architecture and the plastic arts.

The Bauhaus was, of course, Germany's great contribution to contemporary modes of feeling in the area of design. Founded in Weimar in 1919 by Walter Gropius, it moved later to Dessau and finally to Berlin. It was a school in the real sense of the word, not merely a training institution, but a band of like-minded artists and students who lived and worked together in a mutual dedication to the principles of their art. The group included such men as Gropius himself, Herbert Bayer, Moholy-Nagy, Klee, Feininger, Marcel Breuer, and others. When the school was suppressed by the Nazis in 1933, they went into exile and carried on the spirit of the Bauhaus until the word itself became virtually a synonym for the best in modern architecture and design.

The "New Bauhaus" of Ulm was founded expressly to bring back to Germany the creative integrity which was destroyed when the old Bauhaus went out of existence. It was established in 1950 under the auspices of the Scholl Foundation, which had been organized in memory of two young students, Hans and Sophie Scholl, who were put to death in 1943 for distributing anti-Nazi pamphlets in Munich. Contributions for the new school came from many sources — including the people of Ulm, German industry, the Norwegian Aid for Europe, and nearly one half from the United States government.

Today the School of Design is in full swing. Its student body comprises 180 selected young people, who come from a number of foreign countries as well as Germany, and its program encompasses four main departments: Architecture and Town Planning, Industrial Design, Visual Communication, and Information. All students are thoroughly grounded in the social and philosophical implications of their work, and emphasis is placed on the pure values of art and the integrity of the experimental approach to new problems.

But the soul of an institution is its men, and the school has been at pains to bring to Ulm artists who can maintain the great tradition. Max Bill, the noted Swiss architect, designed the new campus (see photograph, Plate 45) and serves on the governing board. Other teachers include the Argentine painter Tomás Maldonado, Otl Aicher, Max Bense, Hans Gugelot, Walter Zeischegg. From America have come visiting lecturers, including Norbert Wiener and Josef Albers. These men and their students have brought the Bauhaus to Germany again.

Every deviation from the prescribed "line" — a sodden, desolate, fourth-rate classicism — was regarded as a provocation hostile to the state. Not the studios alone, but even the chairs of architecture at the German academies were emptied. There remained technicians and engineers — competent men without imagination.

Accordingly, when reconstruction of the destroyed German cities and towns began about 1948, there was no dearth of technical specialists, but rather of the designing artists who had once given German architecture its truly world-wide importance. Considering this emigration of productive minds, and considering further how largely reconstruction depended on the existing underground utility and sewage systems, how greatly it was hampered by the chaos in real estate, how much could and had to be improvised for the time being — considering all this, we can grant all justified complaints of missed opportunities and yet marvel slightly that despite these paralyzing difficulties a good measure of architectural inventiveness could prevail in the welter of postwar building.

The Devil of forced classicism may have been driven out of German reconstruction only to be replaced with the Beelzebub of a no less barren mass-production style of building — but here and there, on the edges of the official and private building zeal, we note signs of formal imagination. And happily, as the illustrations prove, the signs are increasing. On the one hand, some outstanding men — Ernst May, for instance — have returned from exile; on the other, the younger generation is more and more dissatisfied with the old, obsolete formal canon. Comparisons with neighbor countries, with Rotterdam, Milan, and Genoa, the suburbs of London, the fascinating buildings by Le Corbusier, arouse feelings of inadequacy and occasionally serve to spur competitive boldness. We admit that the illustrations do not show the average; they have been consciously selected from the best. And yet, new impulses are felt even in smaller towns, chiefly in school and hospital buildings: children and sick people are to be given the most modern and the healthiest possible surroundings. Department stores and shops, too, have found that the new architecture is good publicity. Trade-fair pavilions, especially, outdo each other in novelty and daring.

As counterpoise there are the "representative" buildings — of banks, industrial concerns, government offices — and the one-family homes. For his home the typical German wants an expensively "cozy" little villa, a descendant of the pleasure castles of eighteenth-century potentates, bedecked with architectural fretwork, a seashell of a house. Of course, this desire may also be due to the German climate, which does not invite too radical a baring of the core of a house.

We may look forward eagerly to this year's Berlin Building Exhibition and its possible conse-

quences. It will be tied to the reconstruction of the wholly destroyed Hansa section of West Berlin, and the city, with the support of the federal government, has commissioned some leading architects of almost all nations to design buildings for it.

Church-building also looks and gropes for new ways. Le Corbusier's miracle at Ronchamps — the pilgrims' church on the southwestern slope of the Vosges Mountains — fascinates proponents and opponents far into the North German hinterland. Space limitations unfortunately prevent us from listing details.

Tracking down truly portentous formal forces is a depressing business that can suddenly become exciting and exhilarating. The West German case in particular is extraordinarily instructive. The country has had to endure and get over a kind of clean sweep — first spiritually, then materially.

Many things that elsewhere remained under cover became plain as day. Thus it became plain that even so enlightening a "Point Zero" will not keep some basic follies from thriving again. But it became plain, too, that with human dignity regained, the free forces of free invention will instantly stir as well. Art is always evidence of freedom. Those who underwent complete enslavement personally, or experienced it in their environment, will — if they are able to think at all — be obliged to recognize and honor even seeming excrescences as signs of human liberty. We should not allow our most precious possession, this freedom to create and to find forms, to be denied or delimited by anyone, whoever it may be. At the start we hear of healthy regulation of the arts; the end is liquidation in extermination camps. The Germans were taught this lesson. May they never forget it.

Translated by E. B. Ashton

THINK OF THIS

by Günter Eich

Think of this, that man is the enemy of man
And that he meditates on destruction.
Think of this always, think of this now
During this moment in April
Beneath a foreboding sky;
While you believe you are listening to growth like a gentle rustling,
And girls are cutting thistles
Under the skylark's song;
Even in this moment think of this!

While you taste wine in the cellars of Randersacker
Or pick oranges in the gardens of Alicante,
While you fall asleep in the Miramar Hotel near the beach of Taormina,
Or light a candle on All Souls' Day in the churchyard in Feuchtwangen,
While you, a fisherman, haul up the net over the Dogger Bank,
Or in Detroit take a screw from the conveyor belt,
While you lay plants in the rice groves of Setzuan,
Or ride on a mule across the Andes —
Think of this!

Think of this, when a hand touches you tenderly,
Think of this in the embrace of your wife,
Think of this when you hear the laughter of your own child.

Think of this:
Nowhere on the map lies Korea and Bikini,
But in your own heart.
Think of this, that you are responsible for every atrocity
Enacted far from you.

Translated by Vernon Watkins

OUR TYRANTS

The Self-Enslavement of Modern Civilization

by FRIEDRICH SIEBURG



YOU TAKE YOUR PRISON WITH YOU

THE prison door opens, light streams in, and a harsh voice says: "You are free. You can go!"

"Free?" exclaims the prisoner. "What do you mean, free? Where am I to go?"

"You are released, the door is open, and you can go where you like."

A wave of happiness floods through the prisoner's frame, but it is mingled with bewilderment. He has forgotten what it means to be able to make up his mind for himself. Even freedom has to be learned. He hesitates.

"Get out of here," his liberator says impatiently. "See that you disappear as quickly as possible."

The prisoner stands in the open air, blinking in the bright light and looking around helplessly at a world that seems threatening and demands decisions from him. Cheer up, poor man, your old tyrants have gone and can torment you no longer. But newer ones have been provided. You have only to go out into the world to see for yourself. You will soon meet people who will tell you. Those who believed that with the fall of the bloodstained tyrants a day was dawning in which man would be

able to act in accordance with his own laws did not know that even the most damnable institution can never be totally uprooted. The stones of demolished prisons are built into the dwellings of the new generation, and their evil life lives on. Even bondage can become a habit, to which our weaker selves secretly look back with regret.

It is a wonderful thing no longer to have to live in the world of camps and patient holding of your eating utensils. It is a deliverance that everyone should be able to speak his mind and be able to protest against injustice. But the old habit of falling in in ranks and carefully keeping one's mouth shut goes echoing on inside us. There are no more booted tyrants to be frightened of. They have gone, the devil has taken them. But the devil himself remains, for he is no loyal helper; he rejoices that we can never again be completely free, because the technique of oppression has become a part of progress.

It has been demonstrated that the overcoming of the problems of the modern age is inconsistent with an unrestricted measure of freedom. He who wishes to bring order into the world dare not place unlimited reliance on reason and good will. It is impossible to do without compulsion—not the compulsion that lies behind the law in the freest society, but the compulsion that does not trust the individual's goodness. Even the Western world has become deeply pessimistic, and in the long run that is inconsistent with the democratic organization of society. It is possible that man may be good, but we had better not put it to the test.

Totalitarianism so thoroughly eliminated the frontier between public and private life that it has not yet been possible to re-erect it. Authority once set itself up as an idol which tolerated no personal

The polemical popular philosopher, FRIEDRICH SIEBURG, fulfills a unique role in the contemporary German cultural scene which has been compared to that of H. L. Mencken in America in the twenties. Lashing out at "the new barbarism's vulgarization of values," he is one of the most outspoken voices of dissent in Germany today. Born in Westphalia in 1893, Sieburg has had a long career as journalist, foreign correspondent, and magazine editor. His books include the much discussed Gott in Frankreich as well as the recent Die Lust am Untergang, from which this essay is taken, which aroused widespread controversy.

area, no retreat, into which the ruled could creep. But now it is the ruled, because they have no knowledge of their rights and at bottom have ceased to be very inquisitive about them, who show no inclination to re-enter the area that has become free. The old yoke was evil and deadly, and was felt to be so, but of the new yoke nobody is really aware. The state picked up and is now busying itself with what we dropped from our weakened hands. Where man retreats, the state steps in.

Now the state is by no means the same as the government; we should not be living in the Federal Republic if we did not know that. It is possible to have an efficient administration which is not the state. But who would deny that the administration shows an uncanny tendency to play the state and to treat the individual with severity? What should be an instrument tends readily to regard itself as the embodiment of a principle, and as soon as this occurs it starts striving for power and encroaching on our private sphere. In Germany the administration has always tended to let itself be identified with the state and to profit from the idolization of the state to which we so readily tend. Since 1914 so many new tasks in the economic and social field have accrued to the state that it has been forced to change its essential nature to be able to perform them. Thus it has become second nature for it to want to think and act for the individual. The day before yesterday it was the necessities of war, yesterday it was the harsh demands of economic and social planning, today it is the turn of "civilization" and the "formation of public opinion," and tomorrow our private life will again be the object of official solicitude and effort.

Though the shock given us by Nazism may provide us with no sufficient philosophical justification for regarding the state as an absolute evil or as a permanent danger to the individual, a certain mistrust of it is still appropriate. Whatever form authority may assume — and in our country at the present time its aspect is thoroughly genial — the economic, social, military, and propaganda tasks which devolve upon it throughout the world actually compel it to transform its influence into power. The state acts continually under an impulse which brings it into ever closer contact with the individual and positively forces it to encroach upon the private field. Whatever the impulse may be, even if it be a belief in liberty, in the hands of the ruling authorities it is bound always to assume the form of power.

True, authority is a human creation, but creator and created have broken irretrievably apart, and at best the relations between them have assumed the form of conflict. For the time being the conflict is confined to the material burdens imposed on us from above. Who is there who wishes to defend what is the center of his life? Who is even conscious that it is threatened? Bit by bit we are abandoning

what used to constitute the sovereignty of Western man. The private sphere, which was once surrounded by a certain sanctity, is dwindling. Man evacuates one field after another, and the state cannot be expected not to move into the empty space which we are unable to fill.

ONLY CORPSES LIE STRAIGHT

DEMOCRACY does not protect man from the juggernaut of power when he is too apathetic to exercise democracy. Without bloodshed and without glory, bureaucracy mounts the throne and presses its subjects hard. Controlled economies, concealed military dictatorships, and scarcely concealed military dictatorships are the levers by which the free personality is lifted off its hinges. Where I fail, the state is at hand, for it is clear that no area of human activity can be left to chance. Values for which past generations fell in battle evaporate in the routine of the cold war. If I do not know what to do with my spare time, I call in the state. If I am incapable of looking after the produce of my field, or educating my children, the authorities are immediately at hand to act in the public interest.

Thus our tyrants are involuntary tyrants of our own creation. Our subjection to mass rule is not in the least inconsistent with this. For the masses are a tyrannical fiction. The human beings of whom the masses allegedly consist play only a small part in them. Never was there a more hypocritical instrument for the disarmament and diminution of the free personality than this concept of the "masses." The word originates from the romantic vocabulary of the class struggle, and has long since lost its old meaning. That makes it all the more serviceable in the modern struggle of competing interests. It is a terrible weapon in the hands of the groups and entities which today contend for the reality of power. These struggles, of which we poor devils are impotent spectators, whether they be the new struggles for power of parties or points of view, or of associations representing special interests, trade unions, employers, or professions, are not only conducted between states and continents, but cut across nations. Invariably they are imperfectly concealed by the dilapidated curtain of parliamentarianism.

The more selfishly and inhumanly this struggle for power is conducted, the more necessary it is to keep referring to the masses, for whose interests each group claims to stand. Hand in hand with this goes an artful wooing of the masses, from which nowadays no country in the world is exempt. Whether sympathy for the masses is prompted by a genuine interest in the lot of mankind or whether it is only an excuse, obeisance to the masses must be made. The securing of justice for the masses, which should be a worthy object of public concern,

turns into a form of idolatry, the cult of a tyrant who has completely forgotten that he is dealing with living human beings. It is a form of demagoguery without which nowadays no one dares make a public utterance.

Mass needs are called into being out of which much money is earned and power acquired. But in reality, perhaps, these needs have no real existence. The precipitous driving down of the level of taste, the unrestricted competition in offering more and more banal illusions and more and more stupid entertainments with less and less intellectual content, take place as an apparent service to the "broad masses," about whose impulses the boldest theories are put forward. The more prominently mass needs are pushed into the foreground, the harder it becomes to discern the struggles for power of the contending groups.

Demagoguery and propaganda have become tyrants of whose insatiability we did not dream when the devil fetched the men with the boots. Since then the world has become more moral, because it is at any rate aware of morality again, but it is still perceptibly in bondage. Perhaps this can never completely disappear so long as the two halves of the divided world maintain their fearful fighting trim. For, since world politics have been sharply separated into black and white to the exclusion of all intervening shades, any action, any utterance, commits one to a position which must not be a disloyal position.

Thus a new form of tyranny has been created which lies like frost over the multiplicity of life and extinguishes its colors, and, on top of the political loyalty which men naturally grant it as members of the Free World, imposes a general, total adherence to the correct line. Every aspect of life is thus subjected to the compulsion of a political choice. An American who rejected Soviet imperialism but praised Russian methods of plant cultivation could be suspected of "un-American activities." A Soviet citizen who opposed the Atlantic Pact but praised American dentistry would — if such an event is thinkable — attract the attention of the police.

This is the state of mind of the Wars of Religion, which led the faith to victory but was deadening to the soul. So we hear Montaigne sighing in desperation: "May we not say of a thief that he has a handsome leg?" No, old Montaigne, you may not, because if you do your tyrants will say that you are on the thieves' side. In a trice even the best of men can find himself committed to something he does not want. If he is wrong, propaganda is there to show him the light; and finally there are the police to put him on the right track. Whatever our future may be, whether it be an Arcadian dream of a smooth-working, parliamentary democracy or a nightmare of totalitarian darkness, the future belongs to the police state.

THE WORLD BELONGS TO THE HAVE-NOTS

IT WILL certainly be a police state whose functionaries will have the phrase "rights of the masses" continually on their lips. The gentle Rousseau, anticipating the terrorist rule of the single-party state, spoke of "the good people"; today the latter have turned into the "masses." It is no longer possible to say aloud that the rights of the masses do not exist, that the term "masses" does not stand for anything real, and that not the slightest sanctity should be attributed to it. A man who proclaimed such a thing today would exceed in temerity all those who once contested the legitimacy principle; he would actually send a deeper shudder through his audience than any atheist who ever denied the existence of God in the open market place. The fashion with which the whole modern world prostrates itself before the concept of the masses has hardly any counterpart in the history of mankind, because in the past the powers before which men bent the knee had a reality which was a matter of everyday experience, while the rise of the idea of the masses goes hand in hand with peoples' delivery gagged and bound to needs invented for them.

We think we have broken the oppressive influence of economic power, proclaimed the dignity of labor, the sanctity of leisure, and the "majesty" of the consumer. In reality, however, mankind, in so far as it takes part in civilization, is floundering in the net of a tyranny of the market, before which the powers of the state itself are beginning to bend the knee. He who has anything to put over — whether it be a commodity, or a habit leading to the consumption of commodities, or a fashion or trend calculated to create a demand — appeals to the principle of man's right to unrestricted access to all that civilization has to offer. It is a matter of indifference whether what is offered is a commodity or an idea, because in any event we shall be offered whatever will lead to an increase in the consumption of goods.

The romantic times in which one could hold individuals or groups responsible for these compulsions have gone. Never again will the critically minded have such easy targets at their disposal as in the period of opposition to good old capitalism, the representatives of which earned money by convincing people of their need for refrigerators. Those were the days! Then the sharpshooting critic of society at least knew on whom to set his sights. But the tyranny of the market of the present day and the wicked cunning of the old-fashioned capitalist are in different categories. Man is now digging his own grave; the evil is the individual's participation in what he takes to be civilization. All ideas of progress and improvement in living center around buying the things which are dreamt about by those who believe themselves to be on the ladder of progress.

What ranks as the civilization to which everyone has a right is the possession of certain objects and gadgets, access to certain forms of stimulus and entertainment, use of all the goods, commodities, and amenities characteristic of modern life. Tremendous industries and elaborate organizations exist to satisfy needs that they have themselves created — needs for materials, pictures, scents, new luxuries, drugs, and games; in short, all the things which are recommended to the individual as desirable on the ground that the masses want them. In relation to these needs no man is free, unless he feels capable of living the life of an outcast.

Our rump Germany is just as much involved in this servitude as all other countries. Indeed, the responsibility of our leading intellectual circles for this state of affairs is particularly great, because they have demonstrated no power of resistance to the myth of the masses. On the contrary, they co-operated with positively suicidal zeal in the lie about civilization based on alleged mass needs, and assiduously branded as heresy any attempt to protect the individual against the oppression of artificial cultural needs.

Thus the century-old struggle to liberate man so that he might enjoy an unrestricted share in the fruits of civilization has led to a new condition of servitude, and imposed on him a new kind of tyrant which he is unable to recognize as such. It is impossible for him to discern the trap into which he has fallen by reason of the continuous expansion of the possibilities of pleasure. It is even more difficult to preach him sermons about moderating his consumer drive, because only a saint would be capable of setting voluntary limits to the consumer in himself.

Man's liberty is indivisible, and therefore no one can prevent him from becoming a slave of civilization. His liberty to spoil the existence of himself and others by noise, restlessness, slogans, and substitute pleasures leads him straight into annihilating dependence on the banalities, the mass-produced goods, the stereotyped behavior, which he

takes to be infallible signs of progress. Who, after all, would not wish to take part in a progress which would seem to be pointing the way upward for humanity? You only have to walk once down a metropolitan street with your eyes open, or to look through the advertisements in a newspaper, to see that what is offered far exceeds the individual's power of resistance. The abundance displayed presents itself as the bright counterpole of the stark desolation and devastation that was our lot only a few years ago.

In these circumstances how can a man be expected to distinguish between increasing his consumption and increasing his human stature? How can one suggest to him the dreadful truth that he is continually declining, that his inner being is shrinking, and that with every new refinement in his way of living he is sinking deeper into the condition of a new barbarism, the chaotic crudity of which cannot be conjured away by any pharmaceutical product, or increase in speed, or improvement in the means of communication? It would certainly be idle to try to dissuade one's fellow from the use of narcotics or television sets, but perhaps it may still be worth while to call on him not to let himself be the slave of a civilization of which he is called the master.

Once upon a time savages were identifiable by their terror of blunderbusses and belief in the power of the medicine man. Today the place of these things has been taken by number of tubes, the cubic capacity of cylinders, and the effectiveness of sleep-inducing drugs; in other words, things intended to drive away fear at the passage of time and the certainty of death. Doctors and engineers are there to bamboozle the mortal about his lot and banish from sight the abyss of the fleeting nature of life. With that the counterpole of philosophy has been reached. The object of civilization is to help people bury their heads in the sand. We have entered upon a new barbarism, the clock of which points glitteringly to high noon.

Translated by Eric Mosbacher

THE FACE OF THE FISHERMAN

by Walter Höllerer

In his face the trace of Europe. Escort of
Tliremes, galleons, masks of Dionysus,
Transformed, in dark furrows
Around his eyebrows.

More than you guess of song.
Islands distantly gazing,
Taut as the sails on the first day.

Translated by Michael Hamburger

A LITERATURE IN TRANSITION

Main Currents of Postwar German Writing

by HANS EGON HOLTHUSEN

1

ONE cannot discuss postwar German literature without considering the political and social situation of the country. The unconditional surrender of 1945 brought, after all, not only liberation from Fascist tyranny but also an almost total disintegration of national life. Hitler seemed to have reduced German history to absurdity, with many of the most cherished political and cultural traditions now appearing in a dubious, if not diabolical light. "Germany" has since been a kind of permanent makeshift without faith in itself. Estranged from their past, her people do not live in harmony with their present. The lack of national unity is the reason — or, if not the reason, it is the symbol for a prevailing sense of unreality and transience.

There is something equally provisional and discontented about literary life in Germany today. It suffers from profound misgivings about itself. In the Federal Republic, to be sure, economic prosperity has been accompanied by a veritable overproduction of high- and low-class foods and stimulants for the mind, distributed by a "cultural industry" whose perpetual motion spreads an atmosphere of hothouse luxuriance. Book production has risen to dizzy heights: more than ten thousand titles a year are published in West Germany alone. And yet, both public opinion and popular criticism are convinced that nothing essentially new has happened in the field of German literature since the war. Today's equivalent of the rebellious optimism of

the "roaring twenties" is a general inferiority complex, although there is no dearth of notable talent. The public believes in some great names of the old generation; it does not believe in the existence of a living German literature.

This discomfort, less critical than depressive in character, rests largely on a fundamental misunderstanding of the situation in the history of arts and letters. The great dates of literary history have hardly ever coincided with the turning points of political history. Thus the unlamented fade-out of a kind of writing that served ideological and propagandist purposes was not so much a spiritual event as a political consequence; the year 1945 was no "epochal" date in the realm of art — for our terms "modern poetry" and "modern art" denote an epoch which by now encompasses nearly half a century. The language of modern literature has emerged from a revolution that occurred roughly between 1910 and about 1925. It was then that the great, still dominant break-throughs were made, in Germany as well as in England, France, America, Italy, and Russia. It was then that the new provinces of expression, in which we now move, were conquered. So far-reaching a formal and thematic upheaval cannot be accomplished in a few years. It must be followed by a longer period of absorption, by a phase of training in the new language, of cultivation and cautious expansion of the newly won fields. If today we find nothing absolutely new in any Western literature, this is because ours has been a post-revolutionary situation for at least three decades.

A critic trying to do justice to contemporary German literary activity will almost certainly find the true progress not in the displays of pseudo-revolutionary attitudes but in the manifestations

HANS EGON HOLTHUSEN, born in 1913, and educated at Tübingen, Berlin, and Munich, where he now resides, has published several volumes of poetry, literary criticism, and a few months ago, a first novel. He lectured at Harvard Summer School in 1954, and his study of the poet Rilke has been published in translation in this country.

of uncommon quality. And if he goes by his sense of quality only, he can hardly deny that the quantity of talent is considerable. Above all, this is true of lyric poetry — always a form of expression particularly well suited to the spirit of the German language, and one which time and again has helped it realize its full potential.

There is a large number of noteworthy poets who still feel indebted to the classic and romantic traditions of German verse and know how to combine a “conservative” formula with the impulses of modern experience. On the other hand, scores of younger authors practice the different variants of the surrealist manner and have developed a sort of collective style that makes their poetic individualities all but indiscernible. Between these two wings, the formal conservatives and the formal surrealists, we find the outstanding talents of all ages moving along a road that has its origin, its language-historical premises, in the expressionist movement of the years from 1910 to 1925. And the man who exerted the greatest influence after the war was an aged protagonist of that earlier literary revolution, a poet who had won his spurs and stunned the burghers with the furious daring of his innovations just before World War I: Gottfried Benn, a Berlin dermatologist who was born in 1886 and died only last summer.

The youthful Benn, author of some of the most frightful and rabid poems ever written in the German language, might be described as a German counterpart of T. S. Eliot's early Bostonian period. A radical disillusionment with the bourgeois world, a grim scorn for social, sexual, aesthetic, and linguistic taboos, a medically based obsession with the phenomena of physical and mental decay — these were the mainsprings that enabled him to penetrate to a new truth about man. The most impressive aspect of this poetry was a strangely harmonious balance between disenchantment and intoxication.

The classic Western view of the world was replaced by a historic-biological vision encompassing the “hominine age” as a whole — the human species of the Quaternary — and this species was seen as living in the sign of perdition. Nietzsche was the prophet of this terminal situation; the theme that Benn conceived as unavoidable fate and varied over a lifetime was the Nietzschean theme of “nihilism.” However, in Benn's version it acquired a peculiarly positive meaning: “Nihilism is a sense of happiness.” Benn believed in the “form-seeking power of nothingness.” He held that if all traditional truths have become invalid, if the mere possibility of truth is no longer acceptable, there still remains something above change and decay: artistic form, the “absolute” work of art, which like a scarab outlasts the fugacity of time.

Around 1933 Benn had briefly identified himself with Nazism, falsely mistaking its ideology for his own intellectualist biologism. But very soon

he withdrew in deep disillusionment, to submerge as an army surgeon in the *Wehrmacht* which was then still anti-Nazi and in which he thought he saw an “aristocratic form of emigration.” In 1949 he returned from abroad and reappeared before the German public, after long years of Nazi and Allied bans, with a violent proclamation of expressionism's “Second Phase” — and he succeeded not only in winning over the critics but in arousing the enthusiasm of the young.

The message Benn brought had been known for decades, but only now was it fully grasped and appreciated as the expression of a public attitude and the definition of a universally valid historic situation. No one, it seemed, was more in accord with the pessimism of the German intellectuals, with their grimly skeptical view of all the ideological constructions of their time, than this old man who was to show an amazing productivity in the last decade of his life. Nor did anyone do as much to accommodate certain escapist tendencies regarding history — which Benn, with dogged consistency, characterized as a bloody, nonsensical chaos, good for nothing but to goad the thinking and creative genius into greater efforts. No one coined such brilliant cynicisms about the tragic blindness of the political world, about the rummage sale of all traditions of the spirit in the chaos of modern civilization; but neither did anyone else attain the intoxicating power of expression and the pensive mellowness of Benn's versemaking art.

2

BENN's intellectual position in a dying culture shaken by basic disasters was challenged by others who reached very different solutions, trying to phrase Christian, existentialist, or “humanist” messages. In contrast to these poets there is a third group, a school that has been striving for decades to revive the tradition of the German “nature poem” with the linguistic means of the post-expressionist era. This new plunge into the Pandean and elementary, expressed with an unprecedented precision of language and virtually fanatic sensitivity, is nothing but the idyllic counterpart of Benn's elegiac skepticism about history. It has been termed “embittered idyllicism.” Deeply pagan moods are voiced in it, particularly by Wilhelm Lehmann, the seventy-five-year-old leader of the nature-lyrical school. He is the stubborn disclaimer of the historic life that fluctuates in the city, the discoverer of the Pandean noon hour which threatens to deprive man of his self, the hour that can be either enjoyed or suffered as a feeling of nihilist indifference. But he does believe in an immanent world soul, revealed in the omnipresence of mythical happenings.

Lehmann's younger followers have frequently relaxed the rigidity of the nature-lyrical formula to

vary and enlarge its list of themes. Experiences of war and captivity and social and moral subjects of the postwar period have been dealt with, notably by Günter Eich (born in 1907) and Heinz Piontek (born in 1925). The most prolific and perhaps the most important poet of the Lehmann school is Karl Krolow (born in 1915). Starting from the simplest, idyllic-bucolic themes, Krolow has over the years, by his word-discovering instinct and his fantastic, adventurously ranging metaphors, expanded the limits of poetic expression beyond anything attempted by others of his generation. He deals not only with the Pandean noon but also, and most impressively, with the daemonic nocturnal side of nature — repeated in the historic world as terror, war, and anarchy.

One of the most gifted of the younger poets is Ingeborg Bachmann. Because she is Austrian, I must arbitrarily pass over her work (as also, I must slight the Rumanian exile Paul Celan, or, in the field of the novel, the Nobel Prize winner Hermann Hesse, and others whose writings are vital forces in the German language literary community), but her influence is already considerable.

3

TO EXAMINE the present situation of the German novel is to discover, first of all, that the broad stream of artistically formed prose has lately split into two branches: a purely fictional one, and a non-fictional one that produces essayistic, documentary, and diary-type manners of narration. There are still many novelists whom the crisis of the novel — marked by the names of Kafka, Joyce, Proust, and Musil — has passed by without leaving a trace. They use naively conservative storytelling techniques and can depend on a wide audience. This is especially true of a number of very successful and much translated authors of emphatically Catholic or else emphatically Protestant bent, such as Ina Seidel (born in 1885), Werner Bergengruen (born in 1892), Gertrud von Le Fort (born in 1876), and Stefan Andres (born in 1906). The courage to experiment is chiefly found among the members of the younger generation. Some have managed to develop new creative forms under the influence of modern American writers, others have tried it in the footsteps of Kafka. Yet the valid achievements are fewer in number than in the lyrical field.

The foremost, all-overshadowing German novelist of the postwar period was, of course, Thomas Mann (1875–1955). After the war, when his works were put back on the German market, his name reflected the glory of a world-wide fame that was accorded to no other twentieth-century German author and approximated only by Kafka and Rilke.

And yet his first postwar book, *Doctor Faustus* (1947), was as vehemently criticized as it was admired. In this novel Mann had made the reckless

attempt to compose a narrative symphony about the German catastrophe itself, artfully synchronizing the tale of the Third Reich's descent to hell with the tragic story of a modern musician who has sold his soul to the Evil One for "an hour-glass full of ingenious Devil's time." Again — as once in *The Magic Mountain* — Mann sketched an intellectual panorama of an epoch, this time under the gloomiest aspects and with an admirably subtle web of motif complications, interconnections, and correlations. Still, the impression created was that the whole German people along with their political and cultural history should be sent to hell in a body — and that, however deftly done, was a simplification one could not go along with. A taboo seemed violated; the "mystery of evil," which provokes more silence than discussion among shuddering theologians, seemed to have been too smoothly unlocked with the keys of psychology and cultural criticism.

After this, his "wildest" and most painful book, Mann returned to subjects easier to grasp and more likely fully to succeed. In 1954 he published his last masterpiece, the *Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence Man*. Cast in the form of a modern picaresque tale, it is a compendium of all the leitmotifs of his thinking and his imagination, another paragon of his ironic, ceremoniously involved, refinedly exhilarating style.

A world of high culture and artistic discrimination went to the grave with Thomas Mann. Meanwhile, a new generation had entered the lists, one that was "uncultured" in a tragic sense, having grown up in a decade of public disasters, in a barbarous, catch-as-catch-can world. War, terror, and resistance, total collapse of the fatherland, dissolution of all order, then tenacious, sullen survival terminating in a sultry prosperity: these were the experiences of the young authors, and they called for presentation in adequate form. Many tried to approach the task reportorially, many in diaries; only a few succeeded in developing a new, "realistic" literary prose. War books by numerous new talents were published, acclaimed, and soon forgotten. The "front-line experience" of World War I, with its either "rightist" or "leftist," militaristic or pacifist interpretation, was seldom repeated. World War II was conceived and described rather as a religious or an anarchic or nihilistic situation — as in the sketches of Wolfgang Borchert. The circular image of total senselessness frequently recurs — as in the work of Heinrich Böll (born in 1917), whose *Adam, Where Art Thou?* surpasses the rest of his generation in poetic vigor. Here the war is the ignoble alibi of the human being startled by the question, "Adam, where art thou?" It shows a state of being utterly Godforsaken, yet not without a hopeful reservation: "We must pray to comfort God."

The best recent German novel, in my opinion, is

Gerd Gaiser's *The Last Squadron*, a prose epic about the end of the German Air Force in Norway. This book is "realistic" and symbolic at the same time, casting a light of high poetry on the world of technological warfare as it shows the tragedy of a group of men, a doomed band of cynics and technicians, who disappear one by one. *The Last Squadron* is full of laconic melancholia, of suggestive reticence about the enormity of the German soldier's moral situation — a situation all but impossible to rationalize: "There is no way out. To give up your mother or your wife because she is the Devil's — that you aren't cut out for."

Another large group of authors can be characterized by its denial of the "realistic" concept of truth as too one-dimensional. They take the view that neither the naïve logic or real connections nor the customary understanding of time and space should bind the writer. Though nearly all are influenced by Kafka, most of them have managed to work out a "handwriting" of their own. The start in this direction was made in 1947 by a member of the older generation, Hermann Kasack (born in 1896), with his book, *The City Beyond the River*. It is the description of a fantastic-allegorical journey through a visionary kingdom of the dead, a parable not only of the meaningless mass existence in a totalitarian state but of the crisis of Western civilization as a whole. Outstanding among the younger talents writing in this style is the Austrian Ilse Aichinger.

As a form of art, the novel is today considered obsolete by many authors. A pure, artistic essayistic prose can arise where the plot of a novel is no longer desired — in other words, where the inventive principle is replaced by a principle of imaginative transformation, of seeing poetic images in the given facts of the real world. Aside from Thomas Mann, it is a pair of masters of the poetically intensified essay who have exerted the greatest influence over the past ten years: Gottfried Benn and Ernst Jünger. Their common theme is the reconnaissance of the intellectual and psychological content of the present, the diagnosis of the "position." The word "position," of which both are very fond, has an undertone of General Staff terminology — and this is no accident, since in both cases the link with the soldierly life has strongly influenced the author's development.

To Benn, the position — the "Nietzschean position," as he calls it — is characterized by the final "relativation and relativability of the world of European thought, the loss of the definite and of the absolute." Starting from scientifically, literarily, or culture-critically posed questions, he proceeds in ever-changing, fascinating incantations to depict the unbelieving, nihilistically depressed man of our day. He calls him "the pheno-type," an expression borrowed from biology. Benn's solution for life is to stand firm before a lightless, godless horizon — "to live in the dark, to do in the dark what we can."

SOME REFLECTIONS

by ERNST JÜNGER

IT IS remarkable that we should have this powerful urge to write, to compose something that will be consumed by water or fire if it has not long before rotted away in the shadow of oblivion. Why this tension of the spirit, this weighing of syllables as if we were swearing an oath; why this anxiety as though we stood before the bar of a great and powerful court? Whatever transcendence there may be is hidden in the painstaking effort and struggle at the periphery of the word, not in the fully articulate work. It is as though the writer's pen were connected to a pantograph which traces the true lines in an invisible realm.

DANGER exerts a powerful fascination: it resembles the vertigo in which the wild temptation to plunge is heightened by the terror of the abyss. When the heart has for long lived in peace and safety, it begins to grow restless and seeks danger as though in search of unfamiliar lands. There is a daemonic spirit in us that does not begin to stir its wings until life is threatened.

TO PERCEIVE in a stereoscopic fashion means to derive by means of a single sense organ from one color simultaneously two sense qualities. One sense performs the function of another as well as its own. The effect of stereoscopic vision is to apply a double grasp. Authentic language, the language of the poet, is distinguished by words and images that have been grasped in this fashion, words which though long familiar to us seem to unfold like blossoms and radiate fresh brilliance and iridescent music. Every act of stereoscopic perception produces in us a sense of vertigo, it makes us fathom the depth of an impression which at first offered itself only as surface. Between surprise and delight we feel, as in a delicious plunge, a shock that is at the same time confirmation: we recognize that the play of senses moves gently like a mysterious veil, like a magic curtain.

WE ARE endowed with language — that is, we share in that tremendous element which, like ether, fills the world: mind, logos, pneuma. This alone explains the miracle that we can in words name and express matters that far transcend our understanding. Just as color grows out of the colorless, so language feeds on the inexpressible.

THE road to God is in our time immensely long, as though man had lost his way in the limitless spaces that his ingenuity had discovered. This is why even the smallest step nearer represents an achievement. But even it cannot succeed without God's favor. God must be conceived afresh. In this situation man can do little more than something negative: he can cleanse the chalice which is himself. He will be rewarded by a new sense of splendor, an increase in serenity. But even the highest discipline of this sort operates in an atheistic space, empty of God and more terrible than Godlessness.

Selected and translated by Victor Lange

Ernst Jünger (born in 1895) has also done his share of poetic scrutiny and interpretative description of the volcanic epoch of unleashed technology and war that arose with the year 1914. He also recognized and appreciated the nihilistic trends of our time. But he was never tempted to surrender to a haleyon sense of nothingness and to equate the absolute with the phenomenon of art. Throughout his life he has striven to find an obligatory meaning in the catastrophic processes of history, and to define moral values one can live with. At one time, about 1920, he had proclaimed a heroic ethos of the warrior; later he had championed a militaristic-technocratic world of "the worker." But under the impression of the Nazi regime's political reality he revised all of his evaluations. His World War II diary — written as a captain in the *Wehrmacht*, and published in 1949 under the title *Strahlungen* (*Radiations*) — is a representative testimony to the fight for intellectual and moral self-preservation in the nether world of a political and military nihilism. It is one of the most important war books we possess. Jünger's intense imagination always manages to perceive the mythical primal relations in the everyday trivia of modern life, the "law of the earth" in the facts and in the accidents.

Jünger has many disciples, friends, and intellectual relatives, especially in the generation of those now in their forties. Benn, as a prose writer, has as yet found hardly any important successor; but there is one literary document on World War II that often equals Benn's texts in expressive power. The author was an insignificant German soldier named Felix Hartlaub (born in 1913), a historian in private life, conscripted into the army at the outbreak of war, and attached in 1942, by an order of seeming absurdity, to Hitler's headquarters as an assistant to the "war diarist." Later he was caught up in the pandemonium of the battle of Berlin and has since been listed as missing.

Hartlaub's central theme was the military positions map at GHQ as the signature of an all-encompassing disaster. To be more specific: what interested him was the secret difference between the official, politically colored situation reports and the real state of affairs. He saw the General Staff environment from the valet's angle, so to speak, and recorded what he thought as the last and only chance of truth — that is to say, he saw just how much weakness, despair, fear, stupidity, malice, triviality, and human mediocrity lay hidden behind the ideological and propagandistic pseudo-world, behind the illusionism of the positions maps and the ornamental *élan* of a terse language of command.

In conclusion, a man must be named whose passion for analyzing his age and its culture, fed by intense faith, uses literary forms only to achieve a moral and religious awakening: Reinhold Schneider (born in 1903), a Catholic convert. His main field is the poetic essay, his theme the history of Western

Christendom. He has the audacity once more to preach the unconditional imitation of Christ to a humanity estranged from God and standing on the threshold of barbarism.

A report on the German drama of the present must, of course, first mention Bertolt Brecht (1898–1956), our only playwright to develop a novel and very personal dramatic style. As the most distinguished representative and *enfant gâté* of the East Berlin regime he could realize his dramaturgic ideas to his heart's content and assemble a brilliant ensemble for his political-poetic purposes. In his theoretical writings Brecht has explained the principles of his "epic theater": the illusionary character of the classic stage play is to be overcome; by the so-called "effects of estrangement" — announcements, interpolated songs, self-elucidations by the actors, masks that break the illusion — the spectator is to be agitationally and educationally spurred to action. Brecht was a cardinal example of that puzzling split consciousness that lets a man of great talent subject the impulses of his political will to an anti-truth and anti-human ideology while producing true poetry with his creative forces.

Brecht was especially successful with *Mother Courage* — a dramatic reportage of the Thirty Years' War that one cannot but admire as a great concept filled with balladesque dynamism — and with *The Good Woman of Setzuan*, a parable play about "the defenselessness of gods and good men" in a world oppressed by poverty and misery. Brecht's language is elemental, vigorous, and outspokenly personal. It is plain, sensuous, thrilling, expressing certain barbarous traits of the period and rough-hewn primitivisms in the consciousness of modern man in the mass, but also a deeply moving tone of solidarity with all suffering humanity.

Besides Brecht — and some distance behind him — there is but one other dramatist worth mentioning: Carl Zuckmayer (born in 1896), a last disciple of the grand old man of naturalism, Gerhart Hauptmann. Zuckmayer too is a poet of "the people" in his own, democratic way; he too, like Brecht, returned from American exile after 1945. His forte is the topical play with literary ambitions: war, resistance, atomic espionage, are his themes. His faith in the traditional dramatic plot is unbroken; his conflicts and motivations are simple and plausible; his *élan vital* can be inspiring.

Of the dramatic authors of the young generation none has yet been able to assert himself, though many have been honored with world premières. For ten years the German theater's vast need for contemporary plays has had to be satisfied by foreign authors. Since the German stages are extraordinarily numerous, active, and insatiable in their hunger for novelties, their repertoires offer a fairly complete picture of dramatic activities throughout the civilized world.

Translated by E. B. Ashton

THE COLORS OF PAST TIMES

A Story

by GERD GAISER

1

IT is commonly agreed among men that in times past winters were more grim and thus more gay; that with their icy vapors and crystal beards they made the worthier enemies and thus the better friends; that the summers too, without doubt, once beat down on us more fiercely. The terraced gardens where we played were heavy with the scent of black currant; gooseberries, furry like caterpillars, burst open to reveal their festering sweetness; the lettuce had names — pighead or something of the sort; the flowers were love-in-amist, sweet william, and bleeding heart. When we think back on those summers and winters we tell ourselves that they were probably no different from our summers and winters of today, seasons of the calendar and no more, and that their color lives only in memory. We stick to this even when once in a while a real winter arrives which splits the trees in the forest and topples the birds from their branches, or a summer which seems likely to scorch the very marrow in our bones.

That is how it felt to us. For we had been in the war and when the war was over we sat behind the wire in prison camps and seasons were all the same to us; but at last, one after the other, as many as still lived came back and then there was a summer and no summer of long ago could have been fiercer than that. But we dared not give ourselves up to

it, it held nothing for us, we could not cope with such a summer. We had no confidence left in ourselves. Hungry, exhausted, and with cracked lips, we sat by the roadside, people with no share in all this glory, people too spiritless and too distraught to take in such violent images. Day after day the same blue blazed overhead, slowly sucking out the rust-yellow from the corn, bleaching it into an arid, whispering white; in the zenith the blue was bottomless, sometimes a pale marbled moon hung in it. Lower on the horizon, where sky and corn touched in a shimmering line, the blue was tinged with a smoky haze.

No, the earth withheld nothing, yet at that time no one could have painted this blue. For to the painter, as a craftsman, his material is at once his joy and his despair. A poet may compose a poem into the air and something real will have been created; but to paint into the air creates only an illusion. That is why the painter, the natural painter, often has the big hands or the clear, steady eyes of the mason, a craftsman who tests his work with square and plumb line and who knows that the wall will crumble if the mortar is skimped. He is in a very different case from the frantic poets, who see themselves as the signalmen of their time and who have to dash out for every train for fear of missing one. A poem, after all, can be scribbled on a cigarette packet or the margin of an old newspaper and it is the same poem still; it can survive in the head of a child and be saved with him from the cellar. But you cannot keep a Manet in your head or paint a water color on an old flour bag. True, something can be made out of anything, a small demon carved out of an old toothbrush, or a landscape painted on an old receipt out of rain water and soot; but that does not get the painter

GERD GAISER, born in 1908, is an amateur painter and teacher in a preparatory school in Württemberg. He is generally ranked as one of the more promising of the new postwar generation of German novelists. He was a member of a fighter squadron in the war and, after capture by the British, spent several years in a PW camp in Italy. He has published five books, of which one, *The Last Squadron*, has been issued in this country.

far. He may want to paint a particular blue that he has set his mind on, a blue, say, like that of the larkspur, shading over into turquoise. On hot days, those sultry days that make the head ache, there may be patches of it in the sky, sickening between low cirrus and the edges of cumulus, feverish, flaccid, and remote. He does not want to paint all this, neither the larkspur nor the threatening sky. It is only the blue that has bewitched him; and for that blue he must have a pure cobalt to work with, nothing else will do. Or maybe he wants an ultramarine, saturated with red, or an ochre flowing like gold, or perhaps a bone black; nor can he do without certain kinds of earth, Neapolitan or Cyprian or Sienese, or the burnt red earth from Pozzuoli. All must be properly prepared, bound with resins, fragrant oils, and the right tinctures. The earth, I said, withheld nothing, it was the colors that failed us.

It is true that even in the old days we had no longer practiced the noble craft of grinding our own colors; we used to get them from the colorman. Our expeditions to his shop were business and pleasure combined. I remember Villach, for instance, where we had to go when we ran out of supplies.

"I say," said Conrad Stabler, whom we called the Constable, "how long is it since we were in town last? My cadmium red is getting low; what about it? It's time we went."

2

WE DIVED into our clean linen shirts, which our landlady, the chimney sweep's widow, kept washed and bleached white on the grass, and Conrad put on his many-colored jacket for the benefit of the women of the town. Then we raced down the hill to catch the bus which was waiting with belching exhaust outside the inn. Along the road more and more passengers got in and soon they were standing between the seats. There was a stranger among them, two sisters in fact, but it is only the one that matters — a girl with sunburned face and hair like strands of brass. We would have made room for them but they said it was not worth it. The Constable did not take his eyes off the girl. Noticing this she bent her neck a little to peep under her arm as the bus roared across the iron bridge and we smelled the fiercely foaming waters. In the distance the mountains stood high and mysterious over their blue-tinged foundations. "*Koje voda?*" the sister, older than she, asked in a half whisper; and the beautiful one answered slowly, with a slight roughness in her voice and a drawl on the word: "*Drava.*" They spoke to each other in a strange language and all at once the river seemed changed by the name which they had given it, an altogether different river, one that we had never seen before.

We stopped, the driver got out, thumped his rear wheel, and involuntarily our eyes followed

him round. "God preserve us!" an elderly clergyman cried fearfully, "There's only one nut holding the wheel." "Aye, but we got here," the driver said quite unconcerned; "two were already missing up in Hermagor." Then we went shopping. The Constable would have liked to follow the girl but they both disappeared into a house and were no more to be seen. Inside the shop we soon found that our needs were not really as great as they had seemed to be, but we did choose a few tubes and thrilling it was to sort over the different kinds, weigh them in the hand, sniff at them, try them out on a brush, and read off the glittering array of foreign names: *Vert Paul Veronese*, *Green Cinnabar*, *Geranium Scarlet*, *Sang Dragon*, *Caput Mortuum*. And the instructions like *Caution, contains lead* or *Do not mix with yellow zinc and Schweinfurt green*. Then we got them to show us fine papers, fingered them, and praised the watermark against the light, a cockerel in a ring, with the name *Pordenone* in block letters. At last we had done. Outside the streets lay scorching hot, the golden-haired damsel did not reappear, and so we passed on to the second and more circumstantial part of our enterprise. This took place in a shop kept by an Italian, the doorposts of which were hung with bundles of beautiful straw-covered bottles. In a back room wine was served, there was cheese and white bread to eat, and through the slatted shutters the afternoon light poured in confusedly while watery circles played over the ceiling. Whether they came from the water which the girl had bewitched with her strange name, I do not know. The wine went to our heads and excited us. We had great plans. We were just starting life and had our heads always full of new beginnings and violent change — it is different today, we are not so keen on new beginnings. Many had had enough before they had scarcely begun.

So supplied, we returned home and then there was nothing we wanted more than to set about using up our stocks. We worked at it quickly, almost fanatically; up there on the mountain there was no question of frittering away our time with gossip and wine. We lived on milk and polenta and cigarettes which we rolled from the long-stranded pale tobacco of Bosna Seraj; I should not mind having some of that cool, fragrant tobacco between my fingers now. We worked, clambered about the mountains, and kissed girls. It did not come to any more than that, for restlessness drove us on. The girls would rather we had been a little less cursory about it, they were not very pleased with us. But Time, we thought, Time. So much of it seemed already used up; we were worried about not getting anywhere.

For it was already summer, early summer as yet, so that the blue and green predominated, the blue came down from above and sank into the immeasurable heaving green. Green and blue were locked

in an embrace, each penetrating the other. The green glistened, crying out for red, the liberating red which would not come. Then one day the red was there, first spattered about like drops of blood, and then everywhere, welling up luxuriantly; the poppies were in flower.

The poppies bloomed, the lushness of the meadows was spent, and the earth shone like potsherds through the scorched grass. The sky blazed and shadows fell, small, round, and purple; we had taken up positions in the river meadows, some distance apart from each other. The sweat ran down over our foreheads and horseflies clung to our shirts. It was crazy the way we behaved. The water colors dried almost under the brush and the splashes evaporated off the metal lids of our boxes. Every object gradually became edged with a blinding outline and occasionally the corpses in the valley lifted and hung suspended and quivering. Suddenly, off to one side, I saw Stabler's things abandoned. Stabler himself was nowhere about and all I could see was a herd of horses like tiny dots in the distance. As I watched they took fright for no apparent reason and scattered. It was midday; and now I saw Stabler moving about in the bushes along the riverbank. Then I, too, ran with heavy limbs to the river and threw myself into the water, floppy as a dog.

The year moved on, the pumpkins flowered with their transitory blooms, fleshy, voluptuous, and lantern-shaped. The corn had grown tall and tufts of hair shook out of its creamy white husks; steadily the yellow gained ground in the landscape. The nights grew longer, too, sharp, cool, and lit by a moon which made everything look frosty. On one occasion, after we had drunk too much coffee, we went off at about midnight and wandered the whole night through, our hearts beating loud and fast from the coffee we had drunk. It was a night of white walls and black pits. We stopped to rest and as the Constable went to shift a flat stone he was bitten by an adder which he had disturbed. It lay there squirming, a blunt worm with truncated tail and hideous cylindrical body. At once we cut open the wound and Stabler sucked out the blood, sucked and spat, and we killed the snake with stones. But Stabler was of the woodsman breed, with huge and horny hands; a little nip like that could not make much impression.

Toward morning we began to tire and dropped down into a valley in which pools of mist were floating, so sharply defined that cattle stood with their heads and bodies looming dark out of the mist, their legs invisible. The grass was sodden with dew and we began to shiver. We found ourselves approaching a farm, with smoke rising from its chimney. In the kitchen a girl was stirring the polenta in an iron pan; she was very young and was the first up. She stood at the sooty range, turned her head toward us, and said, "Would you like to

eat?" Afterward we bathed in a cold lake and then slept like the dead until midday. That was the last time I went out with the Constable, for our stay there was nearly over, we had to get back to the towns.

Sometimes when I rummage about in the boxes in the loft and come across those old paintings, I have to smile at our fumbling attempts. We had passion enough, but little sense, and not much use for history. "We've been in Milan," we boasted, "and didn't go near the Brera once. And how do you think we spent our time in Venice? Truth to tell, spitting melon seeds in the canal." So it goes without saying that we did not work with artist's ink and subtle tones, that was not our way. Our pictures were full of abandon, searing, carnal, and brutal, no, perhaps not brutal, but completely without restraint. Impudently we exploded lemon yellow into the bluest blue and cinnabar into the green; and we were anything but sparing with the red, the color of life's splendor. As for the clouds we slapped into the sky, they were very queer. We loaded white on the palette knife and drove it into the blue like balls of butter, then we stirred the balls and spun them in circles so that they took on something of the blue. There they hung in the picture plane, lascivious, beatific, and impudent. They were not at all bad, those little clouds. Today we would not paint them like that; today we do not paint little clouds at all. And suddenly, as I pack them all up and once again cannot quite decide to throw them away — there is the landscape with pumpkins, the Belgrade market women, and the self-portrait of the Constable which he gave me as a present — as I am packing them all up again I suddenly have to finger one of the canvases, a piece of drill from the chimney sweep's widow's cupboard which we begged from her to paint on. Conrad Stabler comes into my mind, and now that it is all so far away and irretrievably gone, it suddenly looks to me not as foolish as it had first seemed. We have grown more circumspect, more indifferent to cross-fire, to love and calamity; we have no great plans, yet lead better-planned lives; but the colors of those pictures, they are beyond us. We will never manage that again.

3

TIME passed; I met the Constable only once more, in a strange town which meant nothing to either of us; he had an exhibition there. We took advantage of the occasion to get together again, and when he had shown me his pictures, we found a tram to take us a little way out of town; he said it was easier to talk there. At once we seemed to have more in common. The Constable had married, but that touch of stodginess he had always had in him had now become more noticeable and made him heavier-going. He was just beginning to have

some success but did not seem to me really well; he did not look happy. I remember that the path we were walking along came to an end in a little nook where the sage was blooming in the grass ridge. There were nut trees and the crickets were trilling.

"Listen," the Constable began, and then he blurted out suddenly: "Do you think, too, that we're done for?"

I said: "What d'you mean, done for?"

He waved his hand toward the silence, toward the gleaming grass, the nut trees, the sage on the ridge: "Look at it; that's not what things are really like any more. We're done for."

"Nonsense," I said lightheartedly, for his face was making me feel nervous. "We've been that often enough. Don't you remember the story of the one nut on the bus wheel? Two were missing up in Hermagor, remember? We've often been done for."

We did not pursue the subject further but talked on the way back in a matter-of-fact way about our everyday lives. Not until the evening, when he saw me to the train — mine being the first to leave — did the Constable say anything more about his feelings. A shower had fallen and the air was sodden. The pavements and handrails shone as we crossed an iron footbridge over an industrial canal. Patches of oil and refuse lay glistening on the dirty water and the Constable stopped again and pointed downward with his chin. There were pools squirming with malevolent purples and cold greens, gangrenous colors, frightening in the midst of all that joyless gray.

"Look down there," the Constable said. "That's what our colors have become today."

It was years later when I thought of this incident. The Constable was no longer alive, although I did not know this, for news had long since ceased. I remembered it, as so often in desperate moments something irrelevant comes into mind and yet does not come quite accidentally. The platoon was lying at the edge of a wartime airstrip, waiting for the end. Everything was gone and tanks were droning and spluttering here and there among the tall cornstalks. The mulberry trees were fractured and the vines between them hung riddled. Suddenly, in the ditch before us, I saw the sheen of the same oily film, those coppery, green and slimy blue discolorations. Now the fish must die, I thought, and the birds fall from the sky; those are colors of death.

But in the end we got back after all, though not the Constable. There were others, too, who were never heard of any more, while we, the survivors, went about looking for a beginning, rummaging for the remains and being afraid. As it happens I am

living today in the same town as Stabler's family; true, I cannot help them much. I cannot even tell Stabler's children much about their father; how should they know what questions to ask? They hardly remember him. And I sometimes think, too, that the Constable whom I knew, and these children's father, were two different people.

One of the children comes to see me now and again and pokes about among my things. The other day he found my box of old paints; he sniffed at it and played with the dried-up tubes. "Are these paints expensive? Do they cost a lot of money?"

"Some do and some don't," I said. "They are not all the same. There are expensive colors and cheap colors."

"Then a color like this must have cost a lot of money." The child had found a fat tube and held it up. It was a tube of Kremnitz white.

"Guessed wrong. That one cost least of all; and a good thing that was for us poor painters in the old days because we used more white than anything. Just think how much white we needed for the clouds."

"Then which is an expensive color?"

"Well, there was one of the reds," I said. "We called it cadmium red. That was a color, that was. I don't even know whether it exists today, but your father had it in his box. A tiny tube not as long as your little finger, and that cost pretty well half a house. But such a fiery red it was, I can't describe it. It had three stars on the tube. That showed it was the very best."

There was silence for a time, only the child could be heard rummaging about in the box. Suddenly he found something and called out: "There, you've got some. You can see it on the outside, it's got the three stars on top, too."

The child put his find in my hand, and I looked down with a sudden pang on a small shriveled-up tube with thumbmarks and a yellowed label. There was no doubt about it, it really was the old cadmium red; and the white-red town of Villach stood before my eyes — when, how long, whence? It had lasted a long time, that red, because it was so economical; I had not used it up. Not that I had wanted to be sparing with it even though it was so expensive, but it was not all that easy to use. Was it still good? I unscrewed the cap and squeezed. There was a little whiff and a spurt of paint. Still good. But suddenly the Constable came into my mind, and I felt as if ashamed; it was difficult to say why. I shall not use up the color in the few summers to come. It makes no difference that there is some of it left, or that it is to be had in the shops again. I dare not use it now.

Translated by P. A. Findlay.

ARTISTS AND OLD AGE

An Essay on the Creative Personality

by GOTTFRIED BENN

1

SUPPOSING that a certain writer has at some time in his life uttered opinions that are later considered impossible, then good care is taken that these opinions should drag along behind him like the harrow after a farm horse, and everyone is delighted to see them continually hitting him on the heels. Well, that's part of the game, the writer says to himself, nothing can be done about it. If one were to write nothing but what turned out to be opportune fifteen years later, presumably one would never write anything at all. Let me give one little example of what I mean. In a conversation, a very serious conversation among three old men, our author once wrote: "To be mistaken and yet be compelled to go on believing what one's own innermost being tells one — that is man, and his glory begins yonder, beyond victory and defeat."

From the writer's point of view this declaration was a sort of anthropological elegy, a ciphered melancholy; but his critics thought differently. It shocked them to the core. Here they said was a blank check for every conceivable political crime. At first the author did not know what these critics meant, but then he said to himself: Oh well, in the nineteenth century the natural sciences made an onslaught on poetry, Nietzsche was fought by the theologians; today it is politics that gets mixed up with everything — all right, let's leave it at that.

The role of GOTTFRIED BENN (1886–1956) in modern German literature has often been compared to that of T. S. Eliot or Ezra Pound in our own culture. A doctor, who practiced in Berlin, he was from his youth in the forefront of European advance-guard literary movements, as poet, essayist, and short-story writer. We represent Benn's prose writings with a slightly abridged version of Part II of one of the most famous examples of modern belles-lettres.

Nevertheless, this return of his earlier words to mock him was one of the things that caused our author to look into the question of how other old men had fared and what old age and the process of aging mean for the artist.

What is it like for the artist himself to grow old, to be old? How does he experience it himself? Take Flaubert — there in his house on the high ground, in Rouen, not leaving his room for days on end, and night after night the light from his windows shining out onto the river, so that the Seine boatmen take their bearings from it. He is not old, he is only fifty-nine, but he is worn out, he has bags under his eyes and his eyelids are wrinkled with bitter scorn — scorn of the *gent épicrière*, those shopkeepers, the middle classes — to be sure, the court did not pronounce *Madame Bovary* immoral, but it did recommend him to exercise his gifts of observation on nicer people, people with more goodness of heart. And did that make him write about goodness of heart? When his *Education sentimentale* was published, they wrote: A cretin, a pimp, one who dirties the water in the gutter where he washes.

In his youth he wrote that anyone who wanted to create something permanent must take care not to laugh at fame. But how was it later on? Was there anything he did not laugh at? And most of all it was himself he laughed at; he could not look at himself in the mirror while shaving without bursting into laughter. And now he was drawing up a list of the follies of those of the dead whose names constitute what we call humanity. Should he put on yet another record? Sit yet again in the *bistro* downtown, tense with concentration visually and acoustically, in order to penetrate into the object, to slip behind those faces? Should he once again make that superhuman effort of observation, an

effort so tragic in every instant, picking up expressions, collecting phrases, things one could take one's stand on?

Such was Flaubert when he was old.

And there's Leonardo in the little château of Ducloux on the Loire, when Italy was no longer a place for him, all his patrons dead or imprisoned. What does he think of in those evenings? The King is out hunting, and all is still, there is nothing to be heard but the metallic clang of the clock on the tower called Horloge and the cry of the wild swans on the water. By the river there are poplars like those in Lombardy long ago. The King has offered him four thousand guilders for the *Gioconda*, but he cannot bring himself to part with her. The King goes on insisting, and the old man throws himself at the King's feet, weeping, making himself a laughingstock before the guests, offering the King his latest picture, a *St. John the Baptist*, but not the *Gioconda*, not that, that picture is his life. Five long years he worked at it, five years he bent over it, silent, growing old, not letting anyone see it. In the room where he painted it there were torsos of Greek statues, dog-headed Egyptian gods in black granite, Gnostic gems with magical inscriptions, Byzantine parchments hard as ivory, with passages of Greek poetry believed eternally lost, clay potsherds bearing Assyrian cuneiform script, Persian magical writings bound in iron, papyri from Memphis, transparent and delicate as the petals of flowers. . . . He had had to transform himself into all that, to lose himself in it, perhaps even to succumb to it. And in this way he lived for five years, dedicated to his inner vision, his one vision. The King and the court thought him a poor fool, but still, he had managed to keep the picture in his room. The spiral staircase up to his bedroom was narrow and steep, and as he climbed it he suffered attacks of dizziness and breathlessness. Then his right side became paralyzed and, though he could still draw with his left hand, he could not paint. Then he spent the evenings with a monk, playing games with little blocks of wood, or cards. Then his left side became paralyzed too. And he had just managed to say, "Arise and cast yourself into the sea," when he died and lay there, at rest, like a weight that has fallen.

Such was Leonardo da Vinci when he was old.

Evenings of life — oh, these evenings of life! Most of them are spent in poverty, coughing, crook-backed — drug addicts, drunkards, some even as criminals, almost all unmarried, almost all childless — the whole bio-negative Olympic assembly, a European, cisatlantic team of Olympians that has borne the glory and the sadness of post-classical man for four hundred years. Those born under a lucky star managed perhaps to get themselves a house, as Goethe and Rubens did, and those whose lot was meager went on painting to the end of their days without a penny in their pockets, painting

their wavy olives, and those who live in the age of the conquest of space look out of a back-room window on a rabbit hutch and two hortensias. Making a survey of them all, one can discover only one thing — they were all under some compelling urge that they could not escape. "If I don't tremble as the adder does in the snake tamer's hand, I am cold. Anything I ever did that was any good at all was done in that condition," Delacroix said. And Beckmann wrote: "I would gladly live in sewers and crawl through all the gutters of the world if that were the only way I could go on painting." Adders, gutters, sewers — that is the overture to life's evening.

2

I AM not wallowing in the macabre for its own sake, nor amusing myself with an obsolete picture of things dating from the days of the *poètes maudits*. These psychopathological and sociological studies of the lives of men of genius, and of their last days, are none of my making; they are the work of others. The trend of thought may seem a little disconcerting nowadays, when the artist has acquired some of the outer trappings of the solid, respectable citizen and adopts the airs of a functionary, and indeed he feels that he *is* a functionary, in a definite position, which forces him to seek government commissions and external security. Routine criticism, the reviewing of exhibitions and books commissioned and paid for by newspapers and publishers, has dragged the artist into public life, into the general hodge-podge in which individualism is coming to an end in our epoch. But let there be no mistake about it: he who is under that compelling urge remains inwardly untouched. In a helicopter painted arsenic-green he goes on climbing back into his esoteric studio. It is only a short while since the eighty-three-year-old Degas said: "A picture is something that needs just as much smartness and viciousness as crime does — forgery with a dash of Nature thrown in."

Perhaps the image of the arsenic-green helicopter is a trifle banal. All the same, let us get into that helicopter for a moment so that we can look down on what we can't take with us of mankind and the earth.

It is not an ascent that is made with very much love for humanity. Think for instance of that self-portrait of Tintoretto's, a late work (I don't remember where it hangs, I only know it from reproductions) — there's a thing one can't forget, and there is only one word for it: rancid. Or think of Rembrandt's last self-portraits — reserved, wary, and as though they were saying: Count me out. None of the great *old* men was an idealist. It is only dilettantes who dream of the impossible.

Art — these men say — art *must* put into the picture the relationship there is between the world

and the absolute. Art must restore the center, but without losing in depth. Art must represent man as being made in the image of God — if there is anything at all not made in the image of God, not excluding the tiger, I haven't heard of it — but there simply is no "must" where art is concerned. There's a radio in this helicopter of ours, and right now it's playing a hit from the film *Moulin Rouge*. It makes me shiver with excitement. For a first-rate popular tune sometimes has more of the century in it than a motet, and a word may weigh heavier than a victory.

Up and up we go in our helicopter — earth dwindles away, but we can still make out those colossal complexes, those collectives, those things called institutes and institutions. "I made my way through them too," one of the old men might say nowadays. "I suffered from depressions, I entered an institution and went to a psychoanalyst. And he said, 'You are suffering from oral-narcissistic deficiency, you lack an adequate intake of external objects. You are introverted — I suppose you know what I mean by that!' I replied that introverted and extroverted seemed pretty crude basic concepts to me. There are those who bear a hereditary burden and those who bear none. There are those who are fettered and those who are free. And the first are the more interesting. 'Contactual insufficiency,' the therapist said, pressing into my hand a booklet entitled *You and the Libido*, and thereupon fell into a trance.

"Then I heard," one of those old masters would say today, "that thought makes you free, thought makes you happy. And so I entered another institution and went to the thinkers. But sociology, phenomenology, and the theory of types — it all sounds just like Puccini. Ontology — where, I ask you, is there any existence of anything outside my pictures? And what is all this stuff about things, anyway? Things come into existence because one admits their existence, that's to say, one formulates them, paints them. If one doesn't grant them their existence, they vanish into the realm of unreality and insubstantiality. These thinkers with their grounds of existence that no one can see, which is utterly formless — all these contributions and contributors — they turn on the faucet and what comes out is generally a spurt of Plato. Then they take a quick shower, and then the next one steps into the tub. None of them ever finishes anything. I have to finish *my* things! They're all idealists, and they think the whole thing only starts with them. They're all optimists, and at the age of seventy-five they go and have a new jacket made to measure. But none of these gentry nowadays really *thinks* — unless one excepts Wittgenstein, who said: 'The limits of language are the limits of my world,' and 'What the picture represents is what it means.' There's sound thinking, there's concrete thinking! No loose ends there! There is a system-

atic self-limitation to the thinking of propositions. That is painterly thinking, that is Lethe, and there myth comes to an end."

And so what is the situation like? Desperate? Send me up some fresh supplies of libido and a guaranteed pre-Spenglerian civilization. The exploration of outer space hasn't yet reached the stage where we could start to feel something again at the sight of the stars. Oh, why didn't I become a landscape painter, professionally busy dashing from the Teutoburger Wald to Astrakhan, and all by aid of the Volkswagen that we have these days? Then I could have some springy woodland earth underfoot!

"How queer the nations are," our old man goes on thinking. "They want interesting minds, but they also want to be the ones who decide what the interesting minds are to be interesting about. They want internationally famous names, but anyone who writes a word against their pet ideas is instantly crossed off the list. They want to be delivered of works of universal significance, but it is they who organize the midwives and provide them with textbooks on confinement. Kleist's *Penthesilea* would never have been written if a vote had been taken on it first. Strindberg, Nietzsche, El Greco would never have appeared on the scene. But conformism would have existed all right! It has always been there, only *it* would never have created the four hundred years of Western civilization."

Surely there's no writer who hasn't often envied painters: they can paint oranges and asphodels, pitchers, even lobsters and other crustaceans, and nobody reproaches them with not having got in anything about the housing problem. But obviously the trade unions have their rights in the case of anything written. Anti-social is the word. "Art *must* . . ." It's probably a waste of time pointing out that Flaubert gave us a description of the artist's predicament, of his inability to express all he feels and yearns for, and how he can only express what it is given to him to express within the limitations of word and form.

3

ONLY one kilometer more and we shall have reached the ceiling. The traveler glances down. When the diamond dealer Salomon Rossbach jumped off the Empire State Building he left a mysterious message: "No more above, no more below, and so I leap off." A good message, the traveler says: no more above, no more below, the center is damaged, the compass needle and the quarters of heaven are no longer valid, but the species is rampant and keeps going by means of pills. The body has grown more morbid, with modern medicine positively offering it thousands of diseases, and they break out of it with scientific vigor — oh, no slur on the doctors, a very fine lot

of men, I only mean that in the old days if you were bitten by a mosquito you scratched the place, but today they can prescribe a dozen different ointments and not one of them helps — still, that's life, it keeps things moving. Our bodies are more morbid than they used to be, but they live longer.

Well, so here we are. The old man enters his studio — a bare room, a big table covered with slips of paper and sheets of notes. He goes up to it, saying to himself: "Now what shall I do with this? — essay, poem, dialogue? The notion that the form is born together with the content is just another illusion hatched by philosophies of art — I can use this here or there, coloring, weaving, fixing it up, all just as I feel like it, I went through my beginning and I am going through my end, *moira*, my allotted part. Only one thing is certain: When a thing's finished it must be complete, perfect. Though of course there's the question: And what then?"

Take another look at the most famous "late" works — what are they like? For instance, there's Goethe's *Novelle* — a menagerie catches fire, the booth burns down, the tigers escape, the lions are loose! And it all works out harmoniously. No, this earth is scorched and bare, flayed by lightning, and today the tigers bite. Or what about the second part of *Faust*? Undoubtedly this is Germany's most mysterious gift to the world. But all those choruses, gryphons, lamias, pulcinellos, ants, cranes, and empusae, the whole thing humming and buzzing away, singing to itself, away off to where the fairy rings are and the crowns of stars and the angelic boys — where does it all come from anyway? Let's face it, the whole thing hovers in the realm of pure imagination, it's all table rapping, telepathy, hocus-pocus. There's someone standing on a balcony, unreal, motionless, blowing bubbles — some bright, some dark — conjuring forth more and more clay pipes and straws to blow his iridescent bubbles with — oh, a magnificent God on the Balcony, inculcated with the spirit of the classical and the baroque, with miracles and mysteries dangling from his coattails. But in our day the eye is slightly moist when one looks that way, and that's all there is to it. That's how it stands with such works nowadays.

Around the greatest of all, the translators and interpreters keep on circling for a few centuries, but soon there is no one left who understands their language. What then? Primitives, the archaic, the classical, the mannerists, the abstractionists, in a word, the Quaternary Period. But what then? Spaces that are much too big have been opened up to us, and too many spheres, and feelings too weighty — perhaps the making of art is, after all, a rather shallow reaction? Isn't it perhaps *profounder* simply to suffer the human substance in silence? What was it the Lord Jehovah put into our essential nature, what was the fate he gave us?

Was creative salvation to be our lot, or were we meant to go for the still point, to sit under the Bo tree, immobile, waiting to meet Kama-Mara, the god of love and death? How many hours of my life I have spent pondering on a certain saying of the balcony god's, turning it this way and that — the saying that "On its highest peak poetry seems to be completely external. The more it withdraws inward, the further it sinks." What does that mean? Am I supposed to disown my inner being, cheat it, make a fool of it — is *that* the precondition for poetry? And what else is it? A conjurer's act, the rope trick, mere nothingness with a glaze over it? And from the East I hear them harping on the same tune. The master K'ung-tzu, speaking of painters, says: "He is crude in whose work the meaning has more weight than the line." In other words, for him too the higher thing is the manipulated thing, the manufactured thing, style. On the other hand, there's Guardini saying that "Behind every work of art, as it were, something opens up. . . ." Well, and what is it that as it were opens up? After all, we are supposed to cover it up with paint and hide it. Or what of a great philosopher's dictum that "Art is the self-manifestation and operation of truth"? What truth, anyway? A truth made up of sketches and designs, a manufactured truth? Or is truth only mentioned in order to let philosophy make a showing, for of course art isn't concerned with truth at all, only with expression. And then finally we come to the question: What is this expression that thrusts its way in in front of depth? Is expression the same as guilt? It might be.

4

STILL, I dare say I'm too old to unravel these problems. Mists of weariness and melancholy cloud my mind. I can remember having heard Pablo Sarasate playing his fiddle and Caruso singing at the Metropolitan Opera House, with the Astors sitting in the Diamond Horseshoe. I have watched Bergmann operating, and I stood on parade before the last Emperor. I began studying by the light of an oil lamp, with Haeckel's *Riddles of the Universe* for my forbidden reading. I have ridden and I have flown, but I have also seen the great sailing-ships upon the seas that no man had ever yet flown across — but that's all past and gone — all over now. And today I say it was all much more heavily charged than one thought at the time; everything was much more predestined than it seemed. And the oddest thing of all is that one was much more *in the air* then than one dreamed, believing as one did in one's autonomy. To take just one example: there were painters who spent their whole life painting in tones of silver or of yellow, and another one who always stuck to brown, and there was a generation that wrote poetry mainly in nouns. It wasn't a literary caprice, it was in the air — in

the air of entirely heterogeneous dimensions. A short time ago I read the following story about Clemenceau. He had just engaged a new private secretary and on the first day he was showing him what the job consisted of. "Some letters," Clemenceau said, "you will have to draft by yourself. Now listen: a sentence consists of a noun and a verb. If you want to use an adjective, come and ask me first." Come and ask me first! It's exactly the same advice that Carl Sternheim gave me when we were both young. "When you've written something," he said to me, "go through it again and cross out the adjectives. Your meaning will be much clearer then." It turned out to be true. Indeed, the leaving out of explanatory, padding-out adjectives became a sort of compulsion neurosis with my generation.

My generation! But of course the next one is here by now, the young people, the youth of our time! God preserve their imitative urge for them, and then it wouldn't be long before the whole thing stops of its own accord. But supposing they were to produce a new style — *evoe!* A new style is a new type of man. Now, though genetics haven't produced very much that is clear, one thing seems to be certain: a new generation means a new sort of brain, and a new sort of brain means a new sort of reality and new neuroses, and the whole thing is called evolution, and that's the way civilization goes on spreading. If I were to give this younger generation of ours some advice, talking down to them from my pulpit of old age, it would be this: "When you have published four of those rhymed or unrhymed things that are called poems, or have drawn a goat more or less true to nature, don't expect that from now on every time you have a birthday the mayor of your town will call to wish you many happy returns. After all, it's only human handiwork you're doing. You would do well to think occasionally of how when Schubert was twenty-nine someone advised him to buy unlined paper and draw the lines himself, since that was cheaper. What impudence! everyone says nowadays when they hear of it, but of course the same thing keeps on happening all over again, and it isn't everyone who by the age of thirty-one has reached a stage where he doesn't need to spend money any more."

Gentlemen of the rising generation, allow me to be provoking. I do it in the hope of making you tough. Toughness is the greatest blessing an artist can have — the ability to be hard on himself and on his work. Or as Thomas Mann has said: "It is better to ruin a work of art and make it useless for giving to the world than not to go all out at every point." Or as I tried to put it a moment ago: One thing is certain, when a thing is finished it must be complete, perfect. And in this connection

don't for a moment forget the questionable and devious nature of your undertaking, the dangers and the hatred that surround your activities. Don't lose sight of the cold and egotistical element in your mission. Your art has deserted the temples and the sacrificial vessels, it has ceased to have anything to do with the painting of pillars, and the painting of chapels is no longer anything for you either. You are using your own skin for wallpaper, and nothing can save you. Don't let yourself be tempted by "security" — 312 pages, cloth-bound, price 13 marks 80. There is no turning the clock back. The things of the mind are irreversible; they go right along their road to the end, right to the end of the night. With your back to the wall, care-worn and weary, in the gray light of the void, read Job and Jeremiah and keep going. Formulate your principles without regard for anything else, because there will be nothing left of you but your words when this epoch comes to an end, making an end of all singing and chanting of poetry. What you don't say will not be there then. You will make enemies, you will be alone, a tiny boat on the vast ocean. You will shiver in dismay at your own undertaking, but don't send out an SOS. First of all, there's no one to hear you, and secondly, after so many voyages your end will be a quiet one.

Ladies and gentlemen, the portrait of old age is finished. We have left the studio. The helicopter is about to land. Out of the cabin there steps an *homme du monde*, wearing a gray tie and a black homburg, who disappears in the hustle and bustle of the airfield. The airfield is out in the country, and this gentleman strolls up to the edge of it, where he sees poplars like those on the banks of the Loire and like those long ago in Lombardy, and sees the river a ribbon winding away into the distance like the Seine, where once the bargemen looked out for that lighted window in the dark. The same things recur for as long as there is sameness. And when some day nothing is like anything else any more at all and the great rules change — even then some kind of order will persist.

"To be mistaken and yet be compelled to go on believing what one's own innermost being tells one — that is man, and his glory begins yonder, beyond victory and defeat. . . ." Yes, he would write that same sentence yet once again, if he had to start all over again, even if it were misleading, even if it were a falsification. After all, what dictum is blameless? Face to face with the Western world, I did my work; I lived as if the day had come — my own day. I was the man that I shall be. And so at the end I take my stand on all the church fathers, all those ancient men with centuries behind them: *non confundar in aeternum* — I too shall not be condemned eternally.

Translated by Ernst Kaiser and Eithne Wilkins

THIS IS OUR MANIFESTO

Reflections of a German Soldier after Defeat

by WOLFGANG BORCHERT

1

HELMETS off, helmets off: We've lost! The companies are scattered. The companies, battalions, armies. The great armies. Only the hosts of the dead, they still stand. Stand like measureless forests: dark, purple-colored, full of voices. But the guns lie like frozen dinosaurs with rigid limbs. Purple with steel and ambushed fury. And the helmets, they are rusting. Take your rusty helmets off: we've lost.

In our discarded messtins thin children now fetch milk. Thin milk. The children are purple with frost. And the milk is purple with poverty.

Never again shall we fall in to a whistle and answer "Yessir" to a bellow. Guns and sergeants bellow no more. We shall weep, spit, and sing as we will. But the song of the roaring tanks and the song of the edelweiss we shall sing no more, for the tanks and the sergeants rage no more, and the edelweiss has rotted away to the singsong of blood. And no general calls us "Thou" before the battle. Before the terrible battle.

We shall never again have sand in our teeth with

fear. (No sand of the steppes, no Ukrainian sand, and none from Cyrenaica or Normandy — nor the bitter angry sand of our homeland!) And never again the hot mad feeling in brain and belly before the battle.

Never again shall we be so happy to feel another beside us. Warm and there and breathing and belching and humming — at night on the advance. Never again shall we be as happy as gypsies over a loaf of bread and a pinch of tobacco and two armfuls of hay. We shall never march together again, for from now on all march alone. That is good. That is hard. No longer to have the stubborn grumbling other man beside you — at night, at night on the advance. Who hears everything too. Who never says anything. Who stomachs everything.

And if at night a man must weep, he can do so again. For he need no longer sing — with fear.

Now jazz is our song. Excited, hectic jazz is our music. And the hot mad frantic song, through which the drums race, catlike, scratching. And sometimes still the old sentimental soldiers' bawl, with which anguish was outscrambled and with which mothers were denied. Terrible male chorus from bearded lips, sung into the lonely twilight of dugout and troop train, overpitched by the mouth organ's tinny tremolo.

Virile song of men — did no one hear the children bawling away their fear of the purple maw of the guns?

Heroic song of men — did no one hear the hearts sobbing as they sang, the grimy, the crusty, the bearded, the lousy?

Song of men, soldiers' roaring, sentimental and high-spirited, virile and deep-throated, valiantly shouted by the youngsters, too. Does no one hear,

The death of WOLFGANG BORCHERT in 1947, at the age of only twenty-six, was a serious loss to German letters. In a few dozen very short stories and a moving radio play, The Man Outside, Borchert spoke for those of his generation who could never accept Fascism or believe in the war. A bookseller who aspired to be an actor, he was conscripted into the army and wounded in the Russian campaign. Letters in which he criticized the regime were intercepted and he was condemned to death, but pardoned because of his youth. However, six months in solitary confinement destroyed his health and he did not live to see the sensational success of his play throughout Germany. The Man Outside, including a selection of Borchert's stories, was published in translation in this country in 1950.

beneath it, the cry for mother? The last cry of man, the adventurer? The terrible cry.

Our singing and our music are a dance over the abyss that yawns at us. And that music is jazz. For our hearts and our heads have the same hot-cold rhythm: excited, crazy and hectic, unrestrained.

And our girls, they have the same hot beat in their hands and their hips. And their laughter is hoarse and brittle and hard as a clarinet. And their hair, it crackles like phosphorus. It burns. And their hearts have a syncopated beat, savage and sad. Sentimental. Our girls are like that, like jazz. And the nights are like that, the girl-jangling nights, like jazz, hot and hectic. Excited.

Who will write us new laws of harmony? We have no further use for well-tempered clavichords. We ourselves are too much dissonance.

Who will cry a purple cry for us? A purple deliverance? We have no further use for still life. Our life is loud.

We have no further use for a poet's good grammar. We lack patience for good grammar. We need those with the hot, hoarse-sobbed emotion. Who call a tree tree and a woman woman and say yes and say no, loud and clear and without sub-junctives.

For semicolons we have no time and harmonies make us soft and still life overwhelms us, for at night our skies are purple. And purple leaves no time for grammar, purple is shrill and unrelenting and frantic. Over the chimneys, over the roofs, the world, purple. Over our sprawled bodies the shadowy hollows, the blue-snowed eye sockets of the dead in the ice storm, the violet-raging gullets of the cold guns — and the purple skin of our girls at the neck and a little below the breast. Purple at night the groans of the starving and the stammer of those who kiss. And the city stands so purple by the night-purple river.

And the night is full of death, our night. For our sleep is full of battle. Our night in its dream-death is laden with the noise of battle. And those who stay with us at night, the purple girls, they know it too and in the morning they are pale with our night's anguish. And our morning is full of solitude. A solitude like glass. Brittle and cool. And quite clear. It is the solitude of man. For we lost our mothers in the raging gunfire. Our cats and cows and the lice and the worms, they alone can endure the great icy solitude. Perhaps they are not so close together as we. Perhaps they are more with the world. With this measureless world. In which our heart almost freezes to death.

Why is our heart racing? From the flight. For only yesterday we escaped in desperate flight from the battle and from the gun-gullets. From the fearful flight from one shell hole to another — those motherly hollows — from that our heart still races — and still from fear. Listen within to the tumult

in your depths. Do you shrink? Do you hear the chaos chorale of Mozart melodies and Herms Niel cantatas? Do you still hear the poet Hölderlin? Do you recognize him, drunk with blood, in fancy dress, and arm in arm with Baldur von Schirach? Do you hear the infantryman's song? Do you hear the jazz and the Luther hymns?

Then try to live above your purple depths. For the morning that rises behind the grass dikes and the tarred roofs comes only out of yourself. And behind everything? Behind all that is what you call God — stream and star, night, mirror or cosmos, and Hilda or Evelyn. And behind everything you yourself are always standing. Icily alone. Pitiable. Great. Your laughter. Your grief. Your question. Your answer. Behind everything, in uniform, naked or costumed I know not how, tottering in shadow, in strange dimensions, now almost timid, now of unsuspected grandeur — yourself. Your love. Your fear. Your hope.

And when our heart, that pitiful proud muscle, can no longer endure itself — and when our heart grows too soft for us in those sentimentalities to which we are all abandoned, then we wax vulgarly loud. Old sow, we say then to her we love most. And when Jesus or the Meek One, who always pursues us in our dreams, says in the night: You, be kind! — then with an insolent lack of respect for our confession, we ask: Kind, Lord Jesus, why? We slept in God just as well with the dead Ivans in front of our trench. And in the dream we riddle everything with our machine guns — the Ivans, the earth, Jesus.

2

No, our vocabulary is not nice. But it's fat. And it stinks. Bitter as TNT. Sour as the sand of the steppes. Sharp as dung. And loud as the noise of battle.

And we brag insolently away over our sensitive German Rilke heart. Over Rilke, our strange lost brother, who speaks our heart and unexpectedly moves us to tears. But we will conjure no oceans of tears — for then we would all drown. No, we will be coarse and common, grow tobacco and tomatoes, be noisily afraid right into our purple beds — right into our purple women. For we love the loud, noisy assertion, the one that is not of Rilke, which rescues us from the battle-dreams and from the purple depths of the night, of the blood-drenched fields, of the passionate, bloody women.

For the war has not made us hard — do not, above all, believe that — and not rough and not superficial. For we bear many world-heavy, waxen dead on our thin shoulders. And never did our tears sit so loosely upon us as after those battles. And therefore we love the blustering loud purple merry-go-round, the jazz hurdy-gurdy that blares away over our abysses,

thudding, clownish, purple, gay, and even silly. And our Rilke heart — before the clown crows, we have denied it thrice. And our mothers weep bitterly. But they, they do not turn away. Not the mothers!

And we will promise the mothers:

Mothers, it is not for this that the dead are dead, not for the marble war memorial, that the best local stonemason builds in the market place — set round with the green of living grass and with benches for widows and cripples. The dead are not dead so that the survivors may live on in their parlors, filling them again with photos of recruits and portraits of Hindenburg. No, not for that.

Did the dead let their blood run in the snow, their living mother-blood in the wet, cold snow, so that the same schoolmasters who once so gallantly prepared the fathers for war may now make monkeys of the children? (Between Langemark and Stalingrad lay only one mathematics lesson.) No, mothers, not for this did you die in each war ten thousand deaths!

This we admit: our moral philosophy has nothing more to do with beds, breasts, parsons, or petticoats — we can do no more than be good. But who will measure it, this “good”? Our philosophy is the truth. And the truth is new and hard as death. Yet also as gentle, as surprising, and as just. Both are naked.

Tell your pal the truth, rob him in hunger, but then tell him. And never tell your children stories about a holy war. Tell the truth, tell it red as it is — full of blood and gunflash and screaming. Fool your girl at night, but in the morning, tell her the truth. Say that you’re going, and for ever. Be kind as death. *Nichevo. Kaputt. For ever. Parti, perdu,* and nevermore.

For we are no-men. But we do not say No in despair. Our No is a protest. And there is no peace for us in kisses, for us nihilists. For into the nothingness we must again build a Yes. Houses we must build in the free air of our No, over the abysses, the craters, and the slit trenches, and over the open mouths of the dead — build houses into the clean-swept air of the nihilists, houses of wood and brain and houses of stone and thought.

For we love this gigantic desert called Germany. More now than ever. And for Germany we will not die. For Germany we will live. Over the purple depths. This acrid, bitter, brutal life. We’ll take it on ourselves for this desert. For Germany. We

will love this Germany as the Christians their Christ — for her sorrow.

We will love the mothers who had to fill bombs — for their sons. We must love them for that sorrow.

And the sweethearts who now push their heroes in wheel chairs, with no sparkling uniform — for their sorrow.

And the heroes, the Hölderlin heroes, for whom no day was too bright and no battle bad enough — we will love them for their shattered pride, for their discolored, secret, night-watchman’s existence.

And the girl whom a company debauched in the park at night and who still says *Scheiss* and must now make a pilgrimage from hospital to hospital — for her sorrow.

And the soldier who will never again laugh.

And him, who still tells his grandsons the story of the thirty-one corpses at night in front of his machine gun or Granddad’s.

All those who are afraid and in sorrow and in humility, we will love them as the Christians love their Christ — for their sorrow. For they are Germany. And we ourselves are this Germany, too. And we must build this Germany again in nothingness, over abysses, out of our misery, with our love. For we love this Germany. As we love the cities for their rubble, so we will love the hearts for the ashes of their sorrow. For their burned pride, for their calcined hero’s garb, for their seared faith, for their shattered trust, for their ruined love. Above all we must love the mothers, be they eighteen or eighty-six — for the mothers must give us the strength for this Germany in the rubble.

Our manifesto is love. We will love the stones in the cities, our stones which the sun still warms, warms again after the battle.

And we will love the great sighing wind again, our wind, that still sings in the forests. And that sings also in the fallen beams.

And the yellow-warm windows with Rilke poems behind them.

And the rat-riddled cellars with purple-starving children inside them.

And the huts of cardboard and wood, in which people still eat, our people, and still sleep. And sometimes still sing. And even laugh.

For that is Germany. And her we will love, we of the rusty helmet and the lost heart here on earth.

Yes, yes, on this lunatic earth we will love again — love, ever and again.

Translated by David Porter

GERMAN MUSICAL LIFE

Patterns of Conservatism and Experiment

by HANS H. STUCKENSCHMIDT

1

MUSIC is the Germans' favorite art, and their approach to it has never been more aptly put than in the motto once adorning one of their most famous concert halls: "*Res severa verum gaudium*" ("Serious matters are the real fun"). The hall, the old *Gewandhaus* in Leipzig, has shared the fate of most German concert halls and opera houses: it was destroyed in World War II. Yet the spirit of its inscription lives on. The Germans consume serious and sternly symphonic music as passionately as the Italians love the sweet art of *bel canto*. Since the nineteenth century, since Schopenhauer, Wagner, and Nietzsche, knowledge and appreciation of music have been considered prime cultural factors in Germany; some musical training is still a required part of higher education.

Before 1933, musical Germany stood open to the world. Diversity and cosmopolitan tolerance were the rule; perfection was the only yardstick. Under Hitler the valuable Jewish element departed and culture was made "self-sufficient," i.e., excluded from international competition. The drastic consequences did not show in full until the gates to the world were reopened in 1945. Even now Germany has not made up her loss of substance in all fields of music; even now her younger generation of instrumentalists cannot meet the requirements of the world market.

Germany publicly supports today some seventy year-round opera houses — more than exist in all

the rest of the world. About a dozen of these are first-class theaters, half of them well known abroad, where tours have won them wide recognition. Their styles and techniques of performance vary enormously, and their repertoires run the gamut from classic and romantic opera to the experiments of our time, depending on the artistic leanings of the men in charge. An institution such as the Munich State Opera holds fast to its traditions of cultivating Wagner and Richard Strauss, along with Mozart, and of collecting great voices. (In Munich the old *Nationaltheater* was destroyed, but the *Prinzregententheater* has been preserved.) At the Hamburg State Opera, on the other hand, a modern-inclined director, Dr. Günter Rennert, has used the postwar decade to develop a very modern repertory: Benjamin Britten's *Peter Grimes* was first performed there in a makeshift theater seating six hundred, and the opening week of the new house in October 1955 featured a work as daring as Ernst Krenek's *Pallas Athena Weeps*.

Heinz Tietjen, head of the West Berlin City Opera until 1954, combined due attention to Wagnerian music-drama with a broad policy of moderate modernism. He successfully staged Honegger's *Joan of Arc at the Stake*, Werner Egk's *Circe* and his *Abrazas* ballet, and overcame the widespread opposition to the social criticism contained in Boris Blacher's *Prussian Fairy Tale*.

East Berlin has two separate music theaters, the State Opera and the Comic Opera. Tradition as well as the cultural policies of the Soviet occupying power have kept the State Opera repertory conservative, though Alban Berg's *Wozzeck* was brilliantly staged there in December 1955 to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of its first performance. The Comic Opera under Walter Felsenstein, one of

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Germany's outstanding operatic directors, presents whatever does not belong to "grand opera," from Mozart's *Magic Flute* to Carl Orff's *The Clever One*, from Weber's *Freischütz* to Richard Mohaupt's *Hostess of Pinsk*, from Rossini's *Barber* to Richard Strauss's *The Silent Woman*, from Offenbach's *Orpheus* to Johann Strauss's *Die Fledermaus*. Some Felsenstein productions — of Leoš Janáček's *Sly Fox*, for instance — are model achievements.

In the West modern operas have been staged with distinction in Cologne and Essen, while Stuttgart under its conductor Ferdinand Leitner has become a showcase of dramatic voices. As such it has worked closely with the Bayreuth Festival: Wieland Wagner, the artistic guiding spirit of Bayreuth, presents his frequently sensational productions both there and in Stuttgart. Some theaters bear the imprint of a conductor's personality — Georg Solti's in Frankfurt, Eugen Szenkar's in Düsseldorf, and until recently, Hermann Abendroth's in Weimar. Others maintain or revive such local traditions as the Handel renaissance in Halle. Many cities — Hamburg, Düsseldorf, Essen, Mannheim, Kassel, East Berlin — have built large new opera houses on the ruins of their old ones.

Yet, however outwardly promising the state of German opera may seem, inwardly it is critical. The very success abroad of its singers, conductors, and directors has brought a discontinuity to their work that cannot but affect the ensemble spirit and the growth of the repertory. Policy today is often dictated by stars according to their schedules. If Herr Tristan — long under guest contract only — is home in March, Fräulein Isolde flies to Buenos Aires or San Francisco; when she is in the country, Tristan has a recording date in London.

2

CONCERT life is centered more and more in the great orchestras and their conductors. Chamber music and solo concerts, once dominant, are now rare; only the large choral organizations are still going strong, chiefly in the song-loving Rhenish and South German cities. In Berlin, Munich, Hamburg, Leipzig, Cologne, and Frankfurt the traditional philharmonic subscription concerts go on virtually unchanged. The concert cycles of the Berlin Philharmonic, for example, run from September to May or June on a basis of Beethoven, Brahms, Bruckner, and Tchaikovsky, with some Schubert, Schumann, Haydn, Mozart, Bach, and Richard Strauss thrown in as accessories. More modern works are cautiously interspersed, unrequested by the subscribers. Under Herbert von Karajan, Wilhelm Furtwängler's successor at the helm of the Berlin Philharmonic, the repertory remained almost the same, and the other German "traditional orchestras" — Hamburg, for instance, under Joseph Keilberth's leadership, or Cologne, where young Gün-

ther Wand cultivates the tradition of the Gürzenich concerts — follow an almost identical pattern.

Since 1945, however, broadcasting has led to the creation of new symphony orchestras that offer stiff competition to the old ones. Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt in Hamburg, Hans Rosbaud in Baden-Baden, Eugen Jochum in Munich, Hans Müller-Kray in Stuttgart, and others in Cologne, Frankfurt, Berlin, Leipzig, are now leading such orchestras which aim at — and occasionally achieve — the American ideal of technical perfection. In Baden-Baden, Cologne, and Munich, above all, they have become important exponents of modern music. The two most active institutions dedicated to contemporary music, Karl Amadeus Hartmann's *Musica Viva* in Munich and Dr. Herbert Hübner's *Das neue Werk* in Hamburg, would be unthinkable without the financial backing of the radio stations and the co-operation of their new orchestras. The *avant-garde* music festivals held in Donaueschingen similarly depend on the Baden-Baden Radio, its orchestra, and its musical director, Dr. Heinrich Strobel.

Besides the orchestras, the radio choirs and chamber choirs also have become precision instruments for the presentation of very modern and very ancient music. With classicism and especially romanticism — i.e. all music written between 1750 and 1900 — turning into a private preserve of the conservative audience and its orchestras and choirs, the interest of new listeners has focused on pre-classicism and modernism. Thus we have today two kinds of audiences for serious music, aside from the special audience for jazz which is the same the world over.

In 1949 Germany buried Richard Strauss and Hans Pfitzner, the two great exponents of her late romanticism. Strauss, the last German operatic master of world-wide importance, was also the only contemporary admitted to the programs of conservative concert life. Paul Hindemith, approaching him in international renown, had left Germany in 1937 and moved to the United States in 1940. When the Nazi ban on his music was lifted in 1945, his works soon topped the performance figures of modern music; but Hindemith himself returned only as a guest. Like Thomas Mann, he preferred to make his home in Switzerland.

Of the moderns whose work dates back to about 1920, a few survived the Hitler era in Germany. Philipp Jarnach, a leading member of Ferruccio Busoni's school which also includes Wladimir Vogel and Kurt Weill, has withdrawn to the ivory tower of the Hamburg Academy of Music. His few works — a number of songs and a string quartet movement — combine romantic beauty with classic form. Heinz Tiessen lives in Berlin; his songs, piano pieces, and chamber music works continue a tempered expressionism whose historic significance will be as obvious to future generations as that of Jarnach's romantic classicism.

Two major figures represent the conservative attitude in the realm of church music: the Reger pupil Josef Haas of Munich, equally successful with his Catholic oratorio *Saint Elizabeth* and with his folk operas *Tobias Wunderlich* and *Job's Wedding*; and the Rhinelander Ernst Pepping, who lives now in Berlin and independently carries on the great Protestant tradition in his *Passion According to Saint Matthew*.

A postwar discovery is Karl Amadeus Hartmann of Munich, born in 1905 and successful since 1946. His style freely follows the German expressionist line; his music, based on that of Mahler, on Schönberg's middle period, and on Alban Berg, has recently acquired elements of Stravinsky's concerto manner and of the "variable metrics" developed by Boris Blacher. Hartmann, alone among the progressive composers, has striven in six major works for a symphonic style and symphonic forms; but his chamber music and his opera *The Youth of Simplicius Simplicissimus* also mark him as an imaginative exponent of a polyphonic style not bound by tonality.

The successors of Bruckner have produced an organ master and eminent symphonist: Johann Nepomuk David of Stuttgart. A genuine traditionalist, he has developed an archaic constructivism based upon the old church scales and using thematic inversion, augmentation, and diminution as effectively as his twelve-tone antagonists.

3

THE change in present style from the period between the two wars shows in the symphonic thinking of the new German composers. If it was then customary to write in the spirit of the baroque *concerto grosso* — on one theme, without development, by contrasts — the trend has now been reversed and the symphonic ideal has come back to the fore. Mahler and Bruckner are the signposts, not Corelli or Handel. The contributors to the symphonic renaissance in this sense include so progressive a composer as Wolfgang Fortner as well as younger men like H. W. Henze and Giselher Klebe.

Fortner, one of the most interesting figures of the generation now in its fifties, clearly embodies the evolution of German music from 1930 to 1950. Under Hitler he wrote in Hindemith's manner, like many progressives; after 1945 his style remained at first a mixture of Hindemith's and Stravinsky's types of neo-classicism. In 1947 he re-encountered the works of Schönberg, Alban Berg, and Anton von Webern, and revised his composing technique and musical style. In this revision the bulk of the younger German composers took part; their show place is the *Internationale Ferienkurse für neue Musik*, held since 1946 by Dr. Wolfgang Steinecke at the Hessian castle of Kranichstein, and later at the former Isadora Duncan school of Marienhöhe

near Darmstadt. There the young people heard their first works of the Schönberg school. In 1948 René Leibowitz came to Darmstadt to proclaim the message of uncompromising dodecaphony — of "serial" composition in series of twelve tones, none of which is repeated, and whose sequence varies only according to the three possibilities of ordering: inversion, recurrence, and retrograde inversion. Influential lecturers at Darmstadt, besides Leibowitz, were Ernst Krenek, Edgar Varèse, Olivier Messiaen, and Alois Hába.

Shortly before his shift toward the twelve-tone technique Fortner had written a symphony of imposing formal conception and expressive power, with a fourth movement climaxed by highly dissonant fugues. This apocalyptic work was ascribed by Fortner himself to French existentialist influences. Later important dodecaphonic works of his were the *B-A-C-H Fantasy*, the Cello Sonata — with interesting links to the medieval music of Guillaume de Machault — and the *White Rose* ballet based upon Oscar Wilde's *Birthday of the Infanta*. Operatic fragments after Lorca's *Blood Wedding* also show Fortner's expressive language at its best.

Fortner teaches composition in Detmold, and his influence is probably exceeded only by that of the head of the Berlin Academy of Music, Boris Blacher. Born in 1903, Blacher is now one of Germany's most original and prolific composers. Of his recent orchestral works the most brilliant and successful are the *Paganini Variations* on the famous, often varied A-minor theme; but his dry, unadorned personal style shows up even better in his two piano concertos. The second uses Blacher's own "variable meters." In this new metric plan the classic time pattern has been replaced by continual time changes — not, however, employed irrationally (as in Stravinsky's *Sacre du printemps*, in Bartók's *Bulgarian Rhythms*, or by Messiaen) but after arithmetical models. Thus one of Blacher's *Ornaments* begins with the expanding time sequence: 2/8, 3/8, 4/8, 5/8, 6/8, 7/8, 8/8, 9/8, which is followed by the contracting one: 8/8, 7/8, 6/8, 5/8, etc. Blacher also goes in for twelve-tone composing, as in his ballets *Lysistrata*, *Hamlet*, and *The Moor of Venice*.

Opera, at which composers of all generations labor with slight success, has been most strongly affected by the modern evolution. Since the classic and romantic periods European musical style has become more and more instrumental, and since the beginning of the twentieth century, instrumentally polyphonic. Today you can no more compose a naïvely melodious vocal opera than a rhetorical drama à la Wagner, Pfitzner, or Strauss. The very form and spirit of opera have been called in question. Werner Egk (born in 1901) is one of the most successful of the older composers, but in 1948 his *Circe* did not come up to his previous *Peer Gynt*, and in 1955, when his *Irish Legend* was produced in

Salzburg, it proved to be a musical disappointment.

The followers of Carl Orff constitute a large sect in the realm of German dramatic music. This inventive Bavarian dramatist plans for a mystic-cultistic revival of the musical stage. His *Antigone*, using the Sophoclean theme in Friedrich Hölderlin's somber translation, is the representative work of the school. It makes of music a mere accessory to dramatic effect, something like a painted stage prop. There are exotic elements in Orff's deliberately infantile musical language; there is monotonous recitative; there is an orchestra for a rhythmic and dynamic accompaniment, with several harps, pianos, xylophones, and a large percussion section. They seem intended to demonstrate how far the drama outweighs every other artistic expression. It is only in the narrow framework of scenic effect that Orff can be credited with musical creative power; all of his works are useful objects of the stage setting, musically effective wherever there is a naïve reaction to sensual impressions.

Boris Blacher, whose taste and composing skill are combined with a strong sense of the dramatic, tries to revitalize the allegedly exhausted operatic form by introducing ballet and oratorio-style modifications. His most successful stage work — aside from the much older *Princess Tarakanova* — was the ballet opera, *Prussian Fairy Tale*, in which he used the grotesque theme of *The Captain of Köpenick* to try out a new, highly individual language along lines somewhere between Offenbach and Stravinsky.

Hartmann's *Youth of Simplicius Simplicissimus* came from the epic theater in the spirit of Bertolt Brecht. Brecht himself joined with the composer Paul Dessau in producing *The Trial of Lucullus* at the East Berlin State Opera in 1951: a mixture of opera and play, employing aria, chorus, spoken dialogue with musical accompaniment, and recitative in a functional manner to intensify and accentuate moments of action.

4

TO THE generation born after 1920, the twelve-tone law became a similar collective experience to the young painters' abstraction from the objective world. From about 1948 on, composition turned away from all neo-classicist tendencies toward a formal analytic complex whose main attraction was the new "serial" ordering of all elements of music. The eclipse of tonality must be accepted as inevitable, a historic fact, despite attempts to circumvent it. In place of tonality we either have old and exotic scales or we have "series," new forms established individually for each work. Series are primarily melodic figures, tone sequences that are maintained throughout a composition; but the same fixation can be applied to rhythms, to dynamic marks, to timbres. There are rhythmic series in

the medieval *ars nova*, and dynamic and timbre "series" in Anton von Webern's late works.

Today this serial thinking kindles the imagination of many young composers. Three may be mentioned as typical: Hans Werner Henze, Giselher Klebe, and Karlheinz Stockhausen. All three, however different their eventual directions, tend to make composing totally fixed and methodical.

Henze, born in 1925 in Westphalia and a student of Fortner and Leibowitz, is the richest artistic personality of the trio, a composer as facile as Hindemith. In his symphonies and piano concertos, in his chamber music and cantatas, the sublime alternates with the ridiculous, and experiment with imitation. His second opera, *Boulevard Solitude*, has set off many controversies; a modern version of the *Manon Lescaut* theme, it employs both surrealist and naturalistic scenic means and tries for a musical synthesis of dodecaphony and tonal melody. Even more consistent in its turn to vocal melody is Henze's new opera, *King Stag*, first performed at the Berlin Festival in 1956. There he draws with prodigal imagination on the wealth of all modern style media and composing techniques, and the union of Italian delight in song and a tonally free, serially bound construction brings forth a new sound, deeply romantic in effect.

Giselher Klebe, born in 1926 in Mannheim, lives in Berlin and studied with Blacher and Josef Rufer. He produces much more slowly and cautiously than Henze. His music is polyphonic and often very methodically constructed, his tonal imagination leans toward the eccentric. His short orchestral work, *The Twittering Machine*, was inspired by a Klee painting. His string quartet is a *tour de force* of ultimate thought compression. In a symphony, Klebe tried to contrast the principles of metamorphosis and variation, with the *glissando* serving as thematic idea, so to speak. His music "glides" into spaces of sound lying outside our tonal system. This experiment, forecast in the works of Bartók and Messiaen, has never been carried out with the relentlessness and with the daemonic effect achieved by Klebe. He is a musician interested in philosophy and inclining to all sorts of metaphysical speculation. Recently he attracted attention with a large dramatic scene, *Raskolnikov's Dream* — based upon Dostoevski — for soprano, clarinet, and orchestra. At present he is working on an opera based upon Schiller's drama, *The Bandits*, for which his two ballets, *Signals* and *Fleurenville*, may be regarded as preliminary studies.

Wholly experimental is the music of Karlheinz Stockhausen, born in 1928 in Altenberg, near Cologne, who studied with Frank Martin, went to Messiaen in Paris, took part briefly in the work of the *musique concrète* group, and then turned to the electronic methods of Herbert Eimert in Cologne. Technically, his compositions are derived from Anton von Webern's athematic pointillism. Such

works as his *Cross Play*, the *Play for Orchestra* that was performed at Donaueschingen in 1952, and *Counterpoints*, offered at the 1953 Cologne Festival, represent a new type of music. At first Stockhausen's anti-vocal oscillographic style, his aesthetic of atomizing discontinuity, evoked bafflement and icy rejection. The underlying ideas are as confused as they are basically right. The experimental state of these works is undeniable; much of it — as in the similar compositions of Italy's Luigi Nono and France's Pierre Boulez — points toward a creative dehumanization.

The logical result was to entrust this music to electronic instruments, and finally to turn composing into an electronic montage process. The circle around Herbert Eimert in Cologne stands in sharp opposition to the Parisian *musique concrète*; instead of registering natural sounds and tones, it works exclusively with pure simple oscillations ("sine tones") and tone mixtures that constitute the new timbre scale of electronic music. There is something monkish and magnificent about the militant zeal with which the Eimert school defends its methods. Like all monasticism, however, the movement tends to lose touch with the world and to strangle its own vitality. Looking at the diagrams and graphs which Stockhausen publishes in lieu of musical notation, one is scared by so much algebra and mental reservation. For traditionally trained musicians his book is unreadable; one has to study systems of co-ordinates so as to get an approximate notion of sound. But the effort will have to be made, and though the resulting music will soon leave the listener in a state of aural fatigue, there is no denying its strong, new artistic effect.

It was one of the surprises of spring 1956 that the Eimert school — technically and financially

supported by the Cologne Radio — brought out two works combining electronic with vocal sound. The two composers who dared to bridge the gulf between tone apparatus and human voice were Stockhausen and Ernst Krenek. Both chose Scriptural texts. Stockhausen entrusts his *Song of the Three Holy Children in the Fiery Furnace* to a single boy's voice, with the sound now pure, now altered, multiplied, technically distorted, forced through all sorts of acoustic sieves as it pours from five loudspeakers scattered about the hall. The work is intemperate, often bizarre, but it does have an immediate impact. Aesthetically still quite surrealistic, it adds a spatial effect, a stereophonic element, and space, after all, is the domain of music.

These new experiments were presented also at the annual Darmstadt Festivals, which have maintained their position as the principal European testing ground of modern music. There, it would seem important to give a hearing to others than Webern followers and rationalizing constructivists — especially important in view of the new threat of a twelve-tone academicism, a pseudo-modern philistinism. The German tendency to systematize, to overstress the *res severa* and forget the *verum gaudium*, has turned "serial" composing into a facile nostrum which now enjoys the mass distribution that Hindemith's canonic technique had in the 1930's. Still, it must be said that all the really vigorous creative talent of the younger generation feels drawn to the serial technique and has come at least temporarily under its spell. That there are ways leading from such systematism to a new vocal concept seems as much evidenced by Stockhausen's latest composition as by Henze's *King Stag*, which demonstrates it on the operatic stage.

Translated by E. B. Ashton

SHADOWS IN THE AIR

by Karl Krolow

Shadows in the air: such phantoms,
Uniform blue like giant butterflies.

All dreams come clothed in doubt:
Prehistoric fauns
grown suddenly sober in the presence of
such airy happenings.

Shadows from above: not very confident,
like Monday thoughts; and Sunday
was full of birds' plumage
and bright gloves of girls.

The sky calm water: once
closed eyes bathed in it, and many leaves.
But now the cold is come, the odor
of solitude. No goldfish swim
in noon's glass any longer.

Air full of shadows! And the marble
of gone flesh shivers.
A black banner
— A dreamless sleep —
unfolds and slowly flows over shoulders there.

Translated by Christopher Middleton

THEY DO NOT SEE THE MARBLE

A Story

by ERNST SCHNABEL



THE street urchins in Rome and Carrara do not see the marble. There they have a light kind of stone, gray or white, with a yellow reflection close to the surface. It comes from the mountains, and people make houses, staircases, pillars, and human figures out of it. This is as it should be. In other places people use granite.

The boys in our town near Bremen do not see the rubble. Formerly, the houses, staircases, and pillars were made out of it, out of a gray, rocky stone. But since the bombing, with the houses collapsed, the staircases caved in, and the pillars knocked over, one can see that this stone really consisted of bricks. The gray stucco was blown off and underneath there is a red glow. This is as it should be. In other places the houses still line the streets.

But they do not see it. The ancients used to say that the air was filled with the music of the spheres, but it could not be heard, because it was always heard.

There are days when the rubble looks like marble, like the cracked glimmer of gold from the Capitol in Rome. In February, for instance; in summer, too, but most of all in February, when the cold is sharp and the air is clear and there is a pink-violet sun in the sky. Then the shadows are blue, the broken bricks are in bloom, and the hollows in between are filled with transparent powder snow. The whole city, with its cracked walls and stark,

lone brick chimneys, looks like the ancient cities of Greece, of which it is said that they have gone down. Here, no one says this. And amidst the rubble lies one of the two caryatids that used to flank the entrance of a house. It lies on its back, with snow in its mouth, in the eye sockets, and between its breasts. The other caryatid has disappeared. Halfway up one can see a piece of the building's inner wall that is still standing, covered with white tiles. A bathtub hangs obliquely above the caved-in floor, and a snowed-over radiator is glued to the wall. But the bare bricks in between and all across the field of rubble glow like soft velvet in the frosty violet light, and look like marble.

The boy did not see it. He walked with long strides across the rubble to reach the dike along the river. Since the houses had collapsed, he could shorten his path by going through the rubble. The bricks were scattered on the ground. He scrambled up and down through the ruins, crossed the street, and then climbed the slope of the dike, where he remained for a while. In his hand he held a bicycle pump. He carried it the way he had seen the British officers, who had been here first, carry their swagger sticks: he was twirling it in his right hand. When he stood still, he would strike the pump lightly against his left palm, the way he had watched them do it. After the British had left the Americans had come.

On the dike there was nothing to be seen, only the locks, the Weser River, the marshes on the other side, a Liberty ship anchored downstream, nothing else. There were only a few people: a jeep down the street, two soldiers and two girls on the dike. The people who used to live in the ruins had moved away to the northern edge of town where houses were still standing.

The novels and short stories of ERNST SCHNABEL have placed him among the leaders of the postwar literary generation. Born in 1913, he left school at seventeen to go to sea and was a merchant sailor for twelve years. During the war he served in the German Navy. Later he went into radio, first as a director and then as a writer. He has also written for the films and now lives in Hamburg.

It was too cold for him on the dike. He hurried down the slope and scrambled again through the brick rubble, which was glimmering like marble. Poking with his pump among the stones, he suddenly stood still and lifted the pump to his mouth. In the fall he had found it among the ruins. During the fire it had not burned up. The rubber tube had gone, but the soft leather plug attached to the piston had remained, and the piston could still be moved soundlessly back and forth. Now the air hissed through the broken valve and the pump could no longer be used, at least not for pumping, but it was all right for making music. The boy pursed his mouth and put the pump to it, and as he blew across the valve he produced a loud, strongly vibrating whistle. He softly pulled out the piston and the whistle became a full flute tone. Thus he rehearsed for a while, all kinds of whistles, loud and soft, deep and shrill. Then he played a tune he had been practicing since fall. He knew quite a number of songs, one about the boy and the rose, another about the little ship and its captain and mate. He also tried some songs he'd heard in the movies, and the soft tremulous tone echoed from the walls and drifted across the field of rubble.

A few soldiers were trotting along a street down below. They walked in the middle of the pavement, hands in their pockets, their freezing shoulders hunched, their faces melancholy and gray with the cold. They were Negroes. They did not speak. When they heard the sudden music, they turned around, startled. They stopped, stared at each other, then one of them turned and began to run. The others trailed behind him. Every hundred feet or so they stood still and listened. At a street corner they changed direction, they searched, they stalked across a field of ruins. The one who was in the lead began to sing the same tune, loudly, his head wagging and his eyes turned into narrow slits. Finally, they found the boy. They surrounded him and stared at him.

The boy was blowing his pump. He stood, slightly bent forward, one foot on the breast of the fallen caryatid. The soldiers were amazed. One of them grabbed at the pump and examined it thoroughly. Then he himself whistled across the valve, the way he had seen the boy do it. At first this only

produced a hissing noise, which was suddenly followed by a shrill tone. He quickly pulled out the piston, and the pitch of the tone became deeper. Another Negro wanted to take it away from him, but the soldier danced away across the rubble with it, still blowing. The others laughed and lit cigarettes. The boy looked at them wordlessly. He looked at their mouths, the frost-gray lips in their dark faces, the black pupils in the violent white of their eyes, and was silent. He did not understand their language. The only thing he had learned that year was "Uncle, give me some gum." But this was a sentence he could not always use. Also, the soldiers did not always have chewing gum, although they gave it to him when they had it. Several times they had even given him cream-filled chocolate bars, which they called candy.

They gave him back his pump and he kept blowing it. They patted him on the shoulders and laughed and hit their thighs with the palms of their hands in admiration. They forgot where they were. They forgot February, the violet-colored sun, and they sang with the boy. They had round, throaty, gurgling voices, which yet sounded silky, and they chortled and elbowed each other in glee.

The boy kept blowing.

They called him "Kid" and "Guy," and stuck a package of chewing gum in his pocket, although he had not asked for it.

The boy kept blowing. About the ship's captain and mate.

They never tired listening to him, and he played the songs from the movies, and then about the boy and the rose, and then again about the captain and the mate. And while he was blowing he rigidly stared above their heads to some point in the air, near the bathtub which obliquely hung from the wall, and behind the dike the sun was going down. It happened rapidly. The pink light was the first to go out, and then the purple glow turned into a dull gray. The brick rubble lost its marble glimmer, and the snow in the hollows looked colder.

With one foot on the breast of the caryatid the boy stood there and blew and stared at that point in the air. And the foreign soldiers kept laughing, and put another pack of chewing gum in his pocket.

Translated by Therese Pol

THE NEW GENERATION

Its Attitudes and Interests

by BENNO REIFENBERG

1

AT TIMES I think we work so doggedly because we do not want to know what our state of mind is. And of course there was plenty of work to do right after the war; Germany was a *tabula rasa* in more than one sense. In Frankfurt, my home town, we could see from the center of the city across the Main River as far as Sachsenhäuser Mountain. Picture yourself standing in Times Square and looking downtown at the Statue of Liberty — every building in between razed to the ground — and you will understand what our sensations were. It was really an amazing perspective. We might ponder the hows and whys all we liked — but if we cared anything about Frankfurt at all, there was no escaping the necessity for rebuilding. And it was done. The open view is blocked off now, and a virtually new city has arisen. The streets are clean and well planned, wide enough for the heavier traffic of these postwar days. Sometimes, though, when I am waiting for a red light, I ask myself: What was it that used to stand here? And at first I cannot remember. Then a kind of clairvoyance comes over me; I find myself looking through the brand-new walls into a world of the past, and I am

BENNO REIFENBERG, born in 1892 in the Rhineland, is co-editor of one of Germany's most influential magazines of opinion, *Die Gegenwart*, published biweekly in Frankfurt am Main. His special field of interest is art and he has published books on Vermeer and the modern German painters Hofer and Beckmann. Before joining the staff of *Die Gegenwart* he was for many years a correspondent and editor for the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. PETER VON ZAHN, the radio correspondent for the German North and West networks, reports regularly on the American political scene from Washington, D.C. His filmed program, *Pictures from the New World*, is a monthly TV feature in Germany.

astounded that I am still here. I feel like a ghost.

The young people do not feel ghostly in the least. They park their cars adroitly and would be profoundly puzzled if I told them that I had just experienced, while waiting at an intersection, a feeling of having lived through an earthquake, and a general distrust of all earthly stability.

I have lived through two postwar eras. After 1918 we were inspired, for all our misery, by a curious sense of victory. We felt that we had just left behind us a tremendous error, and that now at last our century was going to grant us a new dawn of humanity. After 1945 there was no such *élan*. We felt at best that we had been marooned on a rather barren island. We began at the beginning again like Robinson Crusoe. A little roofing paper was a miracle, a bag of nails worth their weight in gold. While we patched in the most essential repairs here and there, we found we had a great deal of time for conversation. And conversation took place any time and anywhere. We sat up shivering in cold apartments all night long, discussing everything from beginning to end — where we had come to and what was going to become of us now.

We have had less time since, but interest in such conversations has not lessened. In fact, they represent a new element of intellectual liveliness within our country. During the first quarter of this century both private and public discussions were uncommon. Political addresses to the nation over the radio did not begin until 1932. The Nazis, of course, came to the fore as popular speakers, but their orations soon congealed into a single demagogic, menacing incitement to hatred; and before long discussion ceased entirely, for it was no longer possible to disagree.

It was only after 1945 that our people's tongues

were really loosened. Debates have been going on everywhere — in private, in Parliament, on the radio — and people listen to them in fascination. Lectures, which nowadays are held even in small towns, announce as a special attraction: “to be followed by discussion period.” The Station Bookshop in Cologne has held its 250th “Wednesday Forum.” Since 1950 the best minds of Germany have participated in these panel discussions, talking on God and the world; nothing is taboo, no subject too controversial. It is impossible to overestimate how much it means to us Germans to be able to consider the pros and cons of a question before we answer. These debates that go on all over Germany are an important training school for democracy.

In the gilded hall that formerly belonged to the Jesuit College in Augsburg, Reinhold Schneider discusses the degree to which Christian principles still survive in contemporary Russia. In the drabber auditorium of a Frankfurt institute, Max Picard, author of *Hitler in Ourselves*, conveys his ideas on our contemporary condition through an examination of German colloquial speech; he distinguishes the emptiness of deceptive and worn-out phrases from the vigor of genuine, meaningful language. In Freiburg the Auditorium Maximum was jammed, with students sitting on steps and window sills, when Martin Heidegger delivered his first lecture, years after the end of the war. Young people listen eagerly to this philosopher, even if they cannot wholly understand him. They feel that he is speaking of essentials, of the realities behind appearances, and they enter uncertainly but bravely into the realm of the abstract, as if it were an enchanted forest, frightening but alluring. They are prepared to battle the dragons of confusion and perplexity; they want to bear themselves like men when they plunge into this intellectual adventure.

2

THIS kind of thinking, still the favorite kind with us Germans, has an element of dreamy introspection. We think a great deal about thinking itself. Such thinking is always searching, and when it finds something, it asks warily whether it may not be mistaken. But beyond our present meditations lie aspirations. We are in movement; we feel ourselves being pushed, and we ourselves are striving. Our aim is to make the Teutonic mists tangible.

I do not at all mean this ironically; I merely want to point out a certain seriousness for which our youth have a craving, and which perhaps was and has remained their best quality. I am thinking of the young people who came to us during the war for advice on what attitude to take toward the oath that had been demanded of them when they entered the army. They did not want to vow fidelity to Hitler, whom they hated, but what about their oath as soldiers? Was it right for them to break

their pledge to the flag? No one really knows Germany who has not read the letters of students who were killed in the war; they saw through the deceptions of the regime and went to their deaths strangely without illusions, because it was inconceivable to them to desert their comrades in the face of the enemy. In the tremendous confusion of emotions produced by the systematic mendacity of a totalitarian state, many of them died unknown and unsung without ever having betrayed, in themselves, the standards of decent behavior. We of the older generation must still lament our inability to be of much help to these young men when they come to us seeking spiritual authority.

Our young men and women are still hoping to find such authority. This year, at the *Evangelische Kirchentag*, the great gathering of some half a million members of the Protestant churches at Frankfurt, the young people listened with intense concentration to a sermon on marriage under contemporary labor and social conditions. One could see that they were pondering their own destiny within the framework of general conditions.

Should they, perhaps, not read and listen quite so much? Some people hold that, if they did not, they would act more forthrightly, more decisively. It is astonishing to see the size of the pocket-book editions of works of world literature from Plato (125,000 copies within half a year) to Pascal. The distribution of readership has not been determined, but undoubtedly a large number of these readers are young people. These low-price volumes mark the beginnings of a new era. I am optimistic enough to maintain that our present age should not take its name from the unlocking of atomic energy. The determining factor may rather be a universality of the things of the mind.

I am not talking wildly. I know very well that the great majority of people in our country do not have an easy time of it satisfying their genuine desire to read and to learn. I know that eighty-four per cent of our youth still receive no more than elementary education. But I believe that the potentialities for a more general culture among our people have not yet been remotely realized. The rush into the schools and adult-education institutions proves, at the very least, that culture is necessary in the struggle for existence these days. Parents, who of course always want their children to be better equipped than they were, may well be guided more than the children themselves by the old but still highly contemporary maxim: Knowledge is power.

Here in Germany, to be sure, we are participating in a world-wide development. The unskilled worker is needed less and less, while higher and higher qualifications are demanded of the skilled worker — the kind of skills, in fact, that used to be required only of toolmakers. A higher level of intelligence is now expected of both industrial and white-collar

workers. These new vocational requirements are being paralleled by a growing independence in our younger generation. Their ability to distinguish between the genuine and the false has sharpened; our present eighteen-year-olds would not succumb so easily to slogans as did their elder brothers during the Nazi era.

More than that, the young people seem to me wiser in the ways of the world than we were before 1914. They have solid, clearly outlined life goals in mind, and know how these are to be attained. They want to know precisely what's in it for them, what they are being offered, and they have not the slightest intention of lying in the bed their fathers' generation made for them. Naturally, there are still passed on from father to son inherited allegiances to social groups and even to political parties. But the elections show clearly that the youth are making decisions on their own, are thinking critically and not dogmatically, whether they vote for the opposition or the government. That is especially true nowadays since the question of conscription has become one of the principal issues of politics and has aroused great excitement.

In itself it would be only natural for the young men to be ready to take up arms to defend the freedom of their country (although the majority of the people would probably consider a militia system more acceptable than a formal army). But those outside our borders who criticize young Germans these days ought to remember that they now thoroughly distrust war as an instrument of policy, especially since at present a war for Germany would involve a civil war. Moreover, these same young Germans were taught, in the course of the so-called "re-education," that power politics is profitless and reprehensible. It is a miracle that these young people have not succumbed to cynicism. They have not, indeed, but they have demonstrated that they are a critical group who examine the rights and wrongs of proposals in terms of the things that lie closest to hand, in terms of wages and taxes and their own futures. They want to get ahead, and they do not want to be interfered with, least of all by excitable old souls who would like to tell them where to look for the values in life. In this respect our young people have become very pigheaded.

3

A NEW slogan which at the moment is being belabored in Germany is "Organization of Leisure." Now that automation is shortening the labor process and giving the worker more free time than ever before, some are beginning to wonder what a sizable part of the nation is going to do with this time. But only dull mentalities, which seek always to routinize whatever is inherently alive, are capable of such a complete misunderstanding of our youth. As if young people did not know what to do about

the good things of life! The young are not going to take instructions on the pursuit of happiness.

In this respect, the situation is much the same throughout Europe: there is an identity of aims among the younger people who are entering their vocations. Sober calculation is the prevailing mood; there is no romanticism, rather a candid exploitation of opportunities. Moreover, the order of young people's desires can be set down with a fair degree of accuracy. Young married couples want first to furnish their homes. They save less than their parents did because a good part of their income is taken by the government in taxes — a form of compulsory savings for social benefits. They are moderate in their demands — but well aware of how useful a refrigerator or a washing machine can be. The home comes first, then, and the nation as a whole has demonstrated the intensity of this drive in an amazing way since 1949. Germany now leads the world in new construction.

Two new phenomena illuminate the German situation. The first is a general urbanization. Over ten million refugees have poured into the cities of the Federal Republic, and the cities themselves are steadily expanding in concentric circles, reaching out into the country, penetrating the village localities which were, until 1930, relatively intact. Innumerable commuters travel back and forth daily to work from their suburban homes.

The second new phenomenon is the urgent desire of the people for their own homes. Those who rent prefer co-operative or government housing to private landlords. Everything points to a growing self-assertiveness on the part of individuals, and an increasing sense of familial cohesiveness. I cannot go into the subject here, but I should mention that it is scarcely possible to speak of a proletariat in Germany any longer; rather, there are various levels of the middle class. Middle-class ideas about rising in the world, and middle-class conventions, are spreading throughout the population. Practicality is sought; originality is less in evidence. Houses are in the modern style, but the most old-fashioned paintings can still be seen on their walls. The buildings themselves tend to be somewhat stereotyped, and it has not yet proved possible for the public to express its wishes in the arena of supply and demand — because there is still a seller's market in housing.

In second place in the scale of desires, once the household has been established and fairly decently furnished, comes traveling. In the nineteenth century Germans traveled to acquire culture or to give themselves a sense of self-importance. Today I think they travel primarily because they crave wider horizons and a sense of independence. Compared to the past, traveling has become inconceivably cheap, especially in groups; tours through Europe and across the seas are being undertaken by enormous numbers. The Germans have thrown themselves passionately into this mass movement,

THE POLITICAL SITUATION

by PETER VON ZAHN

THE Weimar Republic suffered from too many political parties, Hitler's one-party Third Reich from too few. If Germany is to survive in freedom it must find a middle road between the anarchy of the one and the tyranny of the other. Next fall the Federal Republic will have its third general election. The outcome cannot yet be predicted, but it seems likely that most voters will choose between the two big parties — the Christian Democrats, who are now in power, and the Social Democrats, their major opposition — with only scattered support for the extremists of left or right and the other small splinter parties.

Since 1949 the Christian Democrats have dominated the Bundestag and, with some coalition support, run the government. The CDU is very much Konrad Adenauer's party. His personal leadership brought Protestants and Catholics together and welded into a political instrument of great flexibility the farmers of the South, the Ruhr industrialists, small businessmen, Catholic trade-unionists, refugees, and the large professional classes. These groups, now united, want a free-enterprise economy and have steadfastly supported European economic integration, the NATO alliance, and, in consequence, a limited rearmament. Their approach to the great burning question of German politics — reunification — has always been that nothing should be done to endanger the ties with the West.

The Social Democratic Party, led since the death of Kurt Schumacher by Erich Ollenhauer and Carlo Schmid, would be willing to bargain with the Soviets, loosening the military ties between Germany and the NATO powers in exchange for a reunified Germany within an all-European security system. Domestically, the Social Democrats stand for an economic system along welfare-state lines.

The SPD rests on the hundred-year-old traditions of the German workers' movement. But it should be emphasized that it is not a revolutionary Marxist movement any longer. It does not lean toward Moscow and is perhaps closest to the British Labor Party. Its followers are strong believers in personal freedom and the constitutional methods necessary to protect it.

In next September's elections the smaller parties will be fighting for survival against the trend toward a two-party system similar to that in the United States. Of these minor parties, the Free Democrats get the most headlines. They combine the anti-clerical tradition of 1848 with the free-enterprise philosophy of the European liberal movement. If neither the CDU nor the SPD wins a clear majority, the Free Democrats might be able to control the balance.

The extremist groups are, at the moment, ineffectual. The Communist Party and a small party of former Nazis have been outlawed by the Supreme Court. The present temper of the German voter does not run to violence or passion. The German of today wants political parties that are businesslike, sober politicians, and statesmen who govern methodically and without clamor.

and in 1956 alone it is estimated that three and a half millions took holiday trips. They went in hordes to Italy — the time-honored yearning to take the road over the Alps to the southland seems to have lived on in spite of wars and political changes. The mobility provided by automobiles and motorcycles since 1949 has contributed greatly to the travel impulse.

All four lanes of our *Autobahnen* will be crowded on a good day in summer, and in an hour's driving you may pass a hundred couples touring on motorcycles — the wife behind the husband (both dressed in leather or rubber suits, with goggles and often crash helmets), and behind her the suitcases. In this way, despite the rigors of the rainy European climate, many will go as far as Spain or Scandinavia.

Motorization in itself broadens horizons. It is easy to reach foreign places — the territory of the Federal Republic can be crossed in a single day in any direction, and from west to east in only a few hours, so that we remain acutely conscious of the tension at the borders. But in addition, motorization opens up the personal horizon of increased speed. Quite aside from practical utility, there seems to be an almost irresistible attraction in sheer speed. Our young people are more and more giving up alcoholic beverages, but they are giving themselves all the more eagerly to the intoxication of speed. Speed in itself transports them into a state of tension of elemental force. I would not be surprised if this new equation between great distances and short time-intervals were some day to incise new and bolder lines upon the features of future generations. There is an essential difference between the person who has spent his life in a village, matching his pace to that of oxen, and one who from childhood on has felt what it means to be whisked along at sixty miles an hour.

Everything I have spoken of here — the desire for housing, travel, motorization — is also applicable to other nations. The specifically German aspect of it is that village and city still stand side by side, that we can experience simultaneously the most modern and almost medieval conditions. The leap into the future, at least in the technical sense, is being carried out from the villages with the greatest matter-of-factness. Rustic isolation is disappearing. Young village people have a freedom their parents could scarcely have imagined.

These young working people, skilled and disciplined in practical and technical matters, endowed with a natural comradeship, a strong sense of teamwork, are a generation almost unburdened by traditions; they live active lives, developing new standards of their own, and consciously shaping their lives accordingly. What about their future? Even the near future is hard to describe. By "future" most individuals probably understand chiefly their personal destiny, as though they stood with their backs turned to history, to the past altogether,

and were closing their eyes to the historical future. One virtue of this practical and personal attitude is a lessened susceptibility to the fickle shifts of mass opinion which demagogues exploit.

If I consider the German as such, as a national individual contrasted with the individuals of other nations, I should hesitate to expect any special genius or anything extraordinary from the contemporary German personality. Not in comparison to other nations, but rather in comparison to earlier epochs in the history of the nation itself, contemporary Germany is, in its intellectual productions, distinctly tame. At best we can say that since 1945 we have been in a period of incubation whose results no one can yet predict. The restoration of economic life, the much-admired production miracle, has not engendered any intellectual novelties, let alone a genuine style. We know that very well. In a level-headed, unsensational way a kind of excellence is being sought and even attained in many fields, but nobody can guess what may be germinating beneath the soil of the nation which is lying fallow. We must realize that, to choose a ready example from the field of literature, nowhere among the writers who are now in their thirties do we see any who promise to equal, by the end of the century, the stature the late Thomas Mann had attained when he died at eighty. But why should we doubt that the nation, like the individual, is capable of regeneration, of a surprising new spurt of creative activity? We have long since left behind us Spengler's rigid schematization of the youth, maturity, and old age of a nation.

I have used the term "we Germans" because I cannot reply to questions on our thinking, our desires, our dreams, our state of mind, in an objective or dispassionate way. Even the sociologist and the historian must depend to a certain extent on personal impressions. Our history hardly gives ground for complete optimism. My generation is well aware of the mortgage that the recent past has laid upon us. The fact remains that, in spite of the wealth of German history lying behind the young German state, the state itself is so diffuse in its outlines that the inhabitants must make an effort in order to feel themselves citizens of it.

But the question with which General Marshall once closed an Allied conference on the fate of the defeated nation, "First we must know what Germany really is," still applies to us today. We Germans are critical toward our state, while at the same time we do not really come to its aid by creating our own way of life. And at times, as is only natural in view of our mutilated territory, we are overcome as if by an illness with the sense of how temporary the present situation may be. Our native land and our state cannot be identified with one another; the result is a very strange division of mind, much like the mood produced in us by *Heimweh* and *Fernweh*, that longing for home and that urge to break out

of the narrow confines of home, which seem to operate simultaneously in us.

I do not believe that the desire to be a Great Power, let alone a World Power, seriously influences us at the moment. Few among the younger generation even raise the question of Germany's being a Great Power any more. In so far as this generation is thinking politically at all, it has set its sights rather upon a convincing framework of law, and an international institution able to command everyone's respect, and whose decisions would not be contested. The youth feel that this is the primary task, and that when this is accomplished a basis for their own state will have been established. At any rate, the generation of thirty-year-olds would agree, though with some surprise, that they do not know what Germany really is. They would want to see this question placed as a permanent point on the agenda of German politics. It is evident that certain matters which other nations can happily take for granted have been, and for the time being are going to remain, problems for us.

There is an underground connection between this and another uncertainty. The youth are scarcely conscious of it; but at times they look up at their parents in astonishment, if they chance to hear their parents thinking aloud, and ask themselves: What attitude are we to take toward the events of our recent past? They were mere children during the darkest epoch of German history; they simply did not know and, thank God, cannot imagine what took place. In general, about all we can say to them is that true patriotism does not mean self-praise, but rather an effort on each person's part to contribute to decency and order in his native land. But the parents do know what frightful excesses of disorder were possible. Although we rightly hesitate to burden our children with our terrible memories, we are sometimes seized by the feeling that it must not seem as if every trace were already wiped out. We feel that something is needed, something which takes place quietly, without making any stir, almost without attracting the nation's attention: a communing with ourselves, what the French call *recueillement*. This is not a matter of will, but it is something that must happen; there is an almost organic necessity for it.

When, after the war, we joined with friends to perform some work in common, the fact of our doing so in itself filled us with an unwonted gaiety. One afternoon we were sitting together and someone told an anecdote about Goethe and Schiller: how people in the streets of Jena would hear roars of laughter coming from the study where the two poets were composing those witty satirical verses they called the *Xenien*. Then one of us said, with a sudden mental leap that we all instantly understood: "But of course you realize that we survivors can never again be truly gay."

Translated by Richard and Clara Winston

THE MIRACLE OF GERMAN RECOVERY

An Economy Planned for Free Enterprise

by HANS OTTO WESEMANN

1

IN JANUARY 1947, nearly two years after the end of hostilities, German production was still in such a state of devastation and collapse that it was estimated that each inhabitant in the British zone would get only one new suit of clothes every forty years, one shirt every ten years, one pair of socks every four years, and a pair of shoes every three years. At the same period the average food ration consisted of less than 1,000 calories — 40 per cent of the physiological minimum requirement.

That was 1947, one year before the currency reform, less than a decade ago. The German economy presented a picture of total chaos. The currency was unstable, the cities more or less in ruins, 500 million cubic yards of rubble had to be removed, railroad and motor traffic had shrunk to fractions of their former volume, the German Merchant Marine no longer existed, and every day thousands of refugees poured into Western Germany from pre-Hitler German territories in the East — in the end they totaled 10.9 millions. These people crowded into an area embracing only 52 per cent of the former territory of the Reich. Dismantling of the industrial plant for reparations reduced the already wretched productive capacity of the country still further. Worst of all was the breakdown of all moral standards in business life and all confidence in the economic policies of the government.

What has happened since — what is called the

“German Miracle” — has resulted from the combination of intelligent economic policy with the determination of all citizens to work with all their strength. That these efforts have led to such impressive results is due to the released energies of a people so long deprived of freedom.

On June 20, 1948, the Germans formed queues in front of schools and town halls, as they had done so often in the previous ten years. They had come to turn in their old Reichsmarks, which on this day had been declared worthless, and to receive their quota of new money. The sum of 60 Deutsche marks was handed out to each man, woman, and child within the American, British, and French zones of occupation. Everyone who ran a business, large or small, was credited with 60 marks for each person on his payroll, as an advance upon his suspended bank account; such bank accounts were converted from old Reichsmarks to new D-marks in the proportion of 6.5 of the new for 100 of the old marks. The ordinary citizen was unaware of all the complicated legal steps which had to be taken to convert the whole mechanism of the economy to the new currency. But he did not worry about this. For him, the fact that he once more held sound money in his hands, after long years of misery, was nothing less than a revolution.

It would be misunderstanding the historical development to imagine that the currency reform was the sole, or even the most important, cause of the economic recovery that promptly followed. Far more significant was the decision to replace the system of government control as much as possible by a basically free-enterprise economy. To the Minister of Economics of the Federal Republic, Ludwig Erhard, belongs the credit for having ventured this historic step in developing what is termed

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the "social market economy." There were a good many arguments against such a decision. The military governors who held the political power were full of skepticism, and came very close to overruling Erhard's *fait accompli*. England and many other countries had adopted a welfare-state policy with considerable government control. Resistance in Germany itself was strong, and there were many, especially in the socialist camp, who predicted that the free-enterprise experiment would end in disaster, with millions of unemployed. Finally, the whole aspect of the German economy tended to suggest that such vast destruction and disorganization could be overcome only by the strictest kind of state direction of production and distribution.

Fortunately, the ideas developed by the economists and publicists of the so-called neo-liberal school won out. These people insisted that a government plan, which provided the citizen with no incentive but obedience to a bureaucracy, could not release a fraction of the energies that would spring from the ambition, responsibility, and initiative of individuals. The decision was taken, and the participants in the economic process, the consumer, the entrepreneur, and the worker, were given freedom of action in all but a few spheres. Competition was established as the fundamental principle of the economy.

Hundreds of thousands of Germans have justified this faith in their initiative, each in his own fashion. Most impressive of all, perhaps, were the accomplishments of those who fled across the "green border" from the Soviet zone of occupation, bringing with them nothing but a few plans or drawings, and the knowledge of how to build up a business. Here and there they found a town or village which was willing to place idle land or a heap of ruins at their disposal, and perhaps aided them to start anew by extending credit to them. They traveled on freight trains or bicycles all over the country, digging up machinery here and there, starting up production on the most modest basis, then ploughing their profits back into expansion. The apparent mystery of this development is clarified by an incident that took place in the British sector of Berlin, where shortly after the end of the war a Soviet officer had directed the total dismantling of a world-famous electronics plant. A few years later he visited the same plant, to find thousands of workers employed at thousands of machines. "We made a mistake," he commented. "We should not have removed the machines, but the people." (It should be kept in mind, of course, that after 1949 the Western Powers reversed their position on restricting German industry and began to encourage the expansion of production.)

"Freedom of commerce" — that is, the right of anyone to start up and run a business — had been abolished under the Third Reich. This right was restored even while Germany was still operating

under occupation law. The government also withdrew from interference in the relations between employers and employees; it abandoned government arbitration and turned over to the organizations of capital and labor the responsibility for wage agreements. This decision, too, has been justified by subsequent developments. Strikes have been very rare and of short duration in the Federal Republic.

Above all, however, these liberal principles were also to be applied to the Federal Republic's trade partners in the free world. Whereas the former German Reich had come close to supplying its food needs from the products of its own soil, the Federal Republic was now dependent on imports for some 40 per cent of its foodstuffs, and for much of its raw materials. To export enough to balance these imports became a matter of life and death for the German people. The government of the Federal Republic has therefore been a vigorous advocate of free trade, and of free convertibility of currencies.

The result of these efforts is clearly indicated by a few figures on German foreign trade. Imports rose from 4.6 billion D-marks in 1948 to 24.5 billions in 1955. (The D-mark is worth about 24 American cents.) In recent years the favorable balance of trade has mounted, with the result that the German mark has become one of the most solid currencies in the world. The proportion of foreign to total sales has risen to more than 14 per cent.

2

BUT in economic policy as in everything else there are no rules without exceptions. Important segments of the economy were in so precarious a state that they could not be left to the free play of the market place. The critical shortage of housing, for example, would have driven rents to astronomical heights, which would have been socially indefensible. Therefore sizable contributions of public funds from the budgets of the federal government, the states, and the cities and towns have been provided to guarantee low-interest loans for new housing; the dwellings built on such loans were subject to government restrictions, and rents were controlled. Builders were also allowed to deduct part of their investment from taxable income, and new buildings were exempted from local real estate taxes for ten years. Under this program, the six years between 1949 and 1955 saw the construction of a new dwelling for every fifth inhabitant of the Federal Republic.

A further exception to the prevailing competitive economy was agriculture. As long as agriculture had not recovered full production, it was protected from the pressure of foreign competition by a complicated system of tariffs and quotas, and for a few commodities prices and profit margins were fixed

by the government. In addition, agricultural enterprises are tax-favored and enjoy cheaper interest rates. These protective measures will be continued until one of the aims of the agrarian policy is achieved — namely, to consolidate some of the excessively small holdings which burden nearly half of the useful farmland of the Federal Republic.

Reviewing the past seven years, we see a two-sided picture. At first the more agreeable aspects of the newly acquired economic freedom came plainly to the fore. The almost insatiable backlog of demand and the rapidly increasing purchasing power of the consumer created a market with plenty of room for all. But as the seller's market began to be replaced by a buyer's market, a chorus of voices rose calling for protection from too much freedom. For example, we see certain industrial groups endeavoring to draw the teeth of the proposed anti-trust bill, and suggestions are frequently advanced that the administration introduce fair-trade regulations. To what extent this trend will be in the ascendancy in the future cannot yet be foreseen.

When the federal government commenced operations in September 1949, more than two million unemployed were seeking jobs. The expellees from the East had been largely directed to the agricultural regions of the West. There they had some assurance that they would not go hungry, but they could never expect to find work. They would have to be moved into industrial areas as soon as jobs and housing could be provided for them. There was only one possible course: to step up industrial production rapidly, even at the cost of a certain degree of social hardship.

3

ASSURANCE of an adequate rate of capital investment was therefore the principal problem of German economic policy, and has remained so to this day. Marshall Plan and other foreign aid was of great assistance, and a policy of liberal bank credit stimulated recovery, but the government had also to step in. Until savings could be accumulated — and this could not be expected for years, because everyone had to acquire so many necessities lost or lacking during the war — self-financing had to be undertaken; in other words, capital had to be obtained out of high prices. This approach proved so successful that a tax structure favoring this procedure by allowing rapid depreciation write-offs and exempting reinvested profits ceased to be necessary from 1951 on. The Korean War boom also helped German industry, and made it a great deal easier to finance a part of the constant expansion of capacity through private investment.

It should be noted that in one important sector considerable government support was at first called for to achieve rising employment. Heavy industry could not practice self-financing because prices for

coal and steel were held to an inadequate level by the Ruhr Statute. Therefore a government investment of one billion D-marks was provided.

All in all, during the postwar years an average of 25 per cent of the total social product was returned to industry in the form of investment. That is unquestionably a very high proportion, but it was necessary — and it has paid off. Since the currency reform approximately four million new jobs have been created in the Federal Republic. Without resorting to such questionable means as excessive use of government credit or inflating the currency, the Federal Republic has become a country of full employment, and is now faced with a possibly more difficult task of maintaining and increasing production in spite of a diminishing reservoir of labor.

Based on 1936, probably the last "normal" prewar year, German industrial production has more than doubled, and there has been a marked improvement in the general standard of living. This can be measured in various ways. To say that the average hourly earnings of industrial workers have risen from 1.12 to nearly 2 D-marks (48 U.S. cents) is not very illuminating, for it tells us nothing about the income of the millions who are not employed in industry. More significant, perhaps, is the fact that the average diet has risen from less than 1,000 calories a day per person before the currency reform to more than 3,000 calories at present.

Holding the line on prices is even more important from the social than from the economic point of view. Price stability is essential to protect those who are no longer employable and cannot increase their income by fighting for and winning higher wages. Today almost every country is having a hard time finding a cure for the disease known as the wage-price spiral. Thus far, however, West Germany has been remarkably successful in preventing large price increases. The price index for "standard-of-living goods" remained until late in 1955 on the same level as at the beginning of 1949. Even during the Korean crisis it displayed only a slight tendency to rise, and returned quickly to its former level. Yet not until 1955 was the government obliged to begin taking some action on prices. When prices started to rise as a result of full employment and constantly increasing wages, the government stimulated foreign competition (to help hold prices down) by reducing tariffs. The Bank of the German States also imposed credit restrictions and increased the discount rate, in order to keep the boom from getting out of hand. The tying of wages to the index of the cost of living, such as has become customary in many countries, has not been done in the Federal Republic. We are convinced that such a procedure is virtually certain to reduce the purchasing power of the currency — or, in other words, to lead to creeping

inflation, as has been the case in other countries.

The German labor unions have displayed a broad understanding of economic necessities, with the result that the rise in wages has not outstripped mounting productivity. Today the unions have more than six million members, approximately one third of the total number of employees in the Federal Republic. They are based on the principle of having all the workers in a single industry included in one union. Sixteen big industrial unions have thus arisen, and have combined to form the German Trades Union Association. Among the long-range goals of this association are common ownership of the key industries (which need not necessarily be the same as nationalization), a voice for the unions in the operation of factories, and union collaboration in economic planning. These far-reaching objectives have not prevented the unions from participating vigorously in the reconstruction of a non-socialist economic order. They held down their demands while the self-financing program for industry was in progress. Now, however, they are concentrating upon reducing working hours without reduction of pay, and during the past year they have forced through wage increases which have in several cases far exceeded the rise in productivity.

This latest development marks the beginning of a long-term problem that will prove of serious concern to industry in the very near future. The pressure for higher wages is bound to increase, inasmuch as the number of young people leaving school and seeking jobs will continue to decline until 1960 — a consequence of the drop in the birth rate during the war. If to this we add the half million men in their most productive years who will be absorbed by the new German defense establishment, it is evident that by 1960 the economy will have to manage with approximately one million fewer workers than at present. This critical situation can be mastered only by the resolute application of technological improvements.

4

CRITICS of German economic policies point out that our average standard of living is still only half that of the United States. It would be fairer to recognize, however, that seven years is not a very long time for the reconstruction of a whole economy in a country that has been cut in two. Moreover, European particularism has prevented the creation of an internal market comparable in size and absorptive capacity to the internal markets of the United States or the Soviet bloc. For that reason the federal government has energetically supported all efforts leading toward the formation in Europe of a larger political and economic unit. For therein lies the key to the Free World's ability to meet the economic and social as well as the political competition of the Totalitarian World.

Not all classes of the German people have shared equally in the fruits of our economic recovery. Among the most perplexing legacies of the war is the tremendous social reshuffling that has taken place. Speaking very roughly, two major groups stand out. One of these is composed of those engaged in active economic life. Within this group the relative rise of the industrial worker, and especially of the skilled worker, as against the white-collar class and the civil servants, constitutes the most noteworthy change. The other group embraces those who may be called the flotsam and jetsam of the war. They represent one of the gravest social problems now confronting the nation.

There are, for example, some four million victims of the war who are wholly or partially dependent upon public support. There are the expellees from the Eastern territories and the refugees from the Soviet zone, who until incorporated into the country's economic life must be maintained at public expense. And there is the enormously increased number of persons who are dependent upon pensions of various types, and upon social insurance and public relief. This explains the fact that some 40 per cent of the total income from taxation is spent for social purposes. Even so, many pensions and relief payments are too low and must soon be raised, a burden which will increase in the next several decades because the proportion of elderly persons to the total population is rising.

Sociologically speaking, one of the most distressing effects of the war and the currency reform was the virtual annihilation of medium-sized and small savings. Those who had depended on social insurance suffered virtually no losses in their old-age security. On the other hand, the many who had not wanted to be a burden upon others, and had thought to provide for old age or incapacity by savings accounts and life insurance, were hard hit by the currency reform. Thus the very citizens who were most inclined toward self-sufficiency and thrift were discriminated against. To this day, the effects of those harsh measures can be felt.

The taxation policies of recent years have done little to remedy this problem. These policies do have the undeniable merit of having produced a balanced budget, and of having maintained a solid currency. On the other hand, heavy taxation has made the reacquisition of private property very difficult — in contrast to the strikingly vigorous accumulation of capital in the public purse. There are serious social dangers in the existence of broad masses of propertyless people. And business concerns cannot be ready to weather depressions unless they can build up cash reserves.

In general, we do not notice whether a child has grown too fast until it is subjected to severe tests of strength. The economy of the Federal Republic has been spared such tests so far, and it is therefore difficult to say whether, in this brief period of re-

construction, it has yet acquired adequate solidity. Certainly its strength is likely to be tested in the near future. The impending labor shortage has already been mentioned. The economic strains imposed by rearmament in the next few years cannot yet be assessed. It is true that the highly favorable balance of trade will make it easier for Germany to purchase armaments in other countries. But German industry will still have to create additional specialized capacity. That will be primarily a problem of capital funds, and secondarily a problem of the labor market. Another substantial burden is the assistance which must go from the federal treasury to Berlin, which cannot be self-supporting as long as it is so completely isolated. And if, finally, by some happy turn in international relations, the reunification of Germany should be achieved, the full economic energies of the Federal Republic would necessarily be drawn upon for a period of years in order to bring the Soviet zone to an equivalent level of production.

All these tasks could be solved far more easily if it were possible to make Europe a unified eco-

nomie sphere. Yet such unification must not be achieved at the expense of the entire continent's economic relations with the rest of the world, and this the German Federal Republic fully realizes. In her own internal economic policy Germany has seen clearly that freedom cannot be administered in small doses; it must be all-embracing.

In all such considerations, the United States is naturally seen as standing in the foreground, as the leading economic power of the Free World. The United States lent aid in many ways, especially through the Marshall Plan, to get the German economy started on the way to its present heights. Out of this unilateral relationship of the past several years have developed ties of friendship and partnership. The firmer these become, the greater will be the mutual advantages to both countries, and the common advantage to all peoples of the Free World. We may hope, therefore, that the so-called economic miracle will not only be a source of egotistic pleasure to the Germans, but will also remind them constantly of their broader obligations.

Translated by Richard and Clara Winston

WHAT DID THE SOLDIER'S WIFE RECEIVE?

by Bertolt Brecht

And what did the soldier's wife receive
From the ancient capital, Prague?
From Prague she received her high-heeled shoes,
Greetings, good news, and her high-heeled shoes
She received from the capital, Prague.

And what did the soldier's wife receive
From Oslo beyond the sound?
She received from Oslo a little fur piece,
And the hope it might please, a little fur piece
She received from beyond the sound.

And what did the soldier's wife receive
From wealthy Amsterdam?
From Amsterdam she received a hat,
She looked well in that, the pretty Dutch hat
She received from Amsterdam.

And what did the soldier's wife receive
From Brussels, the Belgian town?
She received from Brussels the rarest of lace,
What a joy to possess the rarest of lace
She received from the Belgian town.

And what did the soldier's wife receive
From Paris the city of light?
She received from Paris a silken gown,
'Twas the talk of the town, the silken gown
She received from the city of light.

And what did the soldier's wife receive
From the south, from Bucharest?
From Bucharest she received a smock,
A strange gay frock, the Rumanian smock
She received from Bucharest.

And what did the soldier's wife receive
From the Russian land of snow?
She received from Russia her widow's weeds,
For her grief she had need of those widow's weeds
She received from the land of snow.

Translated by H. R. Hays

POSTWAR THEATER

A Crowded Vacuum

by FRIEDRICH LUFT

I

THE Germans expect more of their theater than other people. Theater, in Germany, does not mean a place of casual entertainment, good fun after a good dinner, an informal social gathering, or simply a pleasant setting for a couple of amusing or bemusing hours. The German goes to his theater in the mood of one who goes to church.

Sheer entertainment, an innocent laugh, easy relaxation — the German will go along with these things up to a point, but it almost seems as if he suffers from bad conscience if the play offers nothing but light fun and diversion. For him, the theater always has had a “cultural mission”; he wants to get something “to take home.” It is significant that *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, Goethe's great pedagogic novel, is set in the sphere of the theater, and it is through the life of the stage that the book's hero fulfills his human destiny. In this country the theater is taken very, very seriously.

Thus it is understandable that every town of more than twenty or thirty thousand inhabitants makes a point of having its own theater. Western Germany, with a territory approximately the size of Texas, possesses about 250 legitimate theaters, whose stages are operated every evening ten months of the year.

These theaters are heavily subsidized by the municipal authorities. Without much grumbling, the citizens will vote millions of marks toward their support; for the theater here functions more like a form of adult education — a kind of living museum of the drama — than a luxury business to be en-

trusted to the profit instincts of entrepreneurs. Of private theaters, that is, those operated as commercial ventures, there are only about a dozen left in all of Western Germany. These turn out run-of-the-mill entertainment. They are not harried by the quest for eternal glory.

A glance at the repertory of a typical municipal theater will reveal a policy which draws from every era and area of playwriting. In Göttingen you will find Aeschylus on the program, together with Shakespeare, Pirandello, O'Neill, Shaw, Lope de Vega, Sartre, Chekhov, Strindberg, and Samuel Beckett. A similar range might be found during a season in Düsseldorf, Munich, Darmstadt, Baden-Baden, Constance, Bremen, Kiel, or Aachen.

The German theater is decentralized. We do not have the kind of situation where there are perhaps twenty houses open in New York, or London, and only one or two in Pittsburgh, or Birmingham. Ever since the princes of the eighteenth-century German miniature states began vying with each other to emulate the example set by the French kings in Paris and adorned their little capitals with theaters, our provincial cities have had permanent repertory companies. And because these centers are scattered through the land, seldom farther apart from one another than, say, 50 or 100 miles, even a small-town boy will have the opportunity to see the largest and best part of world dramatic literature presented on the living stage. Any evening, outside one of our city theaters, you will see a row of busses that have brought in people from the countryside who take season tickets to attend regularly. Yet in some ways the appearance is misleading. Our theaters are crowded, to be sure — no manager need worry about an audience. The problem is rather the opposite: the public's interest is so

FRIEDRICH LUFT, born in 1911, is one of Berlin's leading theater critics and a popular radio commentator. He has published several volumes of essays and has also written scripts for cultural films.

strong that most theaters are no longer large enough.

This theater boom extends even to July and August, when the city houses are closed for vacation. A wave of summer festivals has swept over the country: under the open sky, against the background of romantic ruins, before the walls of medieval cities, in castles and spas, near important tourist centers, special productions are scheduled. Activity in the theater arts has reached the point where some of our great actors and actresses, the German "stars," have endangered their health, and directors who once used to stay in one place a year at a time now hardly ever sleep anywhere but on the train.

Inevitably, in all this rush and bustle, there is much that is not first-rate. But the intense stimulation has also produced a wealth of talent, and at times an amazing level of interpretation. Let me mention a few outstanding achievements: in Berlin, the survival of a cosmopolitan theatrical tradition; in Hamburg, the perfectionist theater of Gustav Gründgens; in Göttingen, the master hand of director Heinz Hilpert; in Munich, Hans Schweikert and Fritz Kortner—two high and contrasting talents; in Düsseldorf, the robust vitality of Karlheinz Stroux; in Darmstadt, the choreographic modernism of a Gustav Sellner. The roll of honor of local stage directors could be continued for a page. This is the positive side of the picture—the part easy to praise. But to come to the heart of the matter, we must weigh *presentation* against *basic creativity*, and honestly admit that the new work of our playwrights does not measure up to the skill and talent of our directors and actors. The interpreter has become more important than that which he has to interpret.

2

BETWEEN the two wars, the German theater was famous for its experiments with scenic design and staging. Men such as Erwin Piscator and Leopold Jessner revolutionized our concepts of dramatic presentation. Today, apart from Sellner in Darmstadt and the late Bertolt Brecht in East Berlin, design and staging are, by and large, more conservative. One notable exception, however, is Wieland Wagner, grandson of the composer, who has restaged the productions of the Bayreuth Festival, denuding the stage of all the old Wagnerian props and creating a new type of background for the music drama with lighting effects and highly stylized group movement. His streamlined *Meistersinger* of the past summer horrified some of the older generation but was praised by most of the critics.

During the past ten years the German theater has lived largely on importations. The United States has contributed Miller and Williams, Kingsley and Wouk, O'Neill and Faulkner—all widely represented on the German stage. France has sent

us Anouilh, Sartre, Giraudoux, Beckett, and Claudel—all to be found on the program of almost every important German theater—and England has given us Fry and Eliot, Whiting and Ustinov.

What a contrast with the German theater of the first three decades of this century which radiated its poetic impulse to the whole world! In those days Hauptmann, Hofmannsthal, Werfel, Sternheim, Bruckner, and Brecht—to mention only a few—turned the theater into an exciting and dangerous place with their themes, their language, their sheer sense of drama. But today, in so far as new original plays are concerned, the silence is absolute.

Our time does not speak to us from our stages. Proper and prim, the German theater is a re-creator which does not address our audiences with a voice of its own. It has become a kind of museum. Bravely and diligently it communicates the dramatic values of the past and of the rest of the world.

How can we explain this lack of vitality? It is almost impossible to adduce any very convincing reasons for it. Obviously, the vicious vacuum created by the anti-artistic spirit of the Nazi and war period has something to do with it. There has been no continuity of development. A severe break must be given time to heal. Then too, it is possible that most Germans approach the theater with expectations that are too high-minded and reverential. The poet of this century—a time of anguish and secret torment—cannot possibly provide his audience with the kind of answer it secretly longs for. It is not enough to show again the reflections of dissolution, the uncertainties of a world where established moral values have collapsed. Such themes do not satisfy spiritual hunger.

The isolation of Berlin has also been a depressing factor. Although, as we have seen, our theater was always decentralized, its real heart was Berlin. It was to Berlin that every career would tend; it was there, in the capital, that it was decided what was good and what was bad, what was talent and what was bluff. But now, effectively cut off from the rest of the country, Berlin has lost its metropolitan function—not only politically but also artistically. Success, even if attained in Berlin, remains only another local success. The metropolis, as a measure or standard, is lacking.

In the Eastern zone, under Soviet occupation, the theater is a long arm of politics (as, in another sense, it had also been under the Nazis). The program is dictated from above. Every production, even of the classics, must preach the party line, even if the meaning of a play has to be completely inverted to do so.

Until last year Bertolt Brecht, the great playwright who died in August 1956, had his own theater in East Berlin. It was never clear whether the authorities of the puppet government entirely approved of Brecht's activities, but because they wished to exploit his world-wide reputation, they

THE POSTWAR FILM

by FRIEDRICH LUFT

GERMANY'S movies trouble the public as well as the producers. They seem to be vegetating in a morass of mediocrity, unable to regain the momentum that established their world-wide reputation between the two wars. Why is this so? Italy, likewise starting afresh after Fascism and defeat, has created a brilliant neo-realism. What is holding Germany back?

For the first few years after the debacle, our film industry was supervised by the four occupying powers, each with its own approach. In the Soviet zone, the Russians permitted only one company, the state-run DEFA, which was under strict orders to produce films solely for political and informational ends.

The Americans, British, and French, in their zones, were intent on preventing the revival of the large, monopolistic enterprises which once had dominated the market. They licensed about two hundred small companies, which soon found themselves so beset by creditors that they had to concentrate on films promising rapid returns. Only appeals to the lowest level of mass taste appeared commercially safe.

Some of the early films, however, showed promise and a certain artistic ambition. There was Fritz Kortner's *The Call*, dealing with the return of a Jewish professor to a changed Germany; Käutner's *In Those Days*, examining life under the Nazis; or the experimental *Morituri*, depicting a concentration camp. Outstanding among the East zone films were *Marriage in the Shadows*, the story of an actor couple persecuted by the Nazis, and an expressionistic version of Büchner's classic, *Wozzeck*.

But deterioration soon set in. West German producers turned to operettas and insufferably sentimental "local color." Only a rare picture saved the intelligent movie-goer from constant embarrassment. In the East zone there were biographies of Communist heroes, such as Thälmann, a *Fighter for His Class*; *Advice of the Gods*, an exposé of capitalism; and *The Lost Village*, which showed Americans mistreating a West German community.

Fortunately, the acting was seldom as poor as the scripts. Among the stars whose performances have attracted attention abroad are Maria Schell, O. E. Hasse, Curd Jürgens, O. W. Fischer, Marianne Koch, and Hildegard Neff, who got her start in the East zone in *The Murderers Are Among Us*. Directors who have shown they can do good work if given the chance are Helmuth Käutner, Eugen York, Von Baky, and Erich Engel.

Of late some improvement of quality has become noticeable. Foreign films, many with German sound tracks, are widely distributed and their superior interest is having its effect; the German public is beginning to demand a better product from its own industry. Käutner, particularly, is turning out pictures which could compete in the international market, such as *Sky Without Stars*, which dramatizes the partition of Germany; *The Captain of Köpenick*, a satire on militarism adapted from a Carl Zuckmayer play; and *Canaris*, the life story of the chief of Nazi espionage.

gave him a fairly free hand and liberal financial backing. Thus he was able to carry on his experiments with "epic drama" and the "estrangement" style of direction under nearly ideal conditions. Brecht is the only German playwright whose fame has passed beyond the German frontiers in recent years. But the style of his pedagogical theater, the preconceived didactic method of his productions, trapped irremediably behind the spiritual bars of Marxist thinking, remains an isolated phenomenon, no matter how talented. It is not likely that he will have any successors.

Carl Zuckmayer (author of *The Devil's General* and *The Cold Light*) has given the German stage some effective and colorful plays, but essentially they are antiquated in form and ephemeral in substance. He is the most popular native author among those who write for our theater today. His *Katharina Knie* has just been made into Germany's first genuine "musical."

Perhaps because opera and operetta, which flourish in every city, take its place, Germany has at present no close equivalent to the American musical show such as *Oklahoma* or *My Fair Lady*, but there is another indigenous, semi-theatrical form of entertainment which is extremely popular: the so-called cabaret. The cabaret is devoted to satire and humorous reflections on current events and human foibles. It does not pull any punches in lampooning our most august political figures in a program of skits, songs, dialogues, and impersonations of a very high artistic level. It is especially popular in West Berlin, to which residents of the Soviet sector cross over in droves for the pleasure of seeing their humorless regime ridiculed.

There is hardly anything else that can claim any merit beyond that of superficial effectiveness. Thus we are faced with a strange and fundamentally unnatural situation. The German theater, splendidly equipped externally, gifted with versatile interpretative faculties, courted by a mass audience of all ages, has not yet really found itself. The much touted German "Economic Miracle" has lavishly reconstructed most of our bombed-out theaters. It has provided legions of enthusiastic consumers, beyond even the fondest dreams of earlier days. But the innermost and decisive kernel is undernourished and has remained inactive. The "Miracle" has not touched it. The poetic word, the dramatic reflection of our time, the positive evaluation of the problems of the day, cannot be found anywhere. The heart of the theater barely beats, no matter how prosperous its external aspect may appear.

This in itself need not be a tragedy, many will say; every country has known periods of poetic drought. Is it not sufficient to keep up the precious instrument of the theater while we wait for new genius to appear? No harm is done — these people say — if the German theater, after the protracted

period of nationalistic-egotistic narcissism which it suffered from 1933 to 1945, now feeds for a while on the classic past and the best foreign production. Perhaps they are right, but it seems to me that this period of waiting and borrowing is lasting suspiciously long. Can our writers justly claim that the days of Apocalypse are still too close to be converted objectively into drama? Should they not by now have reached a distance safe enough to

enable them to deal with even the hottest subject?

The situation of the German theater seems to indicate that this country is prospering and flourishing in many external ways, that admirable work has been done wherever it was a matter of coming to grips with practical problems and of clearing away the ruins. But the great *malaise* of the mind, the feeling of a spiritual vacuum and exhaustion, persists.

Translated by Elisabeth M. Borgese

FRAGMENTS

by Gottfried Benn

Fragments,
Refuse of the soul,
Coagulations of blood of the twentieth century:

Scars — interrupted cycle of early creation,
The historic religions of five centuries pulverized,
Science: cracks in the Parthenon,
Planck with his quantum theory merging
In the new confusion with Kepler and Kierkegaard —

Yet there were evenings that went in the colors
Of the Father of all, dissolute, far-gathering,
Inviolable in their silence
Of coursing blue,
Color of the introvert;
Then one relaxed
With the hands caught up round the knee
Peasant-wise, simple,
And resigned to the quiet drink
And the sound of the servants' concertina —

And others
Provoked by inner scrolls of paper,
Vaulted pressures,
Constrictions in the building of style
Or pursuits of love.

Crises of expression and bouts of eroticism,
That is the man of today,
His inwardness a vacuum;
The survival of personality
Is preserved by the clothing
Which, where material is good, may last ten years.

The rest fragments,
Half tones,
Snatches of melody from neighbors' houses,
Negro spirituals
Or Ave Marias.

Translated by Vernon Watkins

A CHRONOLOGY OF GERMAN HISTORY

9 B.C.: Pagan Germanic tribes check advancing Romans in the Battle of the Teutoburg Forest, ending northward spread of Roman civilization, bounding the Roman Empire by the Danube and Rhine.

c.700 A.D.: Most Germanic tribes, with the exception of the Saxons, have accepted Christianity.

c.750-1250: Romanesque church and castle architecture flourishes, also poetic literature of the *Minnesingers*.

768-814: Charlemagne, crowned first Holy Roman Emperor by the Pope in Rome in 800, conquers the Saxons and unites most of the Western Continent under his theocratic rule. Outstanding scholars of many nations revive Latin and Greek learning at the Palace School.

c.830: First vernacular epic, Christian *Heliand*, followed by Ekkehard of St. Gall's Germanic *Waltharius*.

843: Continental unity is destroyed after the division of Charlemagne's empire among his three grandsons. Germany and France separate politically.

936-73: Otto I, the Great, defeats the Magyars in the Battle of the Lechfeld in 955, and revives the Holy Roman Empire in the West after his coronation by the Pope in Rome in 962. Cosmopolitan literary circle and monastic writing flourishes during Ottonian Renaissance.

1034-1410: The Order of Teutonic Knights converts and colonizes regions from the Baltic to the Black Sea, promoting towns and commerce until defeated by Poles and Lithuanians at the Battle of Tannenberg.

1076-1122: Struggling for political supremacy, the Church gains virtual independence from temporal control after Salian Emperor Henry IV's penance and absolution by the Pope at Canossa in 1077.

1152-1268: House of Hohenstaufen, the first German dynasty fully aware of historical and legal significance of imperial strength and tradition, centralizes and increases lay power. Relentless papal persecution of the dynasty culminates in the Great Interregnum, ending the medieval Holy Roman Empire. Imperial efforts for German unity fail, national states and territorial principalities rise, cities gain wealth and culture.

c.1225-1550: Gothic period of architecture. Dürer, Cranach, Holbein, Grünewald lead in painting, Riemenschneider in sculpture.

1348-92: First German universities are founded in Prague, Heidelberg, Cologne, Erfurt.

1350-1500: The Hanseatic League, an international commercial federation of cities, led by the Free City of Lübeck, extends its trade from London to Novgorod.

1356: The "Golden Bull," in force till 1806, creates four secular and three spiritual electorates whose princes have the sole right to elect the Holy Roman Emperor by majority vote, transforming the empire from a monarchy into an aristocratic federation.

c.1450: Johannes Gutenberg of Mainz invents movable type and the printing press.

1483-1546: Martin Luther. His 95 public theses against the German indulgence trade (1517) start the Reformation. Defending his doctrines of the individual's responsibility directly to God, before Charles V, at the Diet of Worms (1521), he is banned. Prepares the first German version of the Bible (1522) in exile in Saxony.

1521-56: Charles V of Hapsburg's efforts to restore European unity are thwarted by France, the Protestant German princes, and the Turks.

c.1525-1675: Burgher class emerges during German Renaissance. Houses and town halls are built. Guilds and *Meistersingers* flourish.

1555: Religious Peace of Augsbourg grants territorial princes choice of faith and co-equality with Catholics.

1618-48: The Thirty Years' War grows from a religious conflict between Catholic and Protestant Europe into a political struggle against the Hapsburgs. Germany loses over half her population and large territories.

1670-81: Louis XIV of France annexes Lorraine, Alsace, and lands west of the Rhine.

c.1675-1800: German baroque flourishes. Schlüter, Neumann, and the Asams lead in architecture, Bach and Handel in music.

1697: Turks finally ousted from German regions.

18th & 19th cents.: Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Brahms, and Wagner gain international fame as composers; Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, Heine, and the romantics create a new era of letters; Leibniz, Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer, and Marx shape German philosophy.

1740-86: Enlightened despot, Frederick the Great of Prussia. Defeats Austria; founds modern bureaucratic state by vast administrative reforms. Prussia becomes world power, extending from Vistula to Rhine.

1806: Defeated by Napoleon at Austerlitz (1805), Francis II of Hapsburg abdicates as Holy Roman Emperor, leaving Germany without a formal central power. Napoleon, supported by some German princes, conquers Prussia (1807), eliminates many small principalities.

1813-15: Austrians, British, Prussians, Russians, and Swedes defeat Napoleon in Wars of Liberation.

1820-66: No longer centrally governed, Germany becomes a loose federation of principalities with a Parliament in Frankfurt am Main. Austria and Prussia vie for dominance.

1834: First Customs Union between German states paves way for future political unification.

1848: Revolutions throughout German states lead to elected parliaments, constitutional monarchies. Liberal Parliament's attempted constitution for a unified Germany is defeated at Frankfurt.

1866: Bismarck, Prime Minister of Prussia, defeats Austria and prepares German unification by creating North German Confederation.

1870-71: Victorious in Franco-Prussian War, Bismarck establishes first unified German Empire without Austria, and proclaims Prussian King William I Emperor of the new German Reich.

1888-1918: William II dismisses Bismarck, alienates England and Russia. Technological progress and intensive industrialization of Upper Silesia, Ruhr sector, and Saar Basin lead to unprecedented prosperity and world-wide trade, a large merchant marine, and efficient military machine. Influenced by Marxism, workers begin to assert their rights. Social legislation advances. Social consciousness enters literature. Expressionist painters found *Die Brücke* in Dresden and *Der Blaue Reiter* in Munich.

1914-18: Defeated in World War I, Germany loses territory, faces economic collapse and inflation.

1919-25: Despite Republican Weimar Constitution, Social Democrat Friedrich Ebert, first German President, cannot stem rise of nationalist heavy industry and virtually autonomous military force. He is succeeded by World War General von Hindenburg, a conservative member of the landed aristocracy, in 1925.

1919-34: During the Weimar Republic, Mann, Benn, Brecht, Hesse are eminent in letters; Hindemith in music; Beckmann, Klee, and Hofer in painting; Gropius founds the *Bauhaus*.

1930: Depression favors emergence of National Socialist Adolf Hitler, prophet of a Teutonic myth, anti-Christian, -semitic, -democratic, -intellectual, -Marxist.

1933-39: Elected Chancellor, Hitler turns dictator, develops police state and racial laws, forcing many prominent Germans to emigrate. Rearmament. Blackout of German culture.

1939-45: After defeat in World War II, Germany is divided into four Allied occupation zones, with Berlin under quadripartite control.

1948: Partition of Germany into East and West zones. Reform of the currency is effected.

1949: Proclamation of a parliamentary Federal Republic of Germany and a German Democratic Republic under Soviet aegis. Theodor Heuss elected President of West Germany, re-elected in 1954. Konrad Adenauer made Chancellor in 1949, re-elected in 1953.

1955: West Germany gains independence and joins NATO.

1957: The Saar becomes part of the Federal Republic of Germany, after plebiscite in 1955.

1957: President Heuss visits the United States.

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GERMAN EXHIBITIONS IN THE U.S.A.

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April: Public Library, Boston, Mass.

GERMAN ART BOOKS

March: Dallas Public Library, Dallas, Texas.

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CONTEMPORARY GERMAN PRINTS

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April: Chatham College, Pittsburg, Penn.

June: Roswell Museum, Roswell, N.M.

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GERMAN ARCHITECTURE TODAY

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Sponsored by a group of Americans under the chairmanship of John J. McCloy, a Goethe House is being opened at 120 East 56th Street which will serve as a center for the development of cultural ties between the people of Germany and those of the United States. Goethe House will have a library of German literature, art, and history, and will sponsor exhibits and films.

BOOKS ON GERMANY

A list of some recent books in English on various aspects of German history, art, and literature is available to our readers. To obtain it, please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Intercultural Publications Inc., 60 East 42nd Street, New York City 17.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON THE POETS

WILHELM LEHMANN, born in 1882 in Venezuela, grew up in Hamburg and was a teacher in preparatory schools between the wars. He is the author of numerous volumes of poetry and essays.

RUDOLF HAGELSTANGE, who was born in Nordhausen, near the Harz Mountains, in 1912, is a poet and journalist. His collection of sonnets, *Venezianisches Credo*, which appeared during World War II, advocated the conquest of tyranny through art and literature.

GÜNTER EICH, born in 1907, lives in Bavaria, and has published volumes of poetry, stories, and radio plays.

WALTER HÖLLERER, born in 1922, is an instructor at the University of Frankfurt and an editor of *Alzente*, a magazine devoted to modern poetry.

KARL KROLOW was born in Hannover in 1915. His most recent collection of verse is entitled *Wind and Time*.

BERTOLT BRECHT (1898-1956) came to prominence as poet and dramatist in Berlin in the twenties. He was exiled by the Nazis in 1941, spent several years in the United States and the last part of his life in East Berlin.



Not shown on this map are the German territories east of the Oder-Neisse Rivers, now under Polish and Soviet administration pending a final settlement at a peace conference as stipulated in the Potsdam Agreement of August 2, 1945.



Justice Marrero, Chief Justice Snyder, Justice Sifre. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

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*The collaborating architect for this building was Charles H. Warner.

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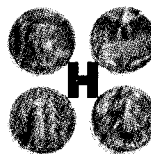


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